July 18, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

If you want real silver, you have to polish it.

Yes, polishing silver can be something of a nuisance. So can watering a plant every day to keep it growing. Or tending a log to keep a fire crackling.

Or ironing a hand-embroidered pure cotton sheet.

But have you ever slipped into a bed made with percale sheets so smooth you could almost glide on them? Have you ever caught the scent of them when they're freshly ironed? Or run your hand over the raised embroidery and thought how it looks almost like Wedgwood?

Or opened the linen closet door just to enjoy seeing them there all tied up with green and pink and white ribbons?

Then you're the reason we're still making Supercale.

Just as we always have since your great great grandmother chose her trousseau linens.

We're still choosing the cotton just as carefully as we did in 1846. All pure natural cotton. And only the longest, most lustrous, flawless strands of it.

We're still combing and combing it until it feels almost like silk. Still weaving it so close and firm and strong that Supercale sheets are still being handed down from mother to daughter.

Yes, a Wamsutta Supercale sheet is an out and out luxury

But it is one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta Supercale.

SHOWN: "ELEGANCE" IMPORTED SWISS EMBROIDERY ON SUPERCALE®
HEMSTITCHED. IN BLUE, PINK OR WHITE EMBROIDERY ON WHITE. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 111 W. 40TH ST., N.Y., N.Y. 1001

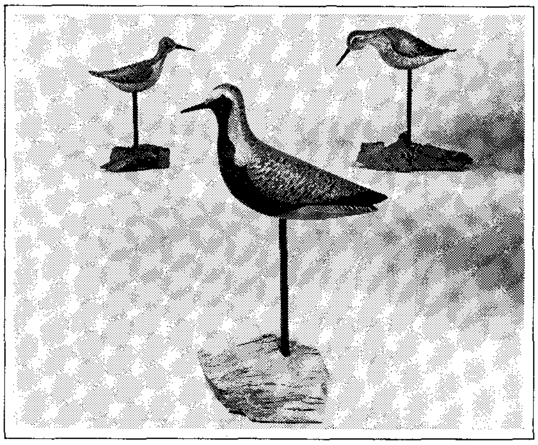
Wamsutta® Supercale

AUGUST AUCTIONS

AT THE GALLERIES OF

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

AUCTIONEERS AND APPRAISERS • HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS

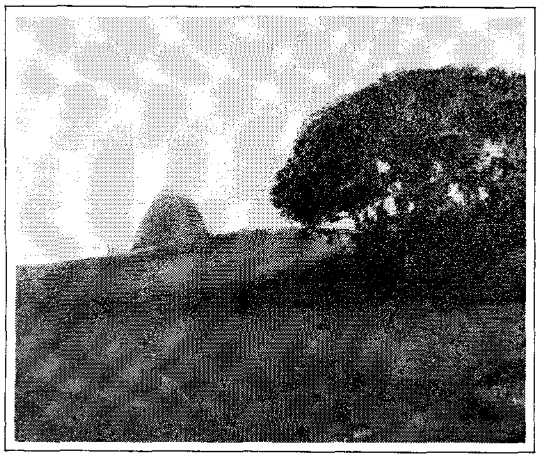


AUGUST 4, 1970 – 10:00 AM

COLLECTION OF RARE AMERICAN WATERFOWL CARVINGS, DECOYS, MINIATURES, ETC.

Many important American bird carvings by noted carvers of the last one hundred years. Makers include A. Elmer Crowell, Joe Lincoln, Keyes Chadwick, Shang Wheeler, Nathan Cobb, Herter, Ira Hudson, Mason, Harry V. Shourdes, Chauncey Wheeler, Heck Wittington, and many other important carvers.

Illustrated Catalogue: $2.00 a copy (By Mail — $2.50)



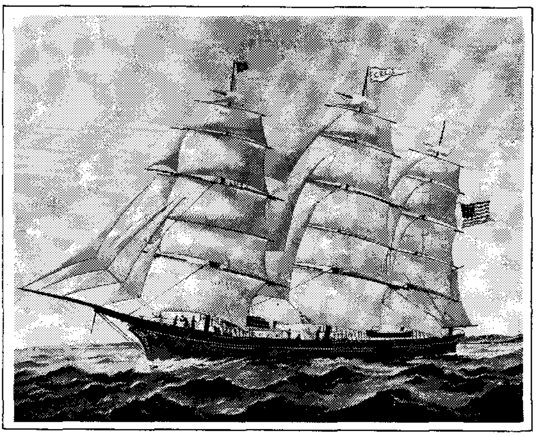
AUGUST 8, 1970 – 10:00 AM

AMERICAN PAINTINGS

Paintings by the following artists: Rosa Bonheur, G. E. Browne, Emil Carlsen, C. T. Chapman, J. S. Copley, J. F. Cropsey, Arthur B. Davies, Paul Dougherty, L. D. Eldred, J. J. Enneking, C. H. Gifford, E. B. Grossman, Robert Henri, Thomas Hovenden, David Johnson, John La Farge, George B. Luks, Edward Moran, J. F. Murphy, Jane Peterson, William Merrit Post, Charles S. Raleigh, Frederick Remington, Thomas A. Richards, W. L. Sonntag, Robert Street, J. H. Twachtman, Albert Van Beest, W. Webber, John Whorf, A. H. Wyant. In addition to the American artists there is a sketch by Pablo Picasso and a small watercolor by J. M. W. Turner.

Illustrated Catalogue: $3.50 a copy (By Mail — $4.00)

◄ Landscape by John La Farge.



AUGUST 14 and 15, 1970 10:00 AM EACH DAY

IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF RARE MARINE ITEMS

An outstanding collection of marine paintings by American, British, Chinese, and European artists; rare ship models, ship figureheads and other marine carvings; scrimshaw; whaling gear; lanterns; bells; ships' wheels; prisoner-of-war work; rare prints; whaling log books; collection of rare blueprints and memorabilia from the restoration of the American Frigate "Constitution"; and much more.

Illustrated Catalogue: $5.00 a copy (By Mail — $6.00)

◄ Ship "Celia" in Buzzards Bay Sound by Charles S. Raleigh.

NOTE: Yearly subscriptions to our catalogues (approximately 20 to 25 per year) are available at the subscription rate of $100.00 per year including price keys to all auctions. We have available a limited number of 1969 catalogues with price keys which provide valuable recent price information. A printed list of these catalogues and their prices will be sent on request.

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

ESTATE AUCTIONEERS AND APPRAISERS

Corporation Street – Hyannis, Massachusetts (½ Mile West of Airport Rotary Circle on Rte. 28) Telephone (617) 775-0797

Mail: P.O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass., 02647

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BOESMAN AND LENA—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak but vivid play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BORSTAL BOY—A violent and merry evening with Brendan Behan, brilliantly reincarnated by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CAGE—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8.)

CHILD'S PLAY—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COLETTE—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—Another Neil Simon certitude. A. Larry Haines (substituting for James Coco, who will return on Monday, July 20) plays a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

STEAMBATH—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION AND NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17
"MUSEUM" . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 22
"DAR" . . . . *Emily Hahn* 25
"FIVE POEMS" . . . . *Ted Hughes* 30
U.S. JOURNAL: LONG ISLAND . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 32
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 45
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 48
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (DARTMOUTH SENIOR CLASS) . . *Noel Perrin* 53
"MARY SHELLMIC" (POEM) . . . . *Judi Croxford* 58
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 59
THE SPORTING SCENE (SOCCER) . . . . *Alastair Reid* 60
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 72
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 81
  BRIEFLY NOTED 83

COVER: *Saul Steinberg*

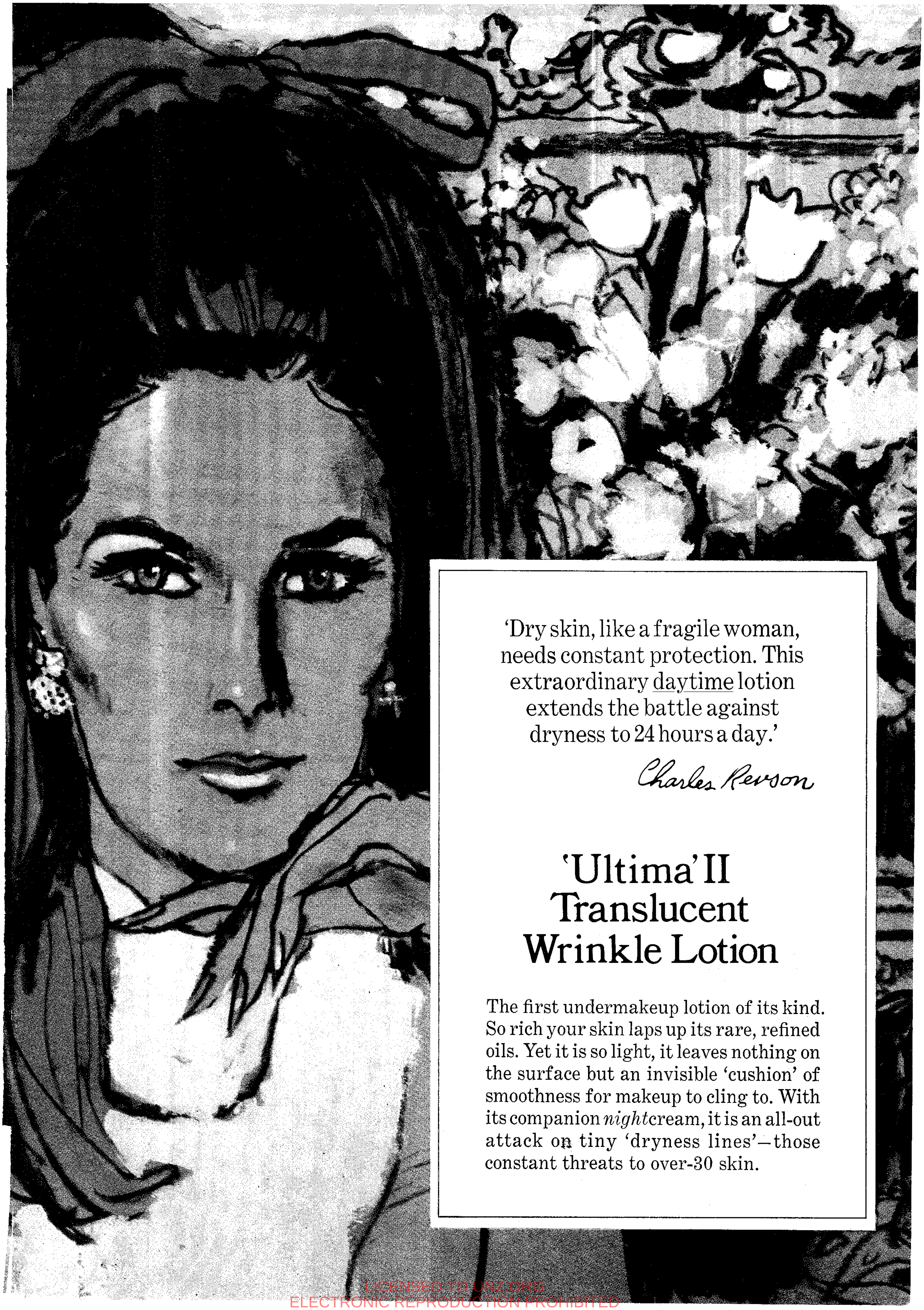
DRAWINGS: *Mischa Richter, Chon Day, Edward Frascino, Edward Koren, Warren Miller, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Stan Hunt, Henry Martin, Ed Fisher, Alan Dunn, Richard Oldden, Barney Tobey, Robert Day, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Herbert Goldberg*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 22, July 18, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



'Dry skin, like a fragile woman, needs constant protection. This extraordinary daytime lotion extends the battle against dryness to 24 hours a day.'

Charles Revson

'Ultima' II Translucent Wrinkle Lotion

The first undermakeup lotion of its kind. So rich your skin laps up its rare, refined oils. Yet it is so light, it leaves nothing on the surface but an invisible 'cushion' of smoothness for makeup to cling to. With its companion *night*cream, it is an all-out attack on tiny 'dryness lines'—those constant threats to over-30 skin.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan in a jaunty revival of the mock-musical of the early fifties, if you remember that far back. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

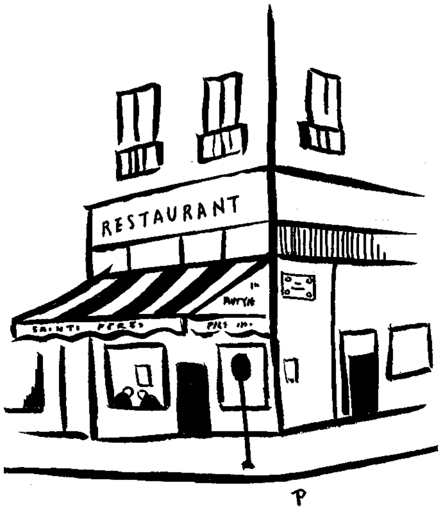
JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** His head disappeared and reappeared. —I told him your symbol of Irish art. He says it's very clever. Touch him for a quid, will you? A guinea, I mean. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —I get paid this morning, Stephen said. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —The school kip? Buck Mulligan said. How much? Four quid? Lend us one. —If you want it, Stephen said. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A three-week engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 25.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Friday, July 17; Sunday, July 19; and Wednesday, July 22.... **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Saturday, July 18, and Friday, July 24.... **RICHARD III:** Tuesday, July 21. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ace Trucking Company, a troupe of comics who do their best (occasionally Olympian, but not always) with improvised material, are on the stand in this dark and minimally comfortable coffeehouse. Performances are at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to Joe Beck's agile guitar backed by a competent bass. On Tuesday, July 21, that duo will give way to a trio involving piano, vibes, and bass. Provocative paintings hang on wood-panelled walls, and table-hoppers drift about ingenuously. Music from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Brick walls, candlelight, and mirrors—along with a few intangibles—draw a steady patronage that enjoys cocktails, good cooking, and intelligently organized jazz sounds on piano and bass. Music from eleven to one, except on Sundays. Will reopen Friday, July 17.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334) Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently—and well—by Kenny Burrell, who is assisted by Larry Ridley on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—There are few disappointments from the Zoot Sims quartet (with Mousey Alexander, Victor Sproles, and Ross Tompkins). Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her stylized but engrossing approach to old and new songs. Some light Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—In years gone by, when jazz was young, this was the sound. Now lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—From nine till four in Banjoland,/ There strums a cornball banjo band./ Nostalgic folks make whoopee, but/ Not Sundays, when the place is shut.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Elvin Jones' astonishing drum work drives his quartet, which has George Coleman and Frank Foster on tenor sax and Wilbur Little on bass. On Tuesday, July 21, Lee Morgan's somewhat *avant* quintet will arrive. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is also a bit frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays thoughtful and sometimes intricate jazz. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy prevails. Through Saturday, July 18: Elephant's Memory. Wednesday and Thursday, July 15-16 (along with

E.M.): Punch. Sunday, July 19: Farmer Brown and 7th Century. Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-25: Dreams. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Things start at ten-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays through Sundays. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The *rapprochement* of jazz and rock proceeds with Fourth Way (violin, piano, bass, and drums) on the stand through Sunday, July 19. On Tuesday, July 21, Elvin Jones will bring his quartet over from Slugs'. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursdays through Sundays. From eight-thirty to two. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is supposed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. Dinner and supper are served from a cuisine that is fairly *haute*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Sight mixed with sound, and kids on a now-we're-where-it's-at trip, all come to mingle and interact at a pace that sometimes threatens to blow one's psyche. Creedmore State is the group through Sunday, July 19. A bunch called Don't Tell Me I Know starts Wednesday, July 22. No alcohol. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Glass and metal gleam—but decorously—and the mood is discreetly with-it. The records offer a good deal of variety, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing on Friday and Saturday only.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of old Manhattan, Dick and Jane are dancing energetically to swinging live groups as well as to records. Between sets, our madcap couple gaze out at the neon glitter of storied Times Square. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Some discothèques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock group called Chartreuse alternates with the records, which are always well chosen. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, a baritone named Clint Holmes does some singing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—It looks like a village street—one that is superior to the real thing by virtue of the absence of motor vehicles. Shops, bars, and an amusement gallery front on the street, and people dance to records on the pavement. Active from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The annual lawn party, right out in what now passes for open air. Every night, music included, from seven-thirty or so until fairly late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday and Monday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Amalia Rodrigues and her *fado* cantatas depart on Wednesday, July 15, and so does Luis Rivera's set of flamencan rioters. Next evening brings on José Molina's mass meeting of flamencans. Every single night. . . . ¶ Juan Jiminez (guitar) and José Sordiall (tenor), the flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

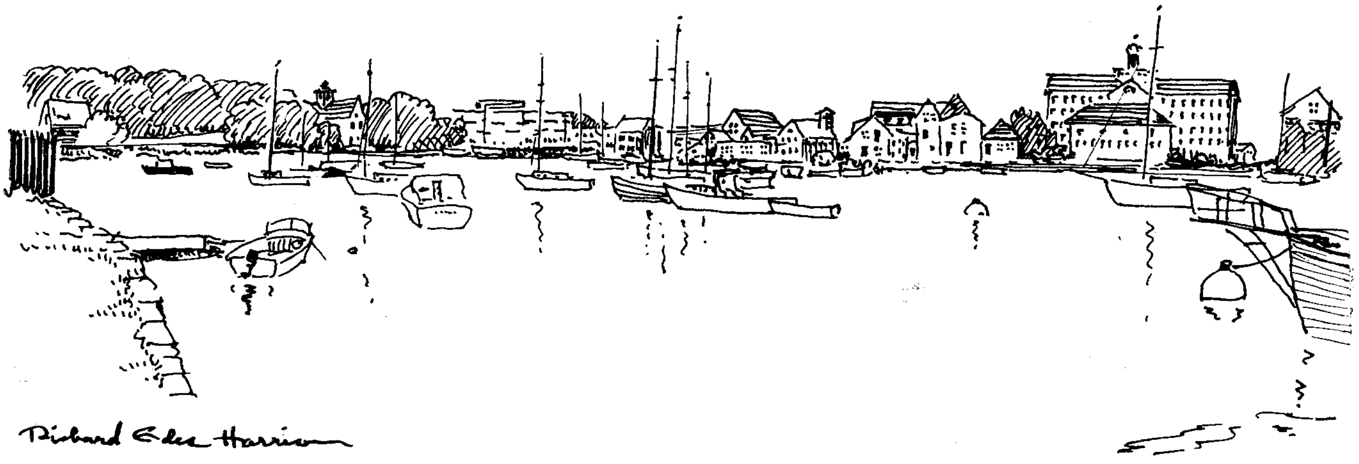
Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Marian McPartland's piano runs the gamut from appassionata to zing as she moves her trio along, and Urbie Green, a cheerful trombonist, leads a sextet for which Kathy Preston does the arias. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the best of all possible hill stations dwells Helen O'Connell, a quite cheerful voice, who is to be heard during dinner and supper. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): It's easy to get the impression that no one over twenty-one will be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but that would not be completely accurate; anyway, no one minds the scarcity of even semi-senior citizens. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. In between there are guitar sonnets by Mirko, whose antecedents are Adriatic. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Reopens Tuesday, July 21. Once again, the foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

o'clock in the morning. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, like all dowagers (however beautiful), must have moments of solitude, so Sandu Marcu's violin is heard through the summer only from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by Norbert Faconi is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is contemplative piano (Herman Arminski) every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is on a summer lease to Tony Gorody. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Once more, dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has moved his pianoforte into this seaside resort, and he occupies the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): The out-in-the-open sunken living room is in summer bloom, and real live Pop Concert music sounds (but only for the ear, never for the feet) from noon to two-thirty and eight to one Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OSAMU SHIMODA—Fifteen geometric sculptures; through July 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by, among others, Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, and William McCartin; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, by Bearden, Duchamp, Jensen, Lam, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, Ossorio, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: One work each by Westermann, Beal, Pearlstein, Wiley, Saul, Maryan, and Leaf; through July 31. (Closed mornings.) . . . **GIBSON,** 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 28. (Closed mornings.) . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings of beach scenes by such twentieth-century Americans as Sloan, Heliker, and Glackens; through July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28. (Closed Monday, July 20.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, Robert Irwin, Nevelson, Krushenick, Dubuffet, and Sven Lukin; through July 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through July 31. . . . **TIROCHE,** 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and School of Paris artists; through Friday, July 24. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: A show of graphics, with emphasis on works by twenty-six artists who withdrew from the United States Pavilion at this year's Venice Biennale in protest against American "aggression abroad and repression at home," among them Anuskiewicz, Baskin, Lichtenstein, Motherwell, Frank Stella, and Warhol; through Aug. 28. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . ¶ A survey of a hundred years of acquisitions by the print department; starting Tuesday, July 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large canvases representing the nineteenth-century trek of the Mormons to the valley of Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at

7th St.—A hundred and ten pieces of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century India chintz; through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31.... ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30.... ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; starting Sunday, July 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

RECITALS

Alexander Schneider, Claude Frank, and Leslie Parnas—Violin, piano, and cello, in the first in a series of three programs of Mozart trios and sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 21, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Les McCann and His Trio—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 16, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

New York Pop—Friday, July 17, at 7: Grand Funk Railroad, Jimi Hendrix Experience, John Sebastian, Steppenwolf, and Jethro Tull.... ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 7: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends; Richie Havens; Ravi Shankar; Ten Years After; Tony Williams Lifetime; John McLaughlin; Larry Young; Jack Bruce; Eric Clapton; and Miles Davis.... ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5: Sly and the Family Stone; Dr. John, the Night Tripper; Mountain; Van Morrison; and the Voices of East Harlem. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the gate, call 644-4400.)

Newport Jazz Festival in New York—Friday, July 17, at 8: Gene Ammons, Dizzy Gillespie, B.B. King, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Pharoah Sanders, Mongo Santamaria, Sonny Stitt, and Leon Thomas.... ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8: Kenny Burrell, Albert King, the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, Ramsey Lewis, Herbie Mann, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Sarah Vaughan. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

Odetta and the Fourth Way—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 23, at 7:30.

Hot Tuna, Leon Russell, and Rig—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, at 8 and 11:30.

Blood, Sweat, and Tears and Miles Davis's Quintet—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 25, at 8:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30 (rain date, July 16), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Colette Boky, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Robert Goodloe, and Louis Sgarro.... PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, July 17, at 8:30 (rain date, July 19), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Nicholas DiVirgilio, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Plishka.... BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Saturday, July 18, at 8:30 (rain date, July 19), "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Robert Nagy, Abe Polakoff, and Dominic Cossa.

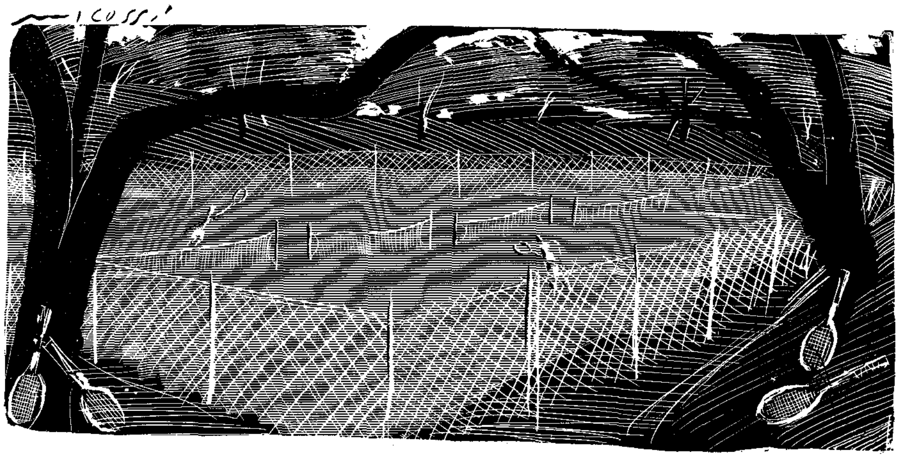
New York Philharmonic—Dean Dixon conducting, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin—CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: The first in a series of three concerts. (Tuesday, July 21, at 8:30.)... PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: The first of two concerts. (Thursday, July 23, at 8:30.)... CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: The first in a series of three concerts. (Saturday, July 25, at 8:30.)

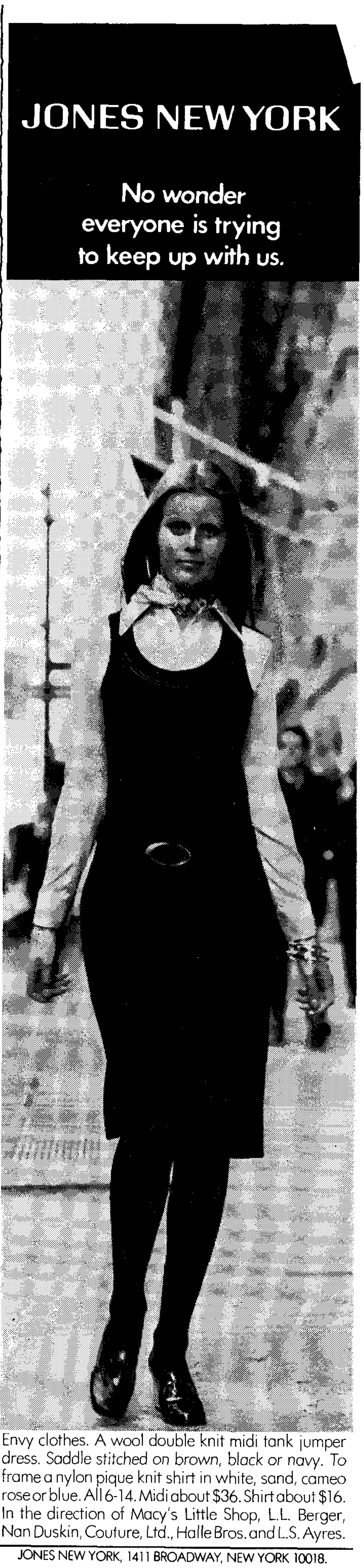
Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, July 16, at 7, for picnickers, and thereafter on Thursdays and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 15, at 7 and 9:30: The Four Tops and Eddie Holman.... ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7:30 and 10: Stan Kenton, the Four Freshmen, and Chris Connor.... ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 7:30 and 10: Little Richard, Wayne Cochran, and the C. C. Riders.... ¶ Monday, July 20, at 7 and 9:30: Van Morrison and the Byrds.... ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 7 and 9:30: Arlo Guthrie.... ¶ Friday, July 24, at 7:30 and 10: Great Speckled Bird with Ian and Sylvia and Tom Paxton.... ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 7:30 and 10: La Lupe and Joe Bataan and his orchestra. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the second of two concerts, with Louise Parker, contralto. (Thursday, July 16, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the




JONES NEW YORK

No wonder everyone is trying to keep up with us.

Envy clothes. A wool double knit midi tank jumper dress. Saddle stitched on brown, black or navy. To frame a nylon pique knit shirt in white, sand, cameo rose or blue. All 6-14. Midi about $36. Shirt about $16. In the direction of Macy's Little Shop, L.L. Berger, Nan Duskin, Couture, Ltd., Halle Bros. and L.S. Ayres.

JONES NEW YORK, 1411 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10018.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

A little bit of gypsy, a note of Art Nouveau. This mystical printing on Trevira® polyester knit, tied at the neckline and wound around the middle to whittle the waist. In wine-and-black or blue-and-grey for 6 to 16 sizes, $85. By Bob Goldworm for Saks Fifth Avenue in The Knit Shop.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 17, at 7: A piano recital by Yuji Takahashi. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Takahashi; John Alexander, tenor; and James Stagliano, French horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lili Kraus, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21, at 6: A concert by Joe Cocker, John Sebastian, and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 9: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony, with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Jorge Mester conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 18, at 2:30: B. B. King. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 7:30: Miles Davis. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 7:30: Mahalia Jackson. (Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Fantasies," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Sarabande and Danse," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:30: "Prodigal Son," "Who Cares?," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Fantasies," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 3:30: "Swan Lake," "Sarabande and Danse," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by The Band on Monday, July 20, at 8:30.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 21, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 22, at 8:30: "Ballet Imperial," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Apollo.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, July 24, at 8:30: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: "Ballet Imperial," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Apollo.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 3:30: "Concerto Barocco," "In the Night," and "Stars and Stripes." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 18: Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez and the American Mime Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 21-25: The Pearl Lang Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Friday, July 17, at 8:30: James Cunningham and his dancers, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 4 and 8:30: Meredith Monk and her company, outdoors, on the college campus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: The Martha Graham Dance Company, in Palmer Auditorium. (New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Oakland, Thursday, July 16, at 1 (doubleheader); Friday, July 17, at 8; and Saturday, July 18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Sunday, July 19, at 1 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, July 21, at 8, and Wednesday, July 22, at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, July 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 25, at 2:15.

Boxing—Emile Griffith, middleweight, vs. Dick Tiger, light heavyweight; 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, July 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Great American, Wednesday, July 15; the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 18; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 25. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 15; the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 18; and the Sorority, Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 18, at 4, and Sunday, July 19, at 2:15.

Tennis—Madison Square Garden Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, July 16, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.). . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

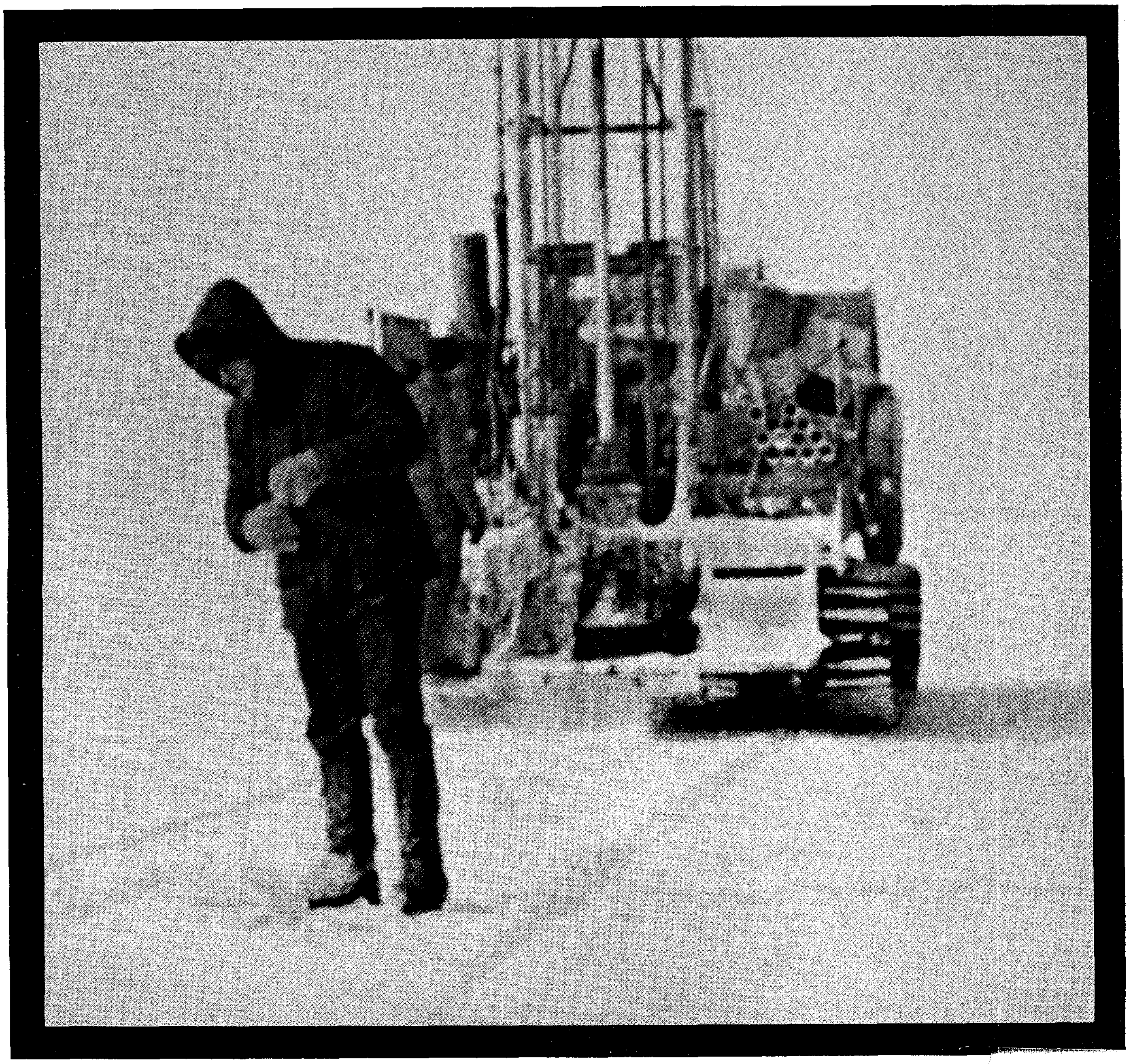
Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Through Saturday, July 18.). . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 18.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The last eight programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: July 15 at 2 and 5:30, "Humanity and Paper Balloons" (1937); July 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970); July 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Osaka Elegy" (1936); July 18 at 3 and 5:30, "Sisters of the Gion" (1936); July 19 at 2 and 5:30, "A Story from Chikamatsu" (1954); July 20 at 7, "Woman in the Dunes" (1964); July 21 at 2 and 5:30, "The Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955); July 22 at 2 and 5:30, "The Taira Clan Saga" (1955). . . . ¶ July 18 at 11:30: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 20 at 1:30 and 4: "Miracle in Milan" (1950), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "China Express" (1929), a Russian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.). . . **new york cultural center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 15: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ July 16: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), directed by Billy Wilder, with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. . . . ¶ July 17: "An American Tragedy" (1931), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ July 18: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ July 19: "Shanghai Express" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ July 22: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ July 23: "Angel" (1937), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Brown of the Arco Circle.



Sixty-one years ago Commander Peary endured the hardships of the Arctic Circle on his way to the North Pole.

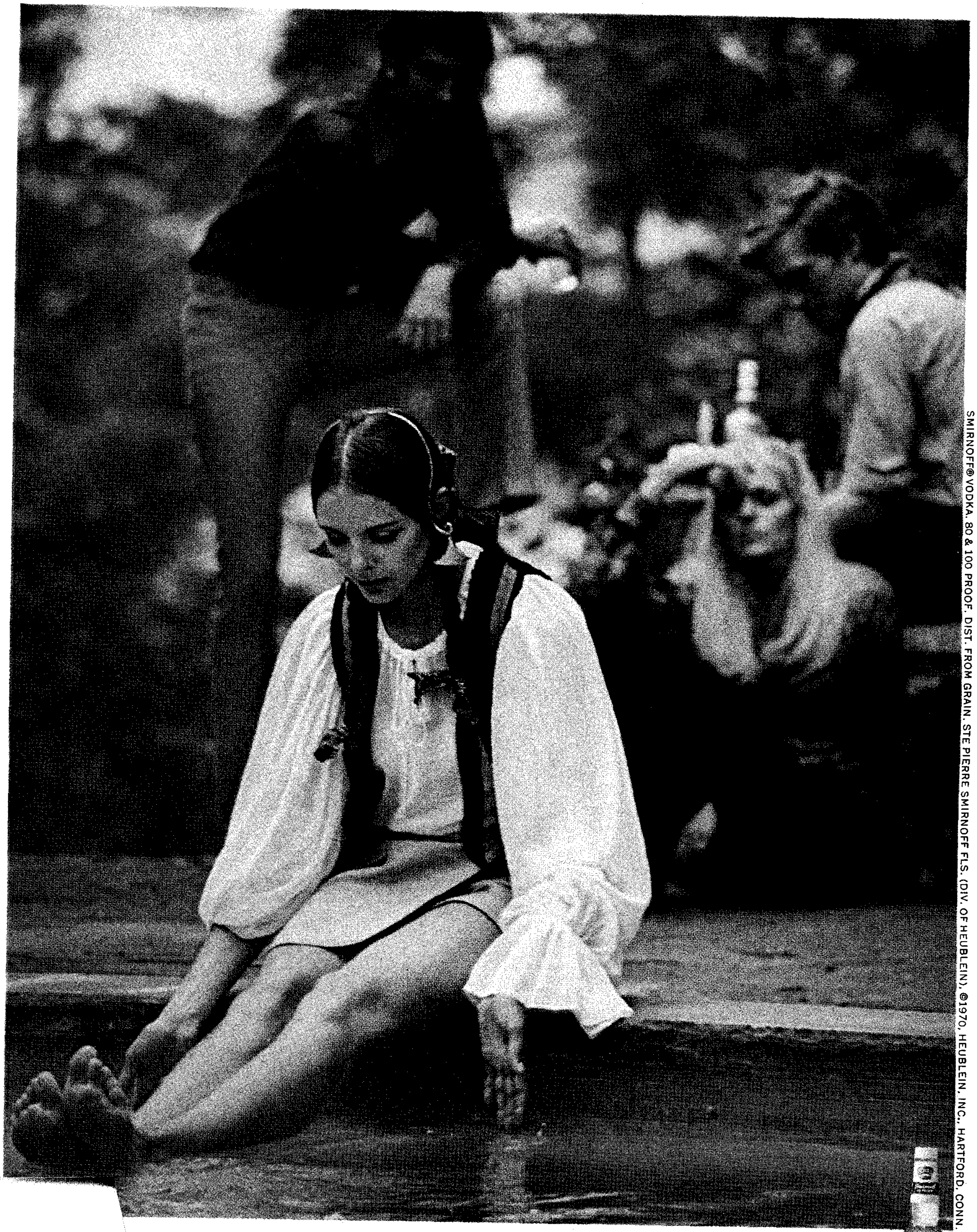
Today, men like Jim Brown of Atlantic Richfield Company, producers of ARCO petroleum products, are in the Arctic Circle drilling for oil. They're at the North Slope of Alaska, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The place we call the ARCO Circle. Since the time of Peary, little has changed.

The Arctic is just as big an adventure for men like Brown as it was for Peary.

Atlantic Richfield, the company that discovered oil above the Arctic Circle, is the same company behind the Atlantic dealer in your neighborhood.

As long as we have men like Jim Brown working for us, your local Atlantic dealer will always ha
you need for your ca

ATLANTIC
ARCO
Products of AtlanticRichfieldCompany



SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DIST. FROM GRAIN. STE PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), ©1970, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Smirnoff speaks in a whisper...

On a quiet afternoon, when the world stands still, and a five o'clock breeze blows fresh against your face. It's a moment as clear and crisp as a silver bell. In the Smirnoff life style, a time worth spending on cool thoughts and bright, free-wheeling dreams.

Smirnoff *leaves you breathless*®

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

America America (1963)—Elia Kazan's account, drawn from his own family background, of the fierce struggle of a Greek boy to get to the fabled land of opportunity. Flawed by miscasting, and almost destroyed by the desperate ambitiousness of the project, but intermittently interesting for some of the performers (Linda Marsh, particularly, and Paul Mann), and some of the images caught by Haskell Wexler. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 20.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through July 21.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine performance by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With a grotesquely miscast Shelley Winters, and Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16-22.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen, and the movie is almost unbearably tedious. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 21-22. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 23.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; through July 21.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; through July 21.)

Catch-22—The great novel, by Joseph Heller, has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' exuberant satire on the American as imperialist is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 16-20.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City detectives, an unscrupulous demagogue, a junkman, a black-power stripper, and a bale of cotton. Directed by Ossie Davis. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 22.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 23.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. A classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 23.)

Funny Girl (1968)—The début film of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 21.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the European aristocracy, and it is one of the masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 23.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy Administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 22.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Some of the best examples of Alfred Hitchcock's comedy and pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 16-20.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 21.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16-22.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 21-22.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairytale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . . ," but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 15.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A gently absurd thriller that really works only as a story about a certain kind of sacrosanct romantic love. Written and directed by Truffaut, with Belmondo as a rich colonialist and Catherine Deneuve as a mail-order bride. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; starting July 22.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 21.)

My Sister, My Love (1966)—Vilgot Sjöman, who later made "I Am Curious," directed this Jacobean story of incest (derived from John Ford's 1633 play "'Tis Pity She's a Whore") in a tense, sensuous style that is morbidly effective. Movie incest usually seems just trivial sport, but in this film the love of the brother and sister (Per Oscarsson and Bibi Andersson) is terrifying and fills one with anxiety and dread. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Nothing but the Best (1964)—At the start, a bitchy comedy about a social climber (Alan Bates) and the fallen aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) who trains him in British social graces. When it turns serious and melodramatic, it loses all its charm. Clive Donner directed, from Frederic Raphael's script. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 15.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Likely to seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but funny enough to keep a native happy for a couple of hours. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through July 22.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 21.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

Popi (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through July 22.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 21.)

The Reivers—Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse in a good tall tale out of William Faulkner. The style is a little too "beguiling" but it's an awfully pleasant comedy anyway. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 21.)

The Revolutionary—Paul Williams' very interesting first feature film, with Jon Voight as a radical student. The place and the time of the action are nearly here and now, but not quite; there are subtle displacements. This isn't one of the Hollywood catchpenny films about campus unrest, not by a long chalk. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 15.)

The Strawberry Statement—A luscious idyll on the subject of student unrest, strong on fancy camerawork, scenery, and pop music, weak on the issues, topped off with a beautifully staged and bloody police raid. Based on the book by James Kunen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; through July 21. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting July 22.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 23.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 15.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival. None of the troubles are shown; none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through July 22.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Note—"Movies in the Park," a program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people (where would we be without the beer people?), will be shown in various parks in Manhattan on Wednesday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 5, and in Prospect Park at the Sugar Bowl (7th and Prospect Park West) on Monday evenings, 9 to 10:30, through Aug. 3. For locales and programs, call 734-1002. . . . ¶ Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation," will be shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.) on the following schedule: "Protest and Communication" and "Grandeur and Obedience," July 21 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
THE CIRCUS (silent); and **THE GOLD RUSH.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 21: **THE REIVERS**; and "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris.
From July 22: "Man and Wife;" and "The Touchables" (1968), Judy Huxtable.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 21: **FUNNY GIRL.**
From July 22: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Hello-Goodbye," Michael Crawford.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 21: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From July 22: To be announced.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 21: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.**
From July 22: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Z (in French).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 22: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and **POPI.**
From July 23: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 21: **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).
From July 22: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 21: "Paint Your Wagon" (1969), Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood.
From July 22: **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 15: **THE MAGICIAN** and **SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT** (both in Swedish).
July 16-20: **CITIZEN KANE**; and **THE LADY VANISHES.**
July 21-22: **THE BLUE ANGEL** and **M** (both in German).
From July 23: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 21: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.
From July 22: "Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through July 22: **THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.**
From July 23: "Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boatniks," Robert Morse.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE REVOLUTIONARY.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through July 22: "The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).
From July 23: "Cowards," John Ross.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 21: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**
From July 22: "Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 21: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
From July 22: **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID.**

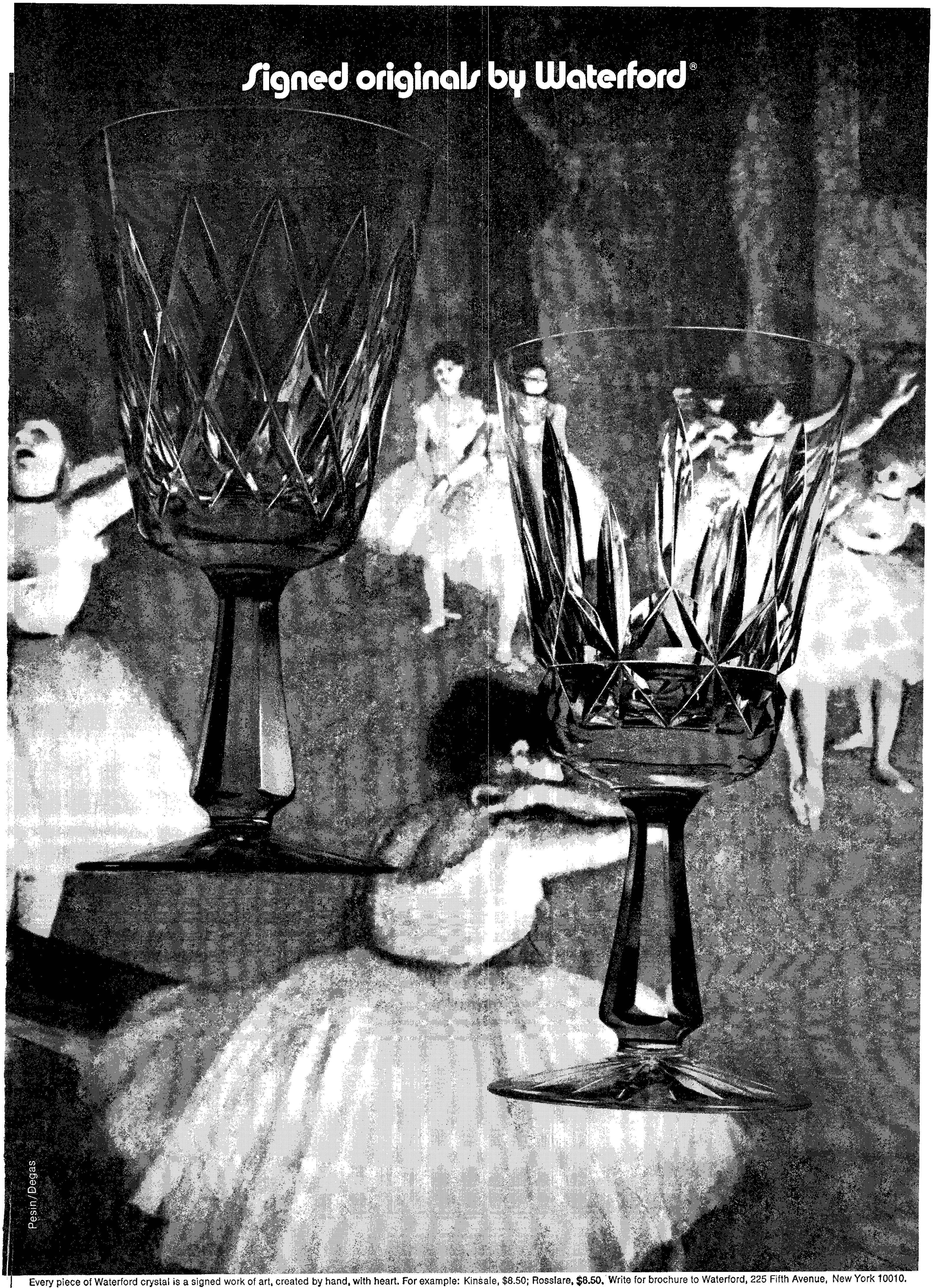
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 21: **BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay.
From July 22: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**; and "The April Fools" (1969), Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 15: **THE WILD ONE**; and **ON THE WATERFRONT.**
July 16-22: **LIONS LOVE**; and **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).
From July 23: **8½** (in Italian); and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 21: **THE LION IN WINTER**; and **PETULIA.**
From July 22: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM**; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia" (1968), Dudley Moore.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 15: **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**; and **NOTHING BUT THE BEST.**
July 16: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals); and "The Eternal Mask" (1937; in German).
July 17: **SHAME** and **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (both in Swedish).
July 18: **I'M NO ANGEL**; and **BLONDE VENUS.**
July 19: **PHAEDRA**; and **ANTIGONE** (in Greek).
July 20: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
July 21: **PURPLE NOON** and **DIABOLIQUE** (both in French).
July 22: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**
July 23: **TWO DAUGHTERS** (in Bengali); and "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963), Siobhan McKenna.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Z (in French).


Signed originals by Waterford®
Pesin/Degas

Every piece of Waterford crystal is a signed work of art, created by hand, with heart. For example: Kinsale, $8.50; Rosslare, $8.50. Write for brochure to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

MGB/GT

Extraordinary. The man as well as the machine.

Look at the car and you know the man. Adventurous, demanding, different. Because his car is the MGB/GT, an authentic GT with rack-and-pinion steering, 4-speed synchronized gearbox, full instrumentation, and track-tested suspension. A beautifully crafted machine that brings to life the grand touring spirit in that one-in-a-thousand man. MGB/GT—the extraordinary car for the extraordinary man.

MG AUSTIN

BRITISH LEYLAND

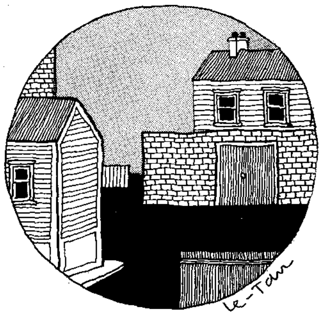
For overseas delivery information, write
British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALMOST since the beginning of the war, journalists have been saying that the government was suffering from a "credibility gap." The phrase was never intended as a compliment, but in the light of the present Administration's behavior during the Cambodian invasion it has an almost reassuring sound. It at least suggests that there is some strained connection between what the government says is happening and what is really happening. However, since the beginning of the invasion (or incursion, or intervention), the official account of our situation and our real situation have moved light-years apart—too far apart to be measured any longer in terms of gaps. It is as though, in his numerous television appearances, the President had stepped into the shoes of a playwright or scriptwriter, and had decided that he could create new characters, phase out old characters, invent thrilling new episodes, and move the plot in almost any direction his imagination might take him. For example, in his speech announcing the invasion the President told us that the reason for it was that the enemy was enlarging and linking up his bases along the South Vietnamese-Cambodian border. Later, we learned from the press that the enemy had actually been moving *deeper* into Cambodia and *away* from his bases ever since the coup that overthrew Prince Sihanouk. This became utterly clear in the following months, when our troops failed to encounter the enemy in force during their stay in Cambodia. But if the Administration's version of events in Cambodia has some of the characteristics of a play, it is a very bad play. If a film, say, were to show an army about to make an assault on the enemy's "headquarters for the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam" and then were to suddenly drop all reference to the headquarters and simply cut to shots of the same army walking around in the woods picking up weapons and rice, the audience would probably demand its money back. This Administration has been behaving as though with each passing day the public completely forgot what had happened the day before. For example, each time one picked up one's newspaper during the period of the invasion an Administration official was saying something different about the crucial questions of what role the South Vietnamese were going to play in Cambodia after we had withdrawn into Vietnam and how much support they would get from us if they stayed. Starting with the President's statement, at his most recent open press conference, that he expected the South Vietnamese to come out at the same time we did, because the air and logistical support they relied on would be withdrawn at that time, Administration officials, at one point or another, took just about every position on this issue that it was possible to take. Now, in the aftermath of all these statements, which seemed designed more to affect public opinion at a particular moment than to enlighten anyone about what our policy really was, no one has any idea how long the Vietnamese will be in Cambodia or any idea of how much support we are going to give them.



However, among the various inventions and suppressions of fact there is one development that looms as paramount. And this development alone has been enough to make one wonder from time to time whether the President is perhaps surpassing himself in dramaturgy and describing some war other than the one we have all been reading about every day in the newspapers. This development is that while the "allies" have been busy with their frenzied and confused activity of the last few months—while they have been sending American troops and Vietnamese troops into Cambodia, and sending Vietnamese of Cambodian origin into Cambodia, and sending Cambodians of Vietnamese origin into Vietnam, and sending Thais of Vietnamese origin into Cambodia, and sending our planes to bomb South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, and North Vietnam—the allied Communist forces have been quietly taking control of most of Cambodia. On June 28th, the news came out—rather inconspicuously—that the Lon Nol government had yielded control of about two-thirds of the Cambodian countryside to the North Vietnamese and their Cambodian allies, and that it had decided not even to contest their control of the northern third of the country. For the last several months, everybody's attention has been riveted on Phnom Penh—as though we all thought that Phnom Penh was Cambodia—but surely the fall of at least a third of Cambodia, and probably a lot more, is a piece of news of the most extraordinary importance. For seven years, we have fought to prevent one half of one Southeast Asian country — Vietnam — from falling under the control of the government of the other half. We are still suffering the anguish, disruption, and death that this intervention has brought to the Vietnamese and to our own people. Yet now, apparently as a consequence of our own acts, the event we have sacrificed so much to prevent in Vietnam has actually taken place in Cambodia. Indeed, by the criterion of the justifications that have been offered for our intervention in Vietnam, the takeover in Cambodia is a more shocking event than a similar takeover in Vietnam would be, because in this case there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that the takeover has been accomplished largely by means of foreign invasion. Yet our government has so far failed to give any acknowledgment whatever to this takeover, which may well be the most momentous single development of the entire Indo-China war. The lack of interest displayed by the press is perhaps more understandable. The press is in a very difficult position just now. The government not only is trying to manipulate public opinion by continuously releasing a garbled and untruthful version of the facts of the war but is also expending much time and effort in direct attacks upon the press and attempts to discredit it in the eyes of its readers by accusing it of disloyalty to the country. Reporting this war is a hazardous and confusing business even without interference and pressure from the government, and newsmen might well be inclined, perhaps unconsciously, to play down events that the government has taken no cognizance of.

The President's failure to acknowledge this consequence of the invasion is all the more striking because it was supposedly to prevent the enlargement of the enemy base areas that the President sent our troops into Cambodia in the first place. As has been noted above, the President's contention at the outset of the invasion that the enemy was moving to link up his bases in Cambodia was not true at that time. Now, however, it *is* true, at least along the northern third of the border, for the North Vietnamese control not only that part of the border but the whole northern third of the country. In short, at a time when the North Vietnamese were not expanding their bases the President found it expedient to say that they were, and now, at a time when they *are* expanding their bases, and expanding them on a totally unprecedented scale, he finds it expedient to pretend that they are not. The logic of these positions reminds us of Secretary Laird's warning at the beginning of the invasion that the United States might be forced to resume the bombing of North Vietnam, although at that very moment the United States *had* resumed the bombing, temporarily. Just as Secretary Laird threatened then that the United States might be forced to do something it had already done, the President warns the American people now that the North Vietnamese may try to do something *they* have already done.

It might be argued that one reason the President has said nothing about the fall of a large part of Cambodia to the North Vietnamese is that he fears that if he does, he will be subjected to pressure from hawkish circles to invade Cambodia again—this time in direct support of the Lon Nol government. However, we believe that there is another reason for the President's silence. It is this: If the United States lets Cambodia fall, why should it save South Vietnam? Yet even the most unswerving hawks—the people who have argued that a non-Communist South Vietnam is all that stands between world peace and a third world war—have behaved as though it were the most natural thing imaginable for the North Vietnamese to take over Cambodia. Even such stalwart supporters of the war as Senator Barry Goldwater and Senator John Stennis have publicly stated that they would oppose a move to support the Lon Nol government. And in doing so they—together with the Administration, and everyone else who has kept silent—have, whether they know it or not, tacitly recognized that the justifications for America's entire venture in Indo-China, from its beginning to the present day, have been nothing but one long tangle of illusions and contradictions.

•

OVERHEARD in a Village coffee shop, one mini to another:

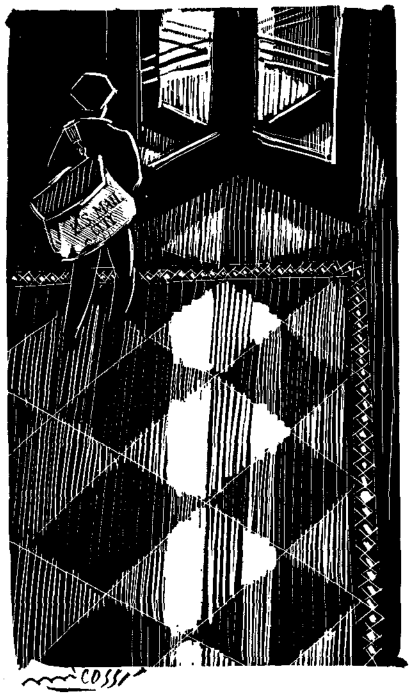
First: Staying in town this summer?

Second: Yeah. Taking algebra.

First: Me, too. But I'm getting married.

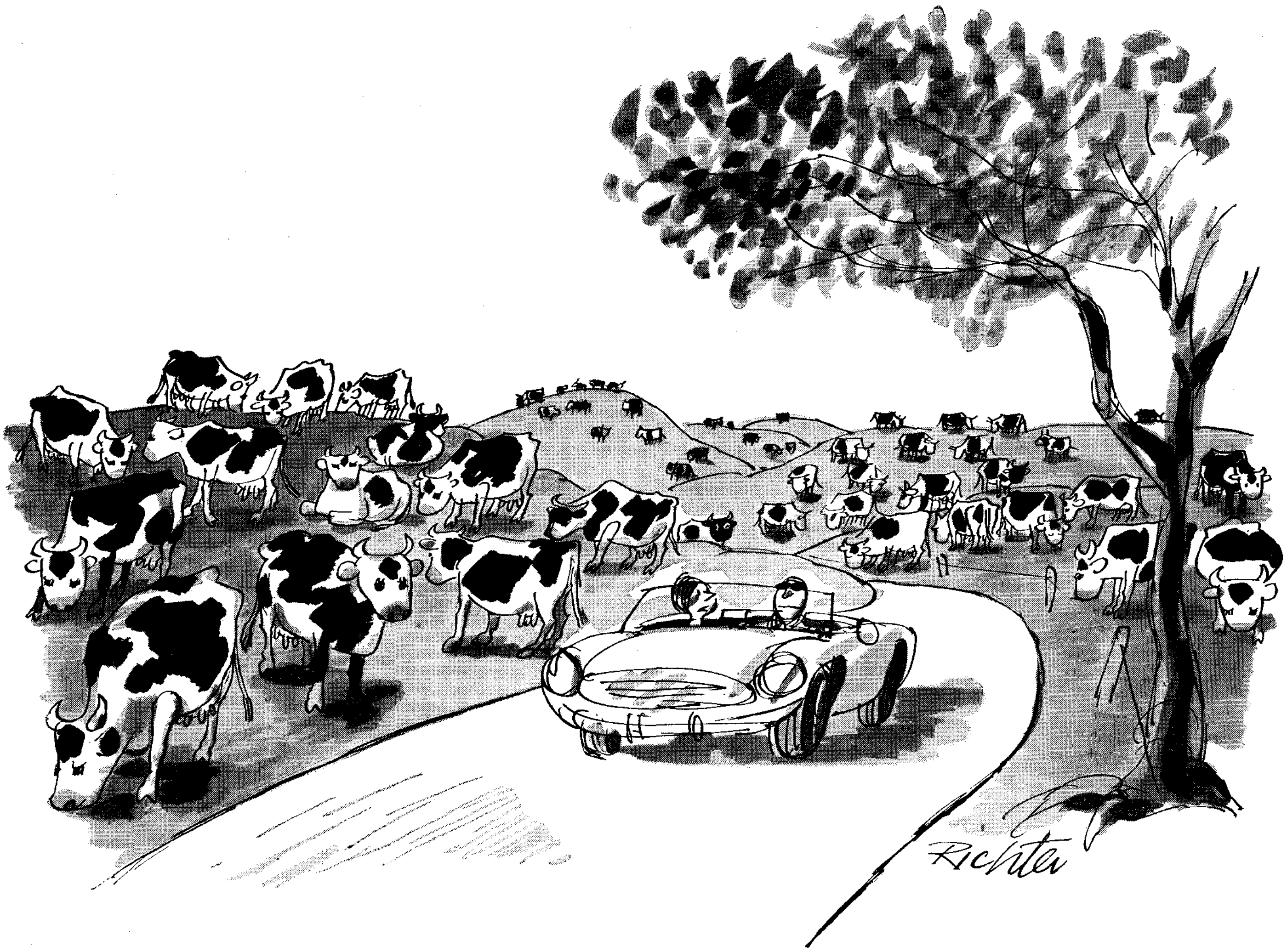
Hillside Movies

WE spent last Wednesday evening on a hillside in Central Park, contemplating three of our favorite things: trees, the sky, and movies. The occasion was the first in a series of showings of short films in parks around town, presented by the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, the Film Society of Lincoln Center, Signet Productions, and Miller High Life Beer. By the time we got to the hillside, not far from Fifth Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street, a big, quiet crowd had gathered, mostly young and mostly reclining on jackets and newspapers. There was a screen at the bottom of the hill, with large inflated-plastic sausages extending forward from both sides, like a pair of comforting arms. Silhouettes of trees surrounding the crowd added to the general feeling of coziness. We found a patch of grass down front, next to one of the plastic sausages, and looked at the sky, where the moon and a couple of stars were peeping through the smog. We decided to think of the smog as clouds. Going to the movies always requires a suspension of disbelief anyway.



All this made us happy, and when the projector started to roll we grew happier still. There were seven films, all of them imaginative and interesting, all of them of that awkward length which under normal circumstances makes it difficult for films to find an audience. Some were professionally produced, some were amateur; some were student films, some weren't; some were experimental, some weren't. All were made by independent producers on low budgets, and had been selected by a couple of large, knowledgeable committees. We especially liked "Because," by David Lubell, a stream-of-consciousness animated cartoon taking off from a Beatles song; "Flat Flip Flies Straight," by Dallas Garard and Fred Hadley, in which a Frisbee game becomes, thanks to beautiful slow-motion photography, and music by Richard Wagner, an exercise in mock high drama; and "National Flower of Brooklyn," a colorful series of quick vignettes of Brooklyn held together by the recurring image of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Our favorite, though, was "A Day with Timmy Page," by David Hoffman, a straightforward documentary about an almost frighteningly self-possessed filmmaker of twelve. Timmy—or, rather, Mr. Page—is interviewed about technique ("I never really use a script; I prefer a rough outline") and films that have influenced his own style (" 'Birth of a Nation,' 'Intolerance,' and the 1903 version of 'The Great Train Robbery' "). There are intimations that Mr. Page's cinematic activi-



"Somehow I was led to believe that Scandinavia was sexier than this."

• •

ties have made him a figure to be reckoned with in the seventh grade. "Even my worst enemies come up to me and say, 'Hey, Page, can I be in one of your films?'" he informs the interviewer. "I tell them to come around for a screen test. We don't have screen tests, but it gets them off my back." A few Page Productions are shown, including "The Immigrant," a turn-of-the-century tearjerker starring Timmy's little brother, Rick, and "Willowbrook Road," which begins with a shot of a street sign ("We open it just like 'Sunset Boulevard,'" Mr. Page remarks). Only once does Mr. Page's composure falter—when he is asked if he has heard of Fellini. "Oh, yes," he answers authoritatively, and then adds, in a small voice, "My mom won't let me go to see any of his films."

As we left, we introduced ourself to Richard Slote, the president of Signet Productions and the man in over-all charge of the park film series. The air was full of the buzzing sound of contented people. Mr. Slote looked contented, too. "I'm delighted. I'm thrilled," he said. "We've been working twenty hours a day on this in a Parks Department garage in Cunningham Park, Queens, and for a while we weren't sure it was going to come off. We have four programs over the next four weeks, and we're hoping to get support to extend the program through September. Tell your friends."

We said we would do that.

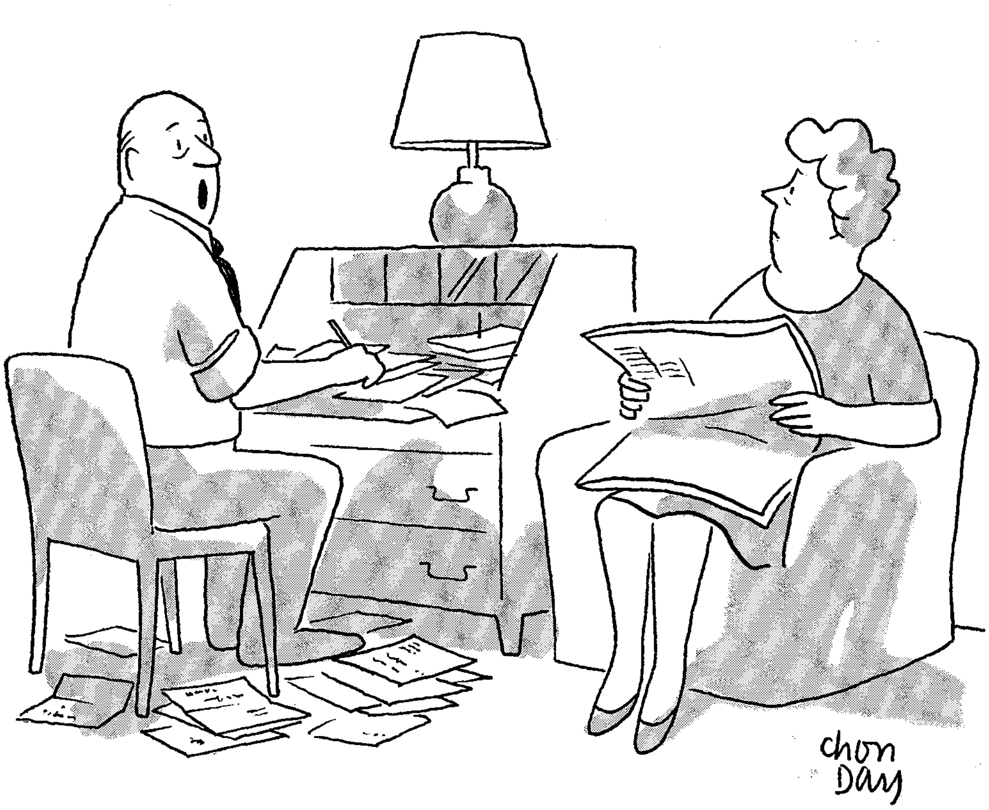
Welcome

WE were made slightly uneasy the other evening, while dining in a restaurant on Thompson Street, when a printed message on the menu caught our eye: "Unquestionably, your presence is always enhanceable."

Bomb Scare

THERE was a bomb scare at the Portuguese Government Tourist Information Bureau, on Fifth Avenue, last Tuesday afternoon. Someone left a package outside the elevator there at about two-forty. The Portuguese called the police. The police evacuated the building and roped off the sidewalk in front of it with some twine. A small crowd began to gather around the roped-off area, and at about three a photographer from the *News* named Mel Finkelstein happened along on his way back to the office from lunch and decided to stick around. He put on his pink working-press pass. A couple of minutes later, as we were on our way back from lunch, we saw the crowd, the twine, the cops, and a man wearing a pink badge. We walked over to him and showed him our pink badge, and asked him what was up. "Hi," he said. "Stick around. Someone left a bomb in there."

People in the crowd were asking the same question. When they were told there was a bomb scare, some of them said "A bomb!" and walked away very quickly. Others said "A bomb!" and leaned a little closer. Most of them said something like "*Another* bomb scare, eh?" or "What is this country



"Know something? We're in debt beyond our wildest dreams!"

• •

coming to?" and walked away at their usual rate of speed.

Soon a pleasant police captain, several lieutenants, and several squad cars turned up, and more of the sidewalk was cleared off. More reporters appeared. Two officials of the Portuguese Information Bureau approached and were introduced to the police captain. We asked them if they had ever had this kind of trouble before. They said it was by no means clear in their minds that the bomb was meant for them, since, after all, other concerns had offices in the building. They then walked away. The other principal concerns are a photographic studio and a hearing-aid agency.

A police inspector—Inspector Fink, who was well known some time ago as Captain Fink, the policeman who kept the peace in the East Village—arrived, wearing a double-breasted sharkskin suit and a fat tie with big blue stripes. Inspector Fink approached the reporters. "Would you guys please brief me on what's going on here?" he asked them, with a big smile. The reporters laughed.

Members of the Bomb Squad arrived and unpacked their fragmentation masks and jackets and carried them inside. It was explained that there would be a slight delay in removing the bomb, because the Bomb Squad's disposal truck was held up in traffic. That same afternoon, another bomb was found at the South African Consulate General, and a small bomb exploded at the Haitian Consulate General, slightly injuring three people.

We talked to a black cop with sideburns. "You wouldn't get me on the Bomb Squad for anything," he said. "Now, years ago that was a different story. Before Metesky, nobody threw bombs in New York, so it was a job everyone wanted. These things go in fads, you know. Remember how many suicides there were after Marilyn Monroe?"

We stood around and talked to our new friend Mel Finkelstein. The Portuguese came back, all smiles, and pointed at Mel's camera. "Can we get some of these pictures, please?" they asked.

Finally, the bomb truck arrived, and the entire block was cleared. The bomb truck is painted red. It consists of a hutch woven out of strands of cable, with a door at one end worked by a winch. The winch is capable of supporting a load of half a ton. The hutch has a curved roof, and it is mounted on a trailer, drawn by the cab of a semi-trailer. It might as well be drawn by twelve coal-black horses, because it looks like the house of the Wild Man of Borneo in a circus sideshow of seventy years ago. On each side of the hutch, there is a great big sign that says, in red letters on a white background, "DANGER." On one side, however, someone has broken off the "D," so the sign reads "ANGER."

The bomb truck was parked at the curb, and the reporters were told to stand back. Two members of the Bomb Squad emerged from the building, walking, in single file, at the pace of pallbearers, or of the Magi. They had fragmentation jackets on, and their faces were hidden behind green fragmentation masks. Between them was a long metal pole, its ends on their shoulders. Slung from the pole was a metal mesh cradle, and in the cradle was the bomb. The reporters fell back in awe. The photographers snapped their cameras so quickly they sounded like seventeen-year locusts. The winch was worked, and the door of the hutch was opened, and, tenderly, the cradle was placed inside. The photographers fell still, and there was great stillness.

And then the truck wouldn't start. The cab was disabled. The front of the cab was lifted into the air so that the cops could work on the motor. The reporters laughed. "Someone's head will roll for this," one of them said. "In the middle of Fifth Avenue, with all the tourists! And it's almost rush hour." The police became brusque and tried to shoo the reporters along. Most of the photographers went home, but Mel Finkelstein's camera was still clicking. We waited for him to finish a roll, and then went over to say so long. "Thanks for telling us to stick around," we said.

"Don't mention it. A pleasure," said Mel Finkelstein.

•

A FRIEND reports that he was mildly surprised to discover, on reading the label on a newly purchased pair of summer trousers, that "This Garment Has Been Oven Baked."

Rock, Business, and Trinity Church

STODGY old Trinity Church has really been getting its Episcopalian head together of late, what with peace slogans in the churchyard, Betty Boop cartoons in the basement, and a series of concerts entitled "Praise the Lord with a Groovy Sound" in the church itself. The other morning, we went down to Trinity to listen to a panel discussion of "The Impact of Rock Music on Business." When we got there, the noon Mass was just ending and a rock group called the Communication Workshop was setting up its amplifiers in the chancel. It played a couple of numbers, and we found, to our surprise, that the sound of its electric guitars went very well with the airy Gothic architecture and the stained-glass windows. The lyrics were of the type that make older people turn to each other and say, "These kids are trying to tell us something." One song, about the 1968 Democratic Convention, began with the following verse:

Well, I went to Chicago to see the democratic process in operation,
You know, the way things look it doesn't look as if we're going to survive as a nation.

By the time the songs were over, most of the pews had filled up with young office workers, and the panel members filed in and sat down in a row of chairs facing the audience. "This is a first for us—a rock symposium," said the Reverend John W. Moody, a spare young cleric who has the longish hair and air of faintly uncomfortable earnestness one associates with the Church Relevant. Father Moody introduced the first speaker—Lillian Roxon, the author of a thick book called the "Rock Encyclopedia."

"The business community is courting youth the wrong way," said Miss Roxon, who is short, plump, blond, and Australian, and who appeared to be slightly nervous. "They're watching the wrong people, and they're watching what was happening two years ago, not what's happening now or in the future. Every businessman should hire a little person under twenty-five and talk to him. Don't listen to the radio or the media. Well, *do* listen to them, but don't think they're what's happening."

Several representatives of the business community were then heard from. "I guess I'm more or less a devil's advocate," said Herb Goldberg, the president of the Contact Slacks Division of the Miller Brothers Hat Company. "But we like to think we understand what's happening. The way we catch the ear of our customer is to use rock music. I don't know what we're going to end up with, but I think it will be a more basic and elemental level of acceptance."

"Banking has always been youth-oriented," said Miss Vivian Sargent, a personnel officer with the Chemical Bank, and she went on to explain that the banking industry had made "changes—violent changes" to appeal to the youth market, including the elimination of tellers' windows and the giving away of frying pans and alarm clocks to persons opening new accounts.

"Young people today are against hypocrisy and dishonesty," said George Klas, the advertising manager of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York. "But it's not a negative movement. They're *for* honesty, *for* sincerity, and this is the theme of our campaign." Mr. Klas then reached down and punched a button on a tape recorder, and Trinity Church suddenly filled with the sound of the Coke jingle, sung by O. C. Smith. "It's the real thing," Mr. Smith sang. "Coca-Cola is Coke!" Mr. Klas turned off the machine, and somebody in the back bellowed, "Right on!"

The next speaker was Bruce Morrow, who is known as Cousin Brucie on WABC-AM, where he is employed as a disc jockey. "Here we are—Cousin Brucie and God!" said Mr. Morrow, who talks very fast. "These kids are serious now. You can't put anything over on them anymore. You can't just take the music and say give me a good rock beat and we'll sell products. Thirteen-year-old kids used to ask me, 'Hey, Cousin Brucie, what do you think about the new Beatles album?' Now they ask me, 'What do you think about Cambodia? What do you think about Agnew?' These kids are looking, searching. They can look right through you. They can spot a phony a mile away."

A question period followed, during which a young man with long, curly hair got up and said, "The perspective we're getting on rock here is a businessman's perspective. Down here, we have people who are actually kids, who are actually freaks. Up there, we have a pants manufacturer. Down here, we have a guy with a tie-dyed shirt on he made himself. Maybe we shouldn't be helping businessmen to get in touch with youth. Maybe it's groovier to *prevent* them from getting in touch. I'd like to ask Miss Roxon how she feels about helping businessmen get more money from our brothers and sisters."

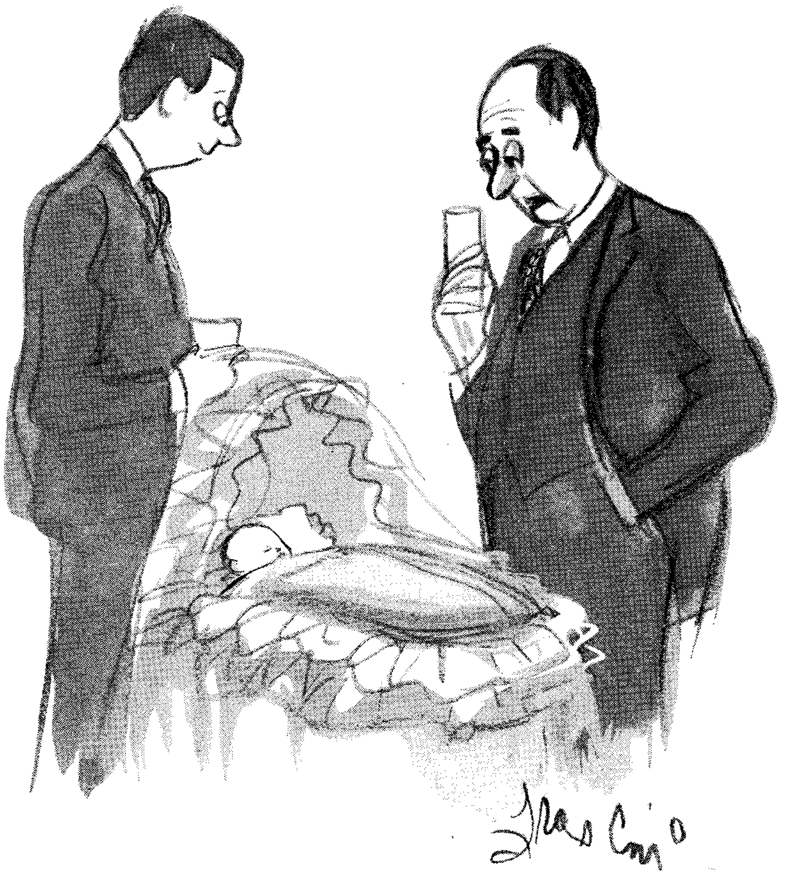
Miss Roxon, who by now looked perfectly miserable, said she had come only because Grosset & Dunlap, her publishers, wanted her to get publicity for her book.

A girl who was recording the proceedings with a portable television camera stood up and shouted, "We're sitting here, and Chemical Bank is gloating about how they're going to rip us off! Well, we're going to go into the streets and rip *you* off!"

"You're the one per cent we don't *want* to reach," Mr. Morrow said.

"What is 'rip off'?" Miss Sargent asked.

"This is good," Father Moody said. "We want as much dialogue as possible."



"If he's going to be frustrated by a Congress eternally encroaching on his Constitutional powers, I'm not so sure I'd want *him to grow up to be President."*

MUSEUM

(SOON TO BE A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE)

DAY after day during that fateful spring, the crowds thronging the Acme Art Museum grew larger and more culturally avid. They choked the paintings galleries, lined up twelve deep to view the cafeteria, and even disrupted the habitual hush of the Greek and Roman Wing, where Jarvis Cope and Irmgaard Frimgs used to meet in happier times behind the red-figured amphorae. On Wednesday, April 1st, the attendance reached crisis proportions. At ten minutes past eleven that morning, the director's office was informed that Gallery Nine (Rembrandt and Hals) was totally blocked, the entrances so tightly jammed that no one could move in or out. Groans of terminal art appreciation could be heard half a mile away in Gallery Thirty-One, where a band of insurrectionist art students had barricaded the door and were threatening violence to Titian's priceless "Venus and the Tuba Player" unless their demands were met at once. Jarvis Cope, the director, was trying to remember whether this was the same Titian that Sir Clark Kent, in a closely reasoned treatise in last month's *Kunsthistorisches Lexicon*, had reattributed to Landseer when Chief Attendant Hawks telephoned to say he had received word that a bomb was set to go off somewhere in the museum that afternoon. Cope hung up, sighed, and replaced his finely sculptured head in Irmgaard Frimgs' sensitive lap. It was going to be a long day.

A tall, rangy medievalist with commanding eyebrows and tufted sideburns framing a pair of virile ears, Jarvis Cope had always exuded the kind of dynamic self-confidence that kept curators and other spoilsports on their toes. Lately, though, his confidence had been a pose. Never before in Cope's seven years as director of the Acme had so many crises chosen the same moment to erupt. This nasty business of the curators' revolt, for example. Cope knew who was behind it, and the fact that Karl Friedrich von Baden-Baden, the Curator of Oriental Art, happened also to be Cope's brother-in-law didn't make things any easier. Was Baden-Baden aware of the ripening intimacy between Cope and Irmgaard? In any case, the two men had detested one another for years—ever since the loss of the Dalai Lama, which Baden-Baden blamed unfairly on his brother-in-law's forgetfulness—and it was no secret that Baden-Baden was out to replace Cope as director. At yesterday's curatorial meeting, he had launched his latest campaign—a resolution, signed by seven other curators, providing that the museum be closed to the general public six days a week. Cope, a well-known proponent of lumpen aesthetics, had met the challenge with cool authority and an apt quotation from André Malraux. God only knew what Baden-Baden's next move might be, though; all morning, there had come from the Oriental galleries the sound of shattering hard-paste porcelain.

Meanwhile, a far more serious crisis had arisen on the board of trustees. The late Harry (Punks) Newberry was reported to have bequeathed his collection of champlevé-enamel mustard spreaders to the Community Arts Center in Wounded Knee, Wyoming. Several trustees were shocked beyond measure by the loss of this unique prize, and P. Enderby Trevelyan, the president, would doubtless have some pointed questions to ask at the board meeting this afternoon. Trevelyan had a weakness for pointed questions. He also had a weakness for Cope's wife, Romily, which complicated matters further. Cope knew that Trevelyan and Romily were in the habit of meeting three afternoons a week in the Palacio Iturbide Bedchamber, one of several period rooms closed off indefinitely because of the velvet-rope shortage. If only Romily were not so phlegmatic, Cope thought, she would divorce him and marry Trevelyan. How pleasant it would be to exchange Romily's somewhat pre-Columbian contours for Irmgaard's rococo delights. Musing thus, Cope dozed.

The telephone shattered his reverie. It was Hawks again, reporting a second warning from the museum bomber. The device, he had said, would go off at four o'clock. It was now ten past three. The police were searching behind all potted ferns and inside open sarcophagi. "What about those art students?" Cope inquired, yawning gracefully.

"They're still waiting for you to answer their ultimatum," Hawks said.

"Oh, yes. What was it again?"

"Full amnesty, a special wing for Navajo beadwork, and the immediate dispersal of all paintings dated before 1960. Or else they trash the Titian."

"We'll have to go along," Cope said gloomily. "Titian is well liked." Hawks' silence indicated disapproval. "And if they don't find the bomb I suppose we ought to clear the museum, or something."

"Can't do that, sir," Hawks replied crisply. "Gallery Nine is still blocked tight as a tick."

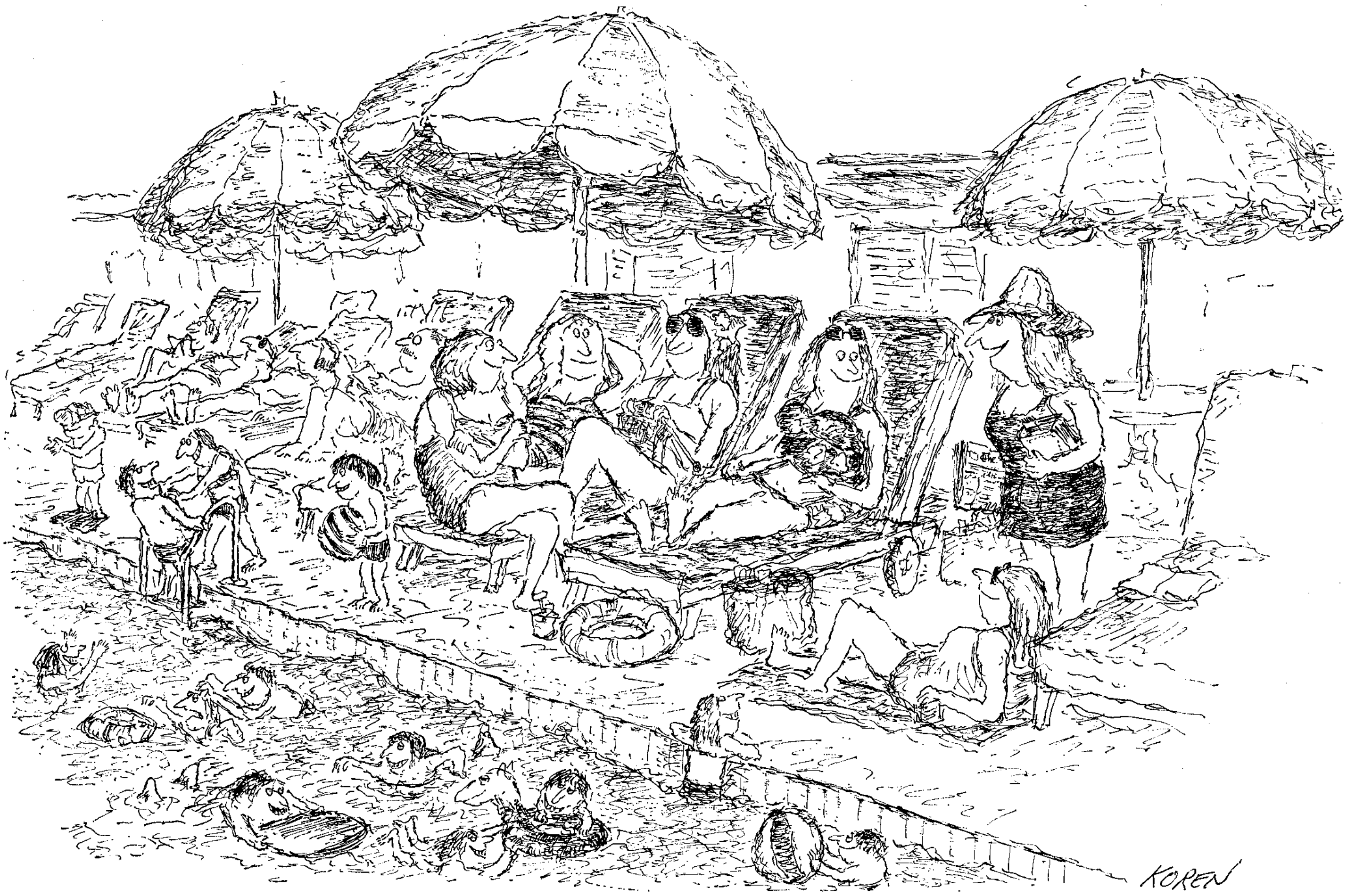
Cope muttered a well-turned oath. "Have you tried greasing the doorjambs?" he said. "Or turning the air-conditioning up all the way? If the people get chilled, they might shrink a little."

"Good thinking, sir! We'll try both." He hung up energetically.

Feeling somewhat gratified—maybe the old dynamism was there after all—Cope disengaged his head from Irmgaard's lap and sat upright. He drummed on the top of his desk, eight capable fingers and two manly thumbs working in concert.

RISTORANTE IL BAMBINO
COCKTAILS
il Bambino
R. MacMillan

ETHEREDGE PLOVER, the Curator of Wickerware, was drafting a letter of resignation. The quill pen moved over the vellum, crossing out a word here and there and occasionally splattering ink on the neat pile of cadmium-blue capsules at Plover's left elbow. "Dear Jarvis," he had written, "It's hard to say this after twenty-seven years with the museum, but I really have no choice. . . ." He hoped that Cope would somehow understand what he meant about having no choice. The truth was that



"Well, what's on our agenda today—pollution control, legalization of marijuana, or male chauvinism?"

• •

Baden-Baden had ferreted out his guilty secret—the fatefully warm afternoon in the library ten years ago when Plover, while attempting to trace the origins of a rare wicker buskin, had carelessly allowed his melting Mr. Goodbar to impregnate a Michelangelo red-chalk study for the Stygian Sibyl. The large ochre stain had been attributed to various natural causes until Baden-Baden, whose expertise knew no bounds, applied chemical and infrared tests and began asking questions. Now poor Plover was at the mercy of the inscrutable Orientalist. He was going to write a fresh draft of his resignation. Then he was going to swallow all twenty-seven capsules, one for each year of his museum service, and wait for eternal sleep to overtake him in his tiny basement office, in his beloved wicker chair. How apt, he reflected, to go out just at closing time.

Ogpu Valletti, the leader of the insurrectionary art students, chewed furiously at his minimal mustache. Nothing had gone the way he had planned it. Not until after he and his two accomplices (Bryn Mawr hotheads both) had barricaded themselves in Gallery Thirty-One and shouted their ultimatum through the door did they notice the large blank space on the wall where "Venus and the Tuba Player" usually hung, or the small white card there saying, "Temporarily Removed." The rest of the pictures in the room were all-too-obvious fakes—murky allegories and portraits of cattle, paintings whose clumsy modelling and ill-scumbled backgrounds mocked even their tentative "School of" and "Tintoretto (?)" and "Master of the Augsburg Pruning Hook" attributions. Naturally, Cope had not even bothered to reply to his ultimatum. Valletti glared venomously at his giggling accomplices, busy plying their colored marking pens on an increasingly psychedelic cast of Lemoyne's "The Triumph of Vice." He pulled out his vest-pocket edition of the "I Ching" and looked about for some yarrow stalks.

Jarvis Cope swept purposefully through the crowded galleries. His sensuous limp, the result of an old injury suffered while Indian-wrestling with the chief curator of the Louvre, sent waves of helpless love through Irmgaard Frimgs as she followed in his wake. The confused roaring sound from Gallery Nine grew louder at every step.

Cope and Irmgaard fought their way through the crowd of onlookers at the south entrance to Gallery Nine, where Chief Attendant Hawks and two of his men were trying vainly to pull individuals from the densely packed mass inside. "It's no use," Hawks said, shouting to make himself heard above the groans. "We've tried everything, but we can't budge 'em."

"Only one chance," Cope said evenly.

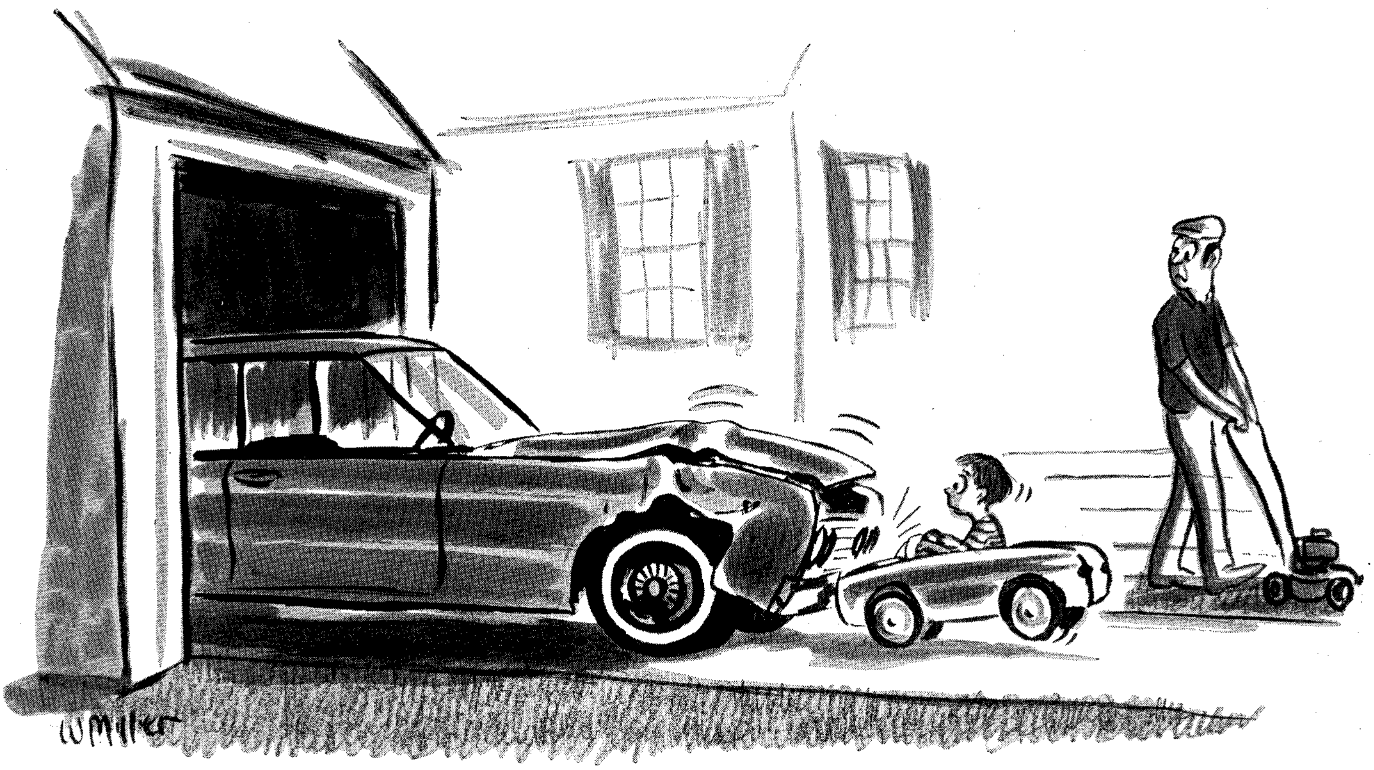
"What's that, sir?"

"Somebody has to go in there and calm them down first."

Hawks grew pale. "Go in *there*, Mr. Cope?"

A look of faint amusement crossed Cope's not-un-Medici-like features. "I meant myself," he said. "If you'll just give me a leg up."

Boosted aloft by Hawks and an agog



attendant, Jarvis Cope, ignoring the pain in his leg, began crawling over the heads and shoulders of the trapped art lovers. Their groaning rose in intensity until the director managed by an effort of sheer will to reach the center of the mass and, standing on the shoulders of a socially prominent matron, called out in magnetic tones for silence. An obedient hush descended. "Today," Cope said, "we will discuss Rembrandt's profound insight into human nature."

A loud report, followed by two others that were even louder, obliterated his next sentence. The floor of Gallery Nine was giving way.

ENTWINED in one another's arms in the Palacio Iturbide Bedchamber, P. Enderby Trevelyan and Romily Cope were quite surprised to find clusters of people dropping down on them. The floor of Gallery Nine had collapsed at one end, forming a chute down which art lovers cascaded in a tactile tangle of arms, legs, camp stools, and Gucci handbags. Amid the confusion, the guilty pair might have escaped unnoticed had not Jarvis Cope happened to land beside them on the marquetry bedstead. Trevelyan, Cope noted maliciously, was quite unable to frame a pointed question.

In Gallery Thirty-One, the sound of the collapsing floor engaged the ever-active curiosity of Ogpu Valletti's débutante accomplices. Peering through the keyhole and seeing the outer gallery deserted, they pulled away the Jacobean escritoire that Valletti had used as a barricade. Valletti, who was busy deciphering the "wu wang" hexagram, failed to observe their departure. The girls skipped joyfully through the museum, daubing with their pens at canvases by Mengs and Lucas Cranach the Elder.

While restorers fought to save Rembrandt's "Man with a Smoked Herring," badly trampled during the panic in Gallery Nine, a delegation of construction workers gathered on the museum's front steps to demonstrate in support of Establishment Art. One by one, the members of the board of trustees appeared on a second-floor balcony to acknowledge the cheers of the workers, many of whose hard hats bore bright decals of landscapes by Dwight Eisenhower and Samuel Gompers. When Jarvis Cope appeared on the balcony, the cheers changed abruptly to boos and crude threats. "We want Karl Friedrich von Baden-Baden!" the demonstrators yelled.

THE bomb went off at 4 P.M. precisely. It rocked the vast museum from top to bottom, dislodging plaster casts in the attic and Renaissance scholars in the basement, where the Curator of Wickerware groped vainly for the cadmium-blue capsules that had rolled off his desk and vanished forever into a crack in the floor. Upstairs, the corridors were suddenly filled with flying shards of Italian majolica, terracotta figurines, egg tempera, Ch'ien Lung vases, and monographs on Simone Martini. Fortunately, no one was hurt. No one, that is, except the Curator of Oriental Art, who at the moment of the blast had been seen, with fingers in both ears, hurrying out of the museum and into the park, where he was struck down by a runaway perambulator.

The entire staff pitched in loyally to clear the debris and dust off the trustees. By midnight, the great museum was once again in order. Cope and Irmgaard, leaning on their mops at the head of the grand staircase, were the last to leave. Weary yet deeply content, Cope squeezed Irmgaard's mop-worn hand and felt her answering pressure. Tomorrow, in all probability, would be another day.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

A charge of failing to carry a narcotics registration card against Alvin Miller, 23, of 603 S. Park St., Elizabeth, have been dismissed because of a mistaken identity.

Miller was arrested early last Thursday on traffic charges stemming from an accident Dec. 9. Police said the narcotics charge was dropped after it was learned that he is not the Alvin Miller previously convicted of a narcotics offense.

It was originally reported that Miller was bitten by a raccoon.—*Elizabeth (N.J.) Journal.*

Which one?

DAR

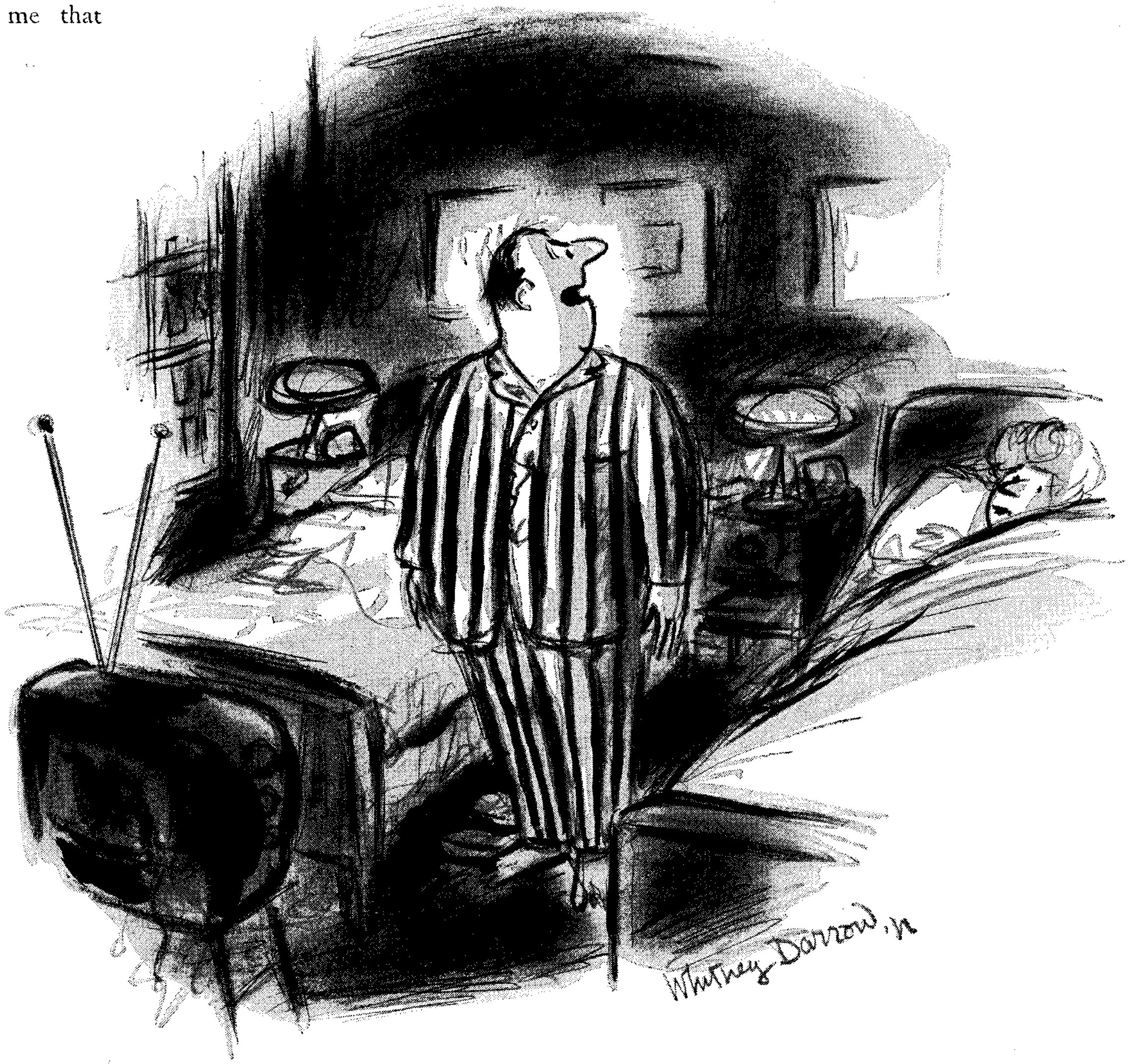
I AM trying to remember how it happened that I took a first-class train ticket from that town on Lake Tanganyika where the boat stops—Ujiji?—to Dar es Salaam. It was in 1933, so I shouldn't be blamed, perhaps, if such details are forgotten, but I think I can safely hazard a guess that it was because white people—certainly a white woman—would not have been permitted to travel by any lower class. Otherwise, I would certainly have saved as much money as I could. It was getting on to two years since I had come to the Belgian Congo. All my life, I had longed to see that part of Africa, and for a good while, to that end, I had hoarded all the money I could. Now the trip was nearly over. Funds were low, and I still had to buy a steamship ticket—to Europe, as there was no other way to do it—and then return to America, where my home was. There were two British Army officers in uniform sharing my first-class carriage, talking volubly and with much laughter about friends and old school days. It suited me that they should be happy with each other because I was preoccupied and had no wish to be interrupted. I had a lot of moping to do. The train was running through country that looked much the same in all directions—dry and nearly bare of brush and trees. Nothing distracting. I was free to be as gloomy as I liked while I reflected that the adventure was all but over. I told myself that it was like coming down after one has climbed a mountain; it was anticlimax the whole way. I'd done what I'd wanted to do. I had visited the Congo and lived in the Ituri Forest, and had finally put the seal on the whole thing by seeing Lake Kivu—a name that had served me for years as a symbol of what I longed for. Actually, Kivu had been almost too picturesque, too pretty, but I could not yet bring myself to admit it.

And now, what next? Nothing, nothing. There remained mere formalities and the end. I was resolved to stay as short a time as possible in Dar es Salaam—only long enough to ship out—and that would be that. Far off, in Chicago, were my parents, and, very likely, a few-odd sisters and cousins as well, but I thought of home exclusively in terms of my mother. In my mind's eye, she was sitting there grimly waiting for me. That was all she was doing—waiting. It did not alter matters that I was perfectly well aware, really, that this mental picture was a gross misrepresentation of my mother's way of life, that in truth she had a busy nature and was interested in all six of her children and even more in her grandchildren. The truth made no difference; through the past months, her letters had built up in me a stubborn conviction to the contrary, and because the year was 1933, each letter, as I recalled, had contained a passage that went more or less like this: "Things are very bad. So-and-So hasn't been able to find work, though he's been trying for three months. Such-and-Such is clerking in a store downtown, but it's only a temporary job. Goodness knows when things will be better. *Why* don't you come home?"

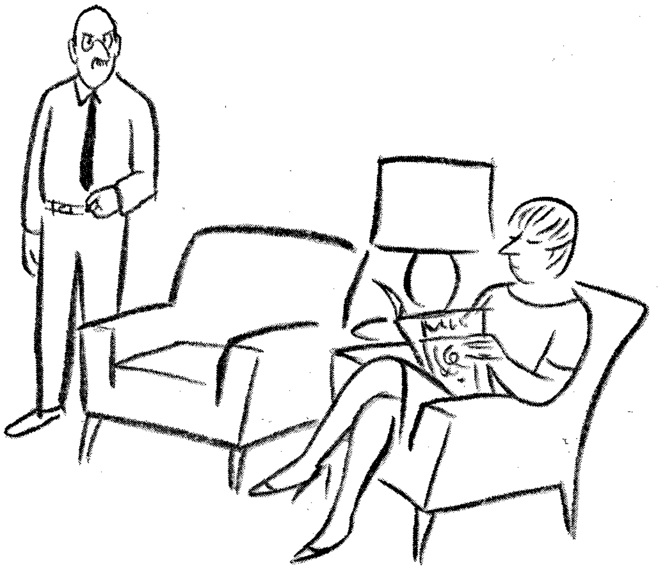
"Dreadful, isn't it?"

I jumped nervously. One of the British officers, ready now to make friends with a stranger, had spoken to me. "Hot, isn't it?" he added.

I agreed that it was hot, and they ordered drinks for all three of us and settled down for a chat. There was no more time for moping. My companions remained voluble for the rest of the ride. Having found out, in the customary roundabout method of the British, who I was and where I was going, they described Dar es Salaam reassuringly as a very nice place. For themselves, they didn't live right in town—they were in barracks somewhere outside—but they often got in for an afternoon at the club. Dar was pretty quiet just at the moment, they admitted—"Your American Depression has hit it, you know. It's very hard on trade and shipping"—but still, it was good enough. I asked about hotels, and



"Confound it, woman, that's 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"



one of the men told me that there was only one but that I'd find it quite satisfactory. "A very decent little pub, as a matter of fact," he said. "A widow woman runs it—Mrs. Blenkinsop. Her husband was in trade out here for years, and when he died she decided she'd try to go it alone, so she opened this hotel and she's made a good job of it."

"Brave little woman," said the other one, lighting his pipe.

"I suppose it costs quite a lot to stay there?" I asked nervously.

No, no, they said—the prices were reasonable. In any case, it was the only hotel in town.

We pulled into Dar es Salaam Station at dusk. My friends were in a hurry to get to their post, but they found the hotel car for me—a battered, rusty vehicle—and put me into it and waved goodbye. I liked what I saw of the town on the way to the hotel. The train had made an abrupt descent from the highland into an appealingly lush, tropical country, full of flowers and trees and big white-plastered houses and smaller adobe ones. There were palms along the coast road, and I caught a strong whiff of the sea. It was a true port city, full of shops and people of all sorts. After months of living in a backwoods community where everyone was a member of a neighborhood tribe, I was stirred with sudden delight at the sight of so many different people—Indian, African, Arab, European, even Chinese—sauntering about to catch the evening breeze. Then I remembered that I would have to leave all this almost as soon as I'd discovered it, and the old regret rushed in once more.

But I had no more time for emotion; it was just one thing after another in Dar. Half an hour later, booked in at the hotel of the English widow Blenkinsop, I didn't stop long enough to unpack my pajamas in the flimsy cubicle of a room. I wanted to get out and think, because it looked very much as if I was in trouble. Mrs. Blenkinsop had not been visible; a bored Indian clerk had taken my signature and told me what my room and meals would cost, which was more than I had feared even at my most pessimistic. This wouldn't have mattered acutely if there had been a ship in a day or two, but the clerk had told me that the next northbound vessel wasn't due for another two weeks. He had explained. "The crisis, you know. There is very little business for the ships to call in for, and many of them have been cancelled for more than a year. Times are very hard in Dar es Salaam. Never mind. You can book in the next one. It's an Italian liner, very comfortable, and you are sure to find plenty of accommodation. Business is dead."

What worried me, as I paced the road outside, was that fourteen days of paying the hotel's price would probably use up so much of my money that I couldn't buy a ticket, even for third class. At any rate, it would cut things pretty fine. I walked along, my thoughts stewing. The road seemed quieter than I had expected, and I thought that it might be because night had fallen, or perhaps the lull was owing to the hotel's position, well away from the commercial streets and above a strip of beach. I saw an informal promenade by the sea, where a few people, some of them Arabs in long robes, were walking, and I made my way down the path and joined them. There was a moon. The beach, the houses in the distance, and the clothes of the walkers all gleamed pure white. Here and there on the water, a shallow arc of foam appeared and disappeared, to appear again a few feet away. Absently, I noticed a man walking toward me briskly among the saunterers, his heels beating a rapid rhythm. As he passed me, his little brown eyes glanced at me and lit up with a recognition that puzzled me. He swung around and came back to me. "Didn't I see you this afternoon at the railway station?" he asked. He talked with a quick, clipped accent.

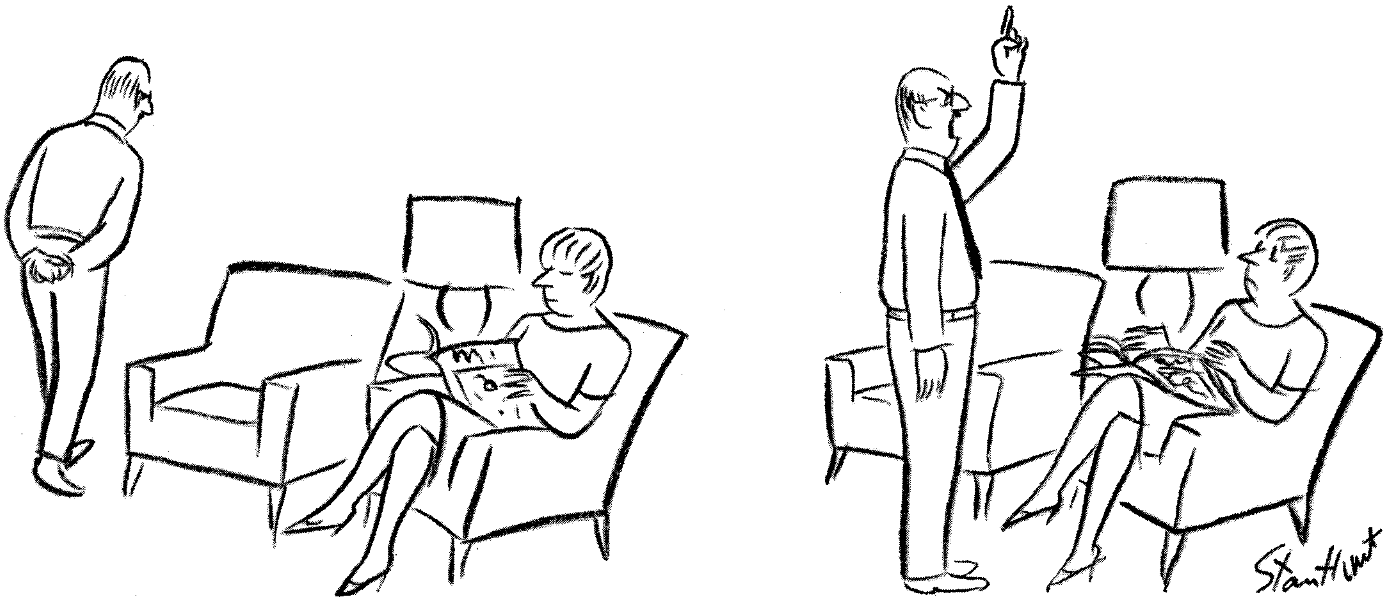
I said, "You might have. I was there."

He fell into step beside me. "I go every day to meet the train," he said. "I have a hotel, and I go there to pick up people to stay in it. I was going to ask you, but you were with those two Englishmen, and they put you into the car, and I knew you must have reserved your room in advance. Most of the officers' families go to the English hotel. You are an officer's wife?"

"No, I'm nobody's wife," I said. "But I thought there *was* only the one hotel."

George—he was George something: a long Greek name—made a scornful gesture. He told me that there were quite a few hotels in town; his own family, for example, owned and operated two of them, and had done so for years. But the British officers wouldn't have told an innocent stranger this, because they were on the side of their compatriot, Mrs. Blenkinsop. "She will cheat you, that woman, so look out," he added. "Her prices are very high. How much are you paying?"

I told him, and he shook his head as if he could scarcely believe such wickedness. "You see? Ah, it is a



"I think, therefore I am!"

• •

pity I didn't talk to you when I saw you on the station. I could have given you a better room and better meals, and for half that sum."

Hope had dawned. I said eagerly, "I can move, can't I?"

George seemed not to have thought of that. He gave a great start of surprise, and looked at me with admiration. "Why, yes, you could," he said.

I COULD hardly walk out on Mrs. Blenkinsop that night—not without paying for the room anyway—so I waited until morning. Then, by prearrangement, George came with a couple of porters to carry my luggage out to his hotel car, while the Indian clerk looked at us from heights of superiority. Only when I was going out the door did he remember that he had a letter for me. It was an invitation to tea at Government House a few days later, and I realized that my officer friends had been at work on my behalf.

In itself, George's hotel was practically indistinguishable from the one I had deserted, but its position, on one of the town's main streets, was less smart. It didn't matter; Dar es Salaam wasn't very urban anyway, and there was little traffic. The bar, a large, shady room, was obviously popular. The bead curtain that shielded it from the view of passersby hardly ever stopped swinging from the time I went through it, late in the morning, until lunch. A procession of men passed in and out—small, swarthy men mostly, who bore a sort of resemblance to George—but one or two Englishmen came in, too. There seemed to be some Portuguese and Lebanese drinking beer at the tables, but most of the patrons were Greek. I had met some of these Greeks of East Africa before. Few of them had ever seen Greece; nor did they show any desire or curiosity to do so. They had been born in East Africa, or Cairo, or—in George's case—Istanbul. Their fathers and grandfathers had been traders, and so were they.

I was in the bar because, before I had even finished unpacking, a boy came to say I had a caller waiting downstairs. Evidently, the British officers had broadcast the news of my arrival throughout the community as well as up at Government House. I went down and found a young Englishman waiting for me in the bar. He introduced himself as a reporter. He said, "I understand you've walked right across the continent, unaccompanied. Pretty good effort, and it ought to make a good story."

I agreed. It would have made a wonderful story if it had been true. "But the fact is I didn't walk across," I said. "I travelled by paddle steamer and train and truck and the lake boat on Tanganyika, as well as on foot. Anybody could do that. I don't see how you could write it up, do you?"

"No, I don't suppose I could," he said. "Didn't you even do any shooting? We can always use a big-game story, especially if it's about a woman."

"Not even that."

"Oh, well." He pocketed his notebook. "It all goes to show how anecdotes can be puffed up in this town. Have a drink, won't you?"

Malcolm was his name. We talked about Dar es Salaam, where he had been living for the past year. He wasn't at all like any newspaperman I'd ever met before. He was stuffier. But he admitted to a liking for Dar es Salaam.

"It's not exactly go-ahead, obviously, but one couldn't expect it to be, considering the financial situation of the world," he said. "It was never wildly exciting, I daresay. Now it's slowing down, nearly to a halt. Still, we progress in some ways. Do you know, we've actually got the cinema with sound? You wouldn't have believed that, would you? I shouldn't think any other city in Africa has it."

Noncommittally, I murmured something; I had already heard the news from George.

"They're opening tonight, for the first time," Malcolm went on. "They're showing some sort of operetta, I believe, with your American blackface comedian Al Johnson."

"Al Jolson," I said. "Yes, I heard about the talkies even before I left for Africa."

"Shall we go tonight? Everybody in town will be there."

I shook my head. "Thanks, I would like to, but I can't. I've already told George I would go with him."

"George?" demanded Malcolm. He sounded shocked. "Forgive me, but you don't mean *George*, do you? The proprietor of this hotel?"

"Yes. Why? What's the matter?"

For a moment, Malcolm looked down at his hands, which he had clasped; then he stood up and became energetic. "Well, that's all right, it's not too late to fix things. We'll have him in and you can tell him a mistake's been made, that you're sorry but of course you can't go with him. Don't worry. He'll understand." He reached for the bell.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Perhaps George would understand, but I don't. You'd better explain it to me before you do anything."

Malcolm hesitated, and when he spoke it was with caution. "I'm afraid I couldn't make it clear to you. You see, you've just arrived; you're full of the notions people do have when they're new out here. It takes time to understand our point of view. You must take my word for it, I'm afraid, when I tell you that one simply doesn't go to the theatre with George. One simply doesn't, that's all."

"Why not? Surely you can put it into words?"

"Oh well, if you must have it—George is a Greek."

"Yes, I know that."

"Greeks are not considered white in Dar es Salaam. That's all."

We stared at each other. It may sound odd, but there was something innocent about Malcolm—never more so than when he was being offensive. I was full of words, but I couldn't bring myself to say any of them.

"You can't do it, my dear girl," said Malcolm.

I said, foolishly, "Want to bet?"

Then I thanked him for the drink, and he went away.

THAT evening, at the cinema palace, George and I were staggered by the wonder of it all—the enormous voices and the music that seemed to come not so much from the screen as from everywhere around us, the words nearly, if not quite, matching the movements of the actors' lips. What ever would they do next? We foreigners in the audience applauded everything and anything, because we were happy and proud of the miracle. The Africans up in the gallery, however, remained calm. They liked the picture; they liked all pictures. But the talking they accepted because it was just another clever thing that had been dreamed up by white people, and they had become blasé about clever inventions. In the Ituri, I remembered, the Africans had behaved the same way the first time an airplane flew over. They'd been interested, in a mild way; they had admitted that it was a wonderful thing to have accomplished; but there was no awestruck amazement, and after that first time they didn't bother to look up when other planes flew over. They had seen outboard motors, and some of them had even seen motorcars. Why not, then, a mechanized bird as well?

All in all, I enjoyed my first date in Dar very much, even though I got another letter from Government House next day—a polite note of regret that the tea party had been called off. Malcolm, however, did not stay away. He turned up that afternoon and managed not to speak about Greeks and white people for quite a long time. Finally, though, we were at it again, embroiled in a silly argument during which he kept using incredible phrases: "Of course, it's very splendid and American of you, but . . .," "What you don't realize is that we've got to maintain . . .," "You simply don't appreciate our problems." Every day after that, he came over, and every day we argued. I don't think I quite believed that Malcolm existed. He must have had the same doubts about me, but he kept on dropping in, and sometimes we went out in his car for a drive. Not often, though. I was too busy with other social engagements. I was all dated up with the Greeks.

NO
CARES AND
WOES BEYOND
THIS
POINT

They entertained me in their houses. They showed me around the city—the shops where Indians sold silks and jewels, or ivory cutters made chessmen and little elephants; they showed me old Arab houses with carved doors. Often I went out for walks by myself, early in the morning, before anyone I knew was awake. On one such excursion, I came by accident on a little square that I hadn't seen before. In it was a ring of men in headdresses and long robes, slowly dancing to drums and flourishing curved knives at each other. I drew back into the shadows of a side street, but they didn't care whether I watched or not. On another morning, I found a group of camels, loaded with bundles tied up in rough brown cloth, each camel led by an African. They were marching toward the outskirts of town. As it happened, I had never before seen camels outside a circus. I followed them, though it was a very hot day, until they stopped in a palm grove.

Most of the time, however, I fooled around with George's crowd. They weren't all Greeks. There was a Mrs. Mueller, who was Swiss, I think, and Fernandez, an Argentine, and a few other foreigners. We sailed, or lounged on the beach, or danced in the hotel to the music of a Victrola. One night, we wore our bathing suits and went driving a long way, in a cavalcade of cars, to a spot on the coast that was new to me, where we swam in warm, shallow, phosphorescent water. It was a strange place. There were pools that shone like silver, and beyond them a line of palm trees was outlined in strokes of India ink against the stars. On the way back, I said idly that I couldn't understand why other people didn't throng to that lovely beach.

"Oh, they're afraid of the sharks," said George cheerfully. "I'm not, because I have a theory that sharks never come inshore at low tide."

THE Italian ship didn't turn up on the day she was supposed to. This, they told me, was nothing out of the ordinary. But when I went down the next morning to check up, there was still no news. The morning after that was dreadful. A rumor spread all through the hotel that the ship was not coming in at all; it had sailed right by, said the gossips, and would put in at Zanzibar instead of Dar. This story rapidly gained supporting detail. I was told the kind of cargo the captain preferred, and that a load was waiting in Zanzibar; there was none in Dar. I was told that this sort of thing happened so often that it was scarcely worth remarking. I was told that I would probably have to wait at least another month for the next ship. It was appalling. All I could do was count money in my mind. Then, all at once, there the ship was, on the horizon, drawing nearer and nearer. After the first burst of relief, I had only the old, true worry to battle—the thoughts of going home.

I packed the afternoon before I was to sail at daybreak. Mrs. Mueller came to see me—a cheering influence, with her large presence, broad smile, and cotton dress figured with enormous, brilliant flowers. She was busy, she said, arranging a farewell party for me, and wanted my ideas on the guest list. All the usual crowd, of course, had been invited and were coming—George, with his entourage of relatives; Mr. Fernandez, from South America; and so on. Wasn't there anybody else I would like to ask?

I said, "It's awfully nice of you, Mrs. Mueller, and it all sounds lovely. Really, everyone's so kind in Dar es Salaam I hate to go. No, I can't think of anybody else."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Mueller looked sidewise at me. "Well, *I* can think of one person you've forgotten—that nice boy Malcolm. Surely you'd like to ask him to your sendoff party? Oh, yes, I've seen you together." She shook a finger at me, and laughed loudly. "It's a small village, Dar is," she said.

As a matter of fact, I didn't at all want to ask Malcolm, but I could hardly explain my reluctance to Mrs. Mueller, of all people. He had been very snooty about her: "Mrs. Mueller? Really, my dear girl, where *do* you pick them up? That woman used to run a laundry, did you know that? I'm quite sure of the facts." No, of course I couldn't tell her. I decided just to invite him, because he was sure to refuse.

That afternoon, when Malcolm came to pay his respects, I conveyed the message, and, to my surprise, he did not immediately and scornfully reject the idea. "Well, I might manage it," he said thoughtfully "Who's going to be there, do you know?"

"Oh, you wouldn't like it. There'll be George, for one."

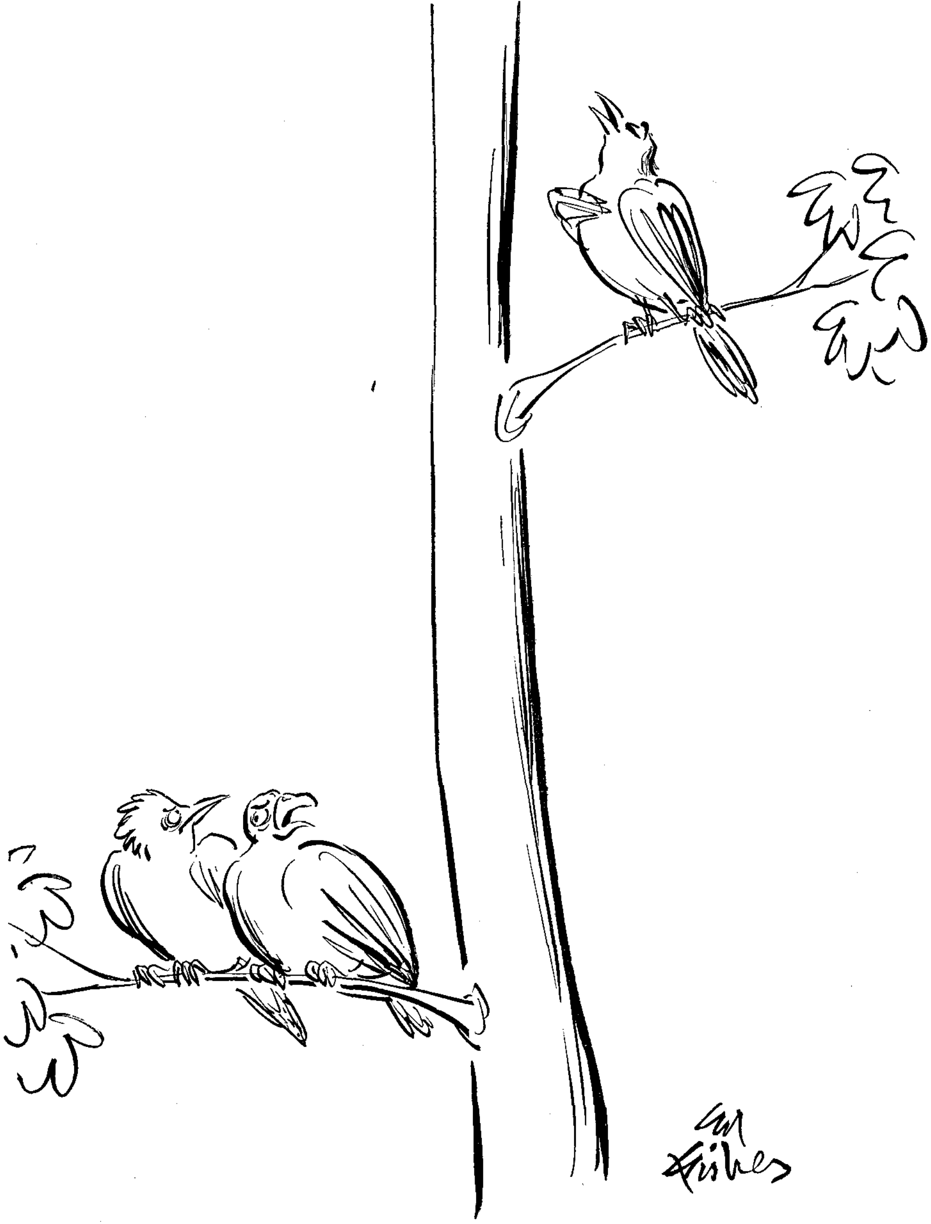
"Oh, I get along with old George. We're the best of friends," said Malcolm. "Who else?"

I began to name them. When I came to Fernandez, he stopped me with uplifted hand and shook his head vigorously. "That's enough," he said. "Sorry, but I couldn't possibly meet Fernandez socially."

Fernandez had seemed to me quite inoffensive. I said, curiously, "Now, would you mind telling me what's wrong with *him*?"

"Oh, he's an Argentine," said Malcolm, pronouncing it to rhyme with "wine." "Here in Dar, you see, Argentines aren't considered white."

"Well . . ." Somehow I could think of nothing to say. It would have meant starting a long way back, well before Malcolm's expressed thoughts began. I would have had to ask him why people *must* be considered white anyway, and there was no use posing a question like that to Malcolm. —EMILY HAHN



"He certainly isn't letting any of us poor slobs forget that this is the Beethoven Bicentennial Year."

• •

•

1:15-2, WOR-AM: Airline Frances talks with The Rev. Ernest T. Campbell of the Riverside Church.
—*Radio listing in the Times.*

Just call her Air France for short.

FIVE POEMS

CROW TRIES THE MEDIA

He wanted to sing about her

He didn't want comparisons with the earth or anything to do
with it
Oversold like detergents
He did not even want words
Waving their long tails in public
With their prostitute's exclamations

He wanted to sing very clear

But this tank had been parked on his voice
And his throttle was nipped between the Roman Emperor's finger
and thumb
Like the neck of a linnet
And King Kong in person
Held the loop of his blood like a garotte
While tycoons gambled with his glands in a fog of cigar smoke

He shuddered out of himself he got so naked
When he touched her breast it hurt him

He wanted to sing to her soul very simply

But still Manhattan weighed on his eyelid
He looked at the corner of her eye
His tongue moved like a poisoned estuary

He touched the smiling corner of her mouth
His voice reverberated like the slow millstone of London
Raising a filthy haze
her shape dimmed

MAGICAL DANGERS

Crow thought of a palace—
Its lintel crashed on him, his bones were found.

Crow thought of a fast car—
It plucked his spine out, and left him empty and armless.

Crow thought of the wind's freedom—
And his eyes evaporated, the wind whistled over the Turkish saddle.

Crow thought of a wage—
And it choked him, it was cut unspoiled from his dead stomach.

Crow thought of the soft and warm that is long remembered—
It blindfolded him with silk, it gangplanked him into a volcano.

Crow thought of intelligence—
It turned the key against him and he tore at its fruitless bars.

Crow thought of nature's stupor—
And an oak tree grew out of his ear.

A row of his black children sat in the top.
They flew off.

Crow
Never again moved.

CROW FROWNS

Is he his own strength?
What is its signature?
Or is he a key, cold-feeling,
To the fingers of prayer?

He is a prayer-wheel, his heart hums.
His eating is the wind—
Its patient power of appeal.
His footprints assail infinity

With signatures: We are here, we are here.
He is the long waiting for something
To use him for some everything
Having so carefully made him

Of nothing.

CROW'S UNDERSONG

She cannot come all the way

She comes as far as water no further

She comes with the birth push
Into eyeshine into nipples the fingertips
She comes as far as blood and to the tips of hair
She comes to the fringe of voice
She stays
Even after life even among the bones

She comes singing she cannot manage an instrument
She comes too cold afraid of clothes
And too slow with eyes wincing frightened
When she looks into wheels

She comes sluttish she cannot keep house
She can just keep clean
She cannot count she cannot last

She comes dumb she cannot manage words
She brings petals in their nectar fruits in their plush
She brings a cloak of feathers an animal rainbow
She brings her favorite furs and these are her
speeches

She has come amorous it is all she has come for

If there had been no hope she would not have come

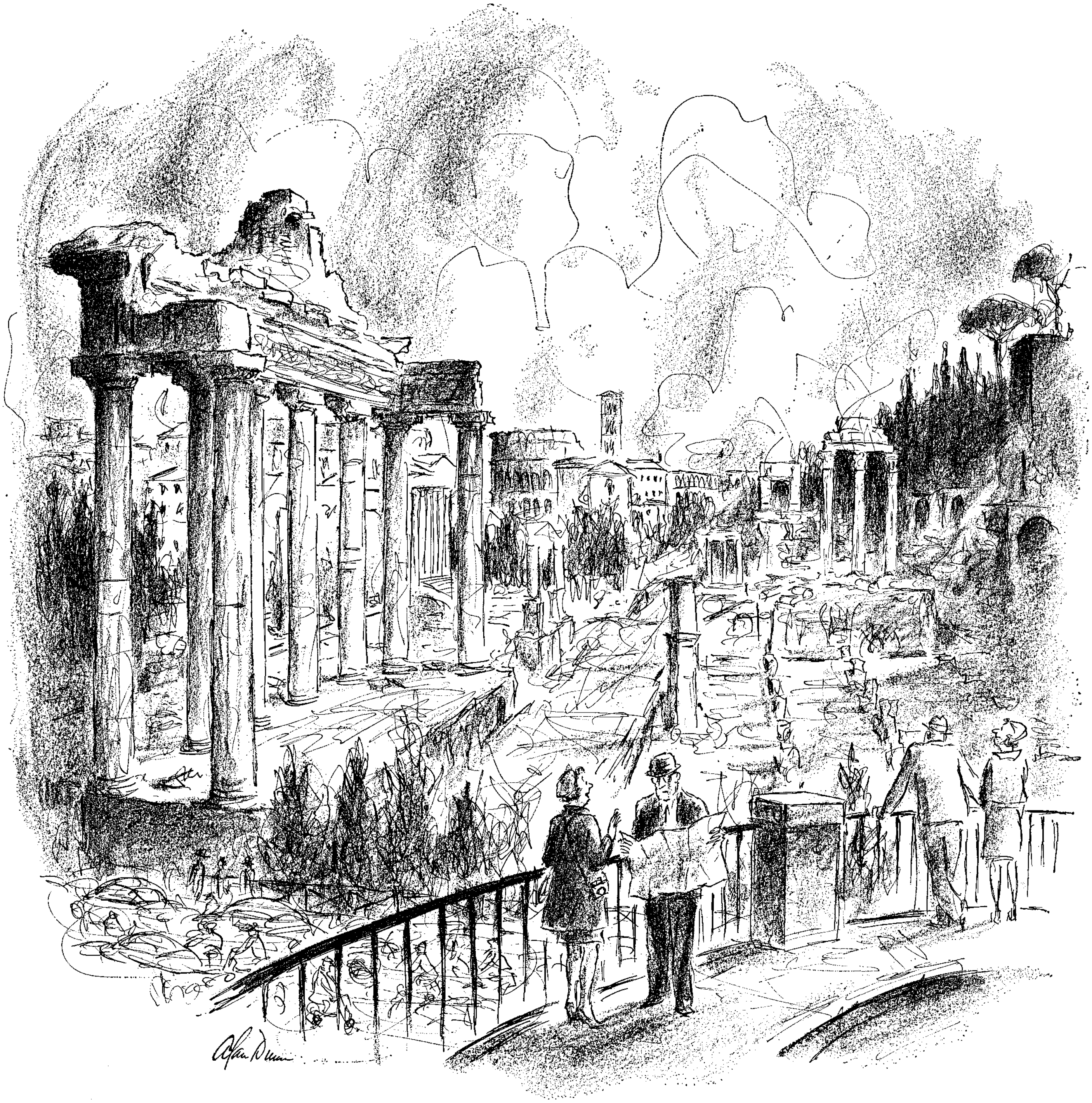
And there would have been no crying in the city

(There would have been no city)

CROW AND MAMA

When Crow cried, his mother's ear
Scorched to a stump.

When he laughed, she wept
Blood—her breasts, her palms, her brow all wept blood.



"*You do the Palatine while I do the Forum. Thank God there are two of us!*"

• •

He tried a step, then a step, and again a step—
Every one scarred her face forever.

When he burst out in rage,
She fell back with an awful gash and a fearful cry.

When he stopped, she closed on him like a book
On a bookmark, he had to get going.

He jumped into the car, the towrope
Was around her neck, he jumped out.

He jumped into the plane but her body was jammed
in the jet—
There was a great row, the flight was cancelled.

He jumped into the rocket, and its trajectory
Drilled clean through her heart, he kept on.

And it was cozy in the rocket, he could not see much,
But he peered out through the portholes at Creation

And saw the stars millions of miles away
And saw the future and the universe

Opening and opening,
And kept on and slept and at last

Crashed on the moon, awoke, and crawled out

Under his mother's buttocks.

—TED HUGHES

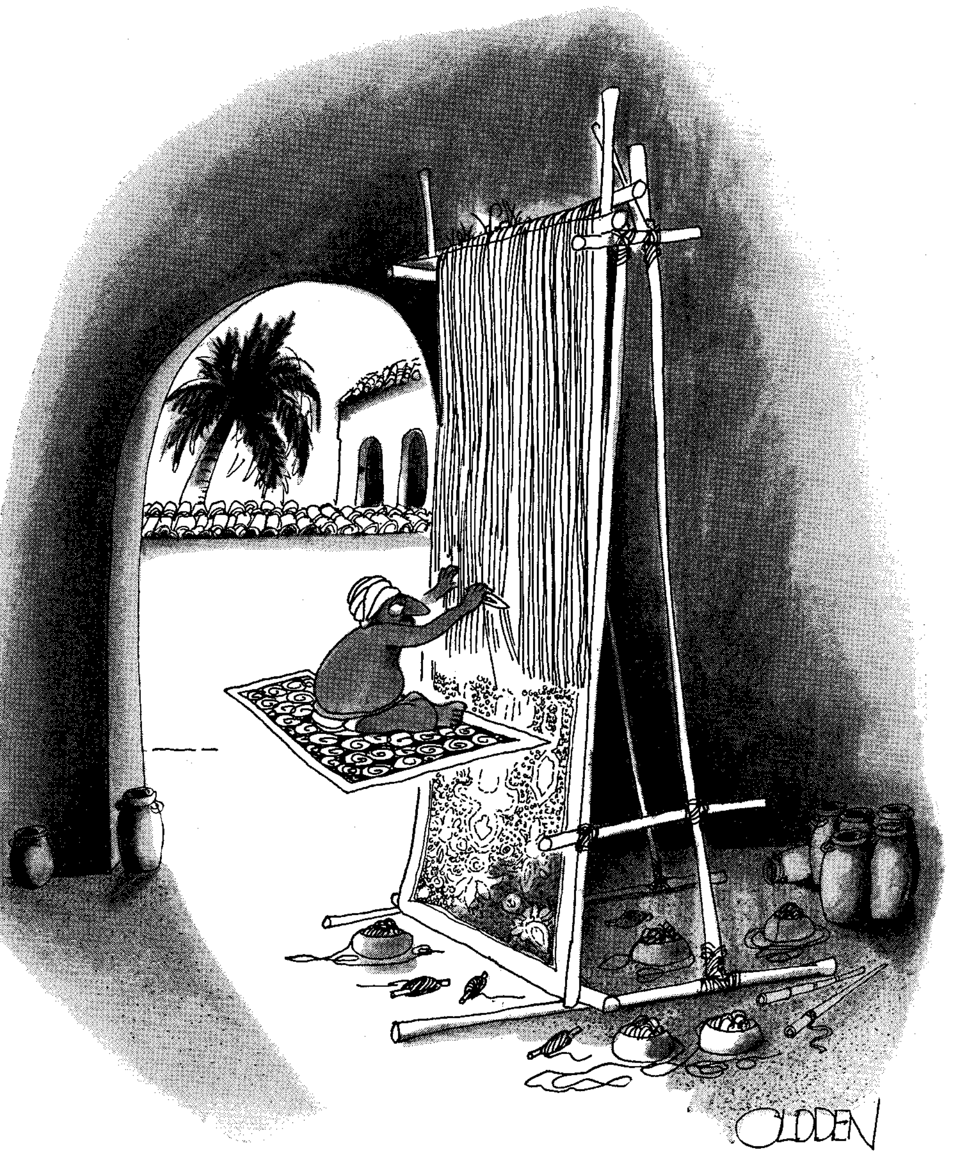
U.S. JOURNAL: LONG ISLAND

HERO INVESTIGATOR

LIKE many people who travel as part of their daily routine, Herbert Eyman is rarely seen shuffling and reshuffling train schedules or straining for a look out of bus windows to make certain he is going in the right direction. Eyman knows by now that there will always be another train along, and that the bus will probably take him somewhere he eventually has to go. In his territory—the United States and Canada—he is unlikely to become lost, for he has been almost everywhere at least once. Eyman has spent twenty-five years on the road—patiently waiting for trains and sitting unconcernedly in buses that seemed to be going in the wrong direction—looking for heroes. When he arrived at Pennsylvania Station on a Friday morning in late spring and found that it would be an hour before another train left for the South Shore of Long Island—where, three months before, a man was said to have entered a burning rest home and carried a helpless patient to safety—he was undisturbed at the delay. Eyman walked from the ticket window to the coffee shop—a handsome, elderly-looking man with a prominent nose, white hair combed straight back, and a very slight stoop that sometimes makes his movements seem birdlike. He was dressed in a black suit, black tie, and a spotless white shirt. He carried a black notebook.

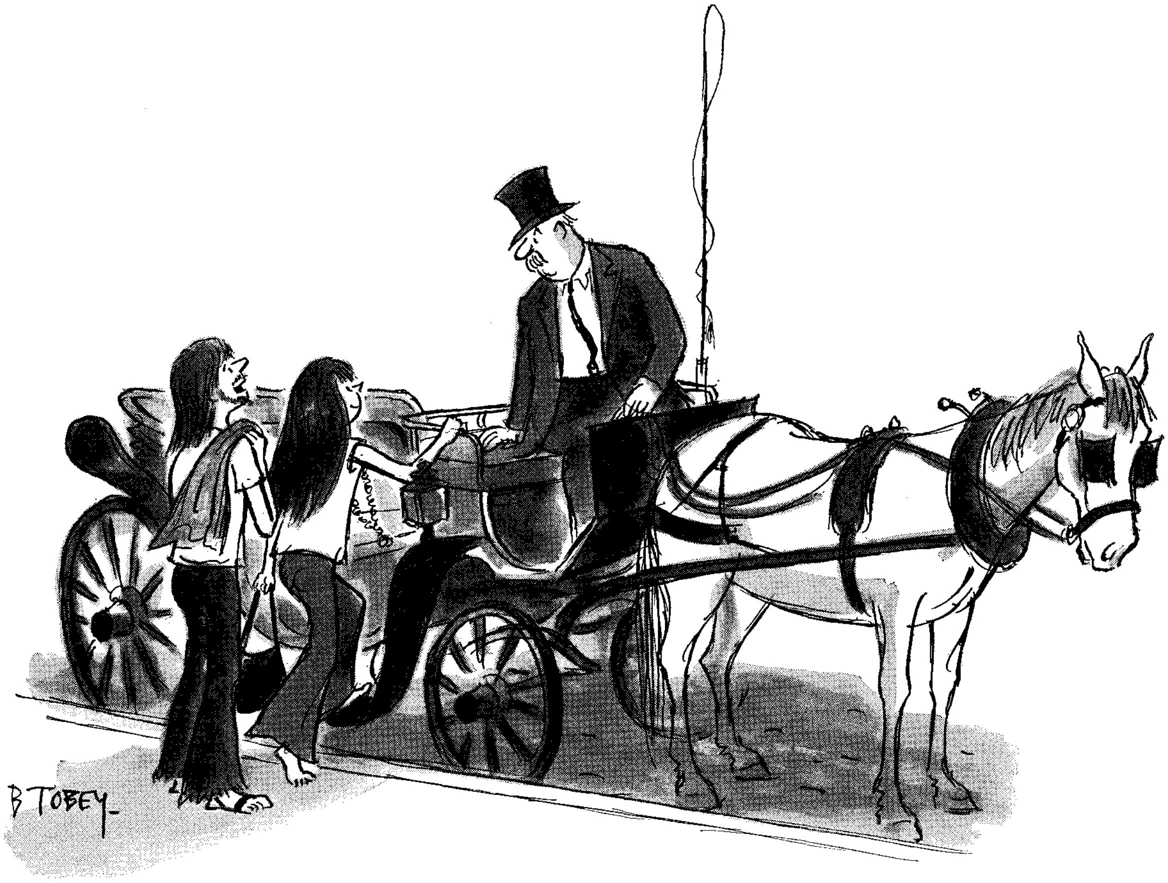
Eyman ordered coffee, lit a cigarette, and flattened out a sheet of paper on the table in front of him. Carrying a man out of a burning building is what Eyman's employers—the managers of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission—sometimes refer to as "a simple fire case." Eyman has investigated dozens—perhaps hundreds—of fire cases. Except for the water case, they have always constituted the most common act of heroism. Eyman no longer really needs to follow the investigative outline called for by the Commission's Manual of Instructions for Field Representatives—he knows whom he has to talk to and what questions he must ask—but he finds that the outline imposes a discipline that keeps him at the heart of the case. The evening before—in his room at the Bristol Hotel, on Forty-eighth Street, where he stays when he is in New York—he had made an outline, folding a sheet of paper in quarters to provide four miniature pages, as the Manual suggests, and writing in neat longhand the name of the rescuer, Adrian Hoek, and the rescued, John Hughes, with notations under each that the name must be accompanied by address, date of birth, height, weight, and occupation. On the appropriate tiny page, in the required order, he had listed all of the information the Commission would require about the act of heroism—including a description of the scene where the act took place, with relevant measurements, and an indication of what the weather was like, what Hoek was wearing, and how familiar he was with the scene. Eyewitnesses to the act would have to be interviewed if any could be found. It would have to be ascertained, quite specifically, whether or not Hoek had risked his life; as Eyman has explained to those who ask about the standards of the Commission, "a life risk is the minimum for a Carnegie award." He would have to learn the financial circumstances of the rescuer; if Eyman's employers are satisfied that an act of heroism is authentic and that the person who performed it could use money for a worthy cause, they may award the hero not only a medal but up to a thousand dollars in cash. The Commission has an endowment of about twelve million dollars.

In listing people he would have to see, Eyman had used the abbreviations recommended by the Manual: RR for the Rescuer, QD for the Rescued, EW for Eyewitness, and RPR for Reporter, the person who brought the case to the Commission's attention. On the back of the outline he had made a preliminary sketch of the rest home, based on information furnished by the RPR, and as he sipped his coffee he looked it over, studying the route from the



back bedroom, where the Rescuer was reported to have found the Rescued, to the back door. Eyman likes to have the scene of the act well in mind before interviewing anybody. The outline he studied had been done on a piece of stationery from the Midtown Motor Lodge in Kinston, North Carolina. Near Kinston, several months before, three passersby had rescued a man who was trapped in the cab of a burning truck.

Field representatives work a five-and-a-half-day week. Assuming that the Hoek case was likely to take up Friday and Monday, Eyman figured he would remain in his room at the Bristol Saturday morning to catch up on paperwork. In addition to case reports, he has to fill out expense statements, requisition forms for office supplies, and a daily report, which must list, among other things, the mail he has received from the Commission's office, in Pittsburgh, the mail he has sent to the office, the people he has interviewed (their names followed by the appropriate abbreviation), and the miles he has travelled by various means of conveyance. He was also thinking of using the half day for one of the calls he had to make on people in the area who are beneficiaries of pensions from the Commission. There was a woman in Yonkers whose daughter, a switchboard operator, had died in a fire while remaining at her post to warn other people in the building. A woman in Babylon was getting a pension because her husband had died while rescuing a man who had been overcome by poison gas while working in a sewer. Eyman also had to visit a woman in Bay Shore whose husband had been killed many years before while performing an act of heroism that Eyman no longer remembered; he had not investigated that case originally himself. He would probably use Saturday afternoon and Sunday to write letters. Eyman gets most of his reading done on trains, and, his health having been imperfect for several years, he has given up some of the pastimes he used to enjoy on the road, such as going to ballgames (he was once a sports reporter) or prospecting for stones to cut and polish on the machinery he keeps at a sister-in-law's house in Pittsburgh. Occasionally, people ask him if he finds the life lonely. Except for three weeks' vacation every year, he moves constantly from hotel room to hotel room. He has not maintained a permanent home since he joined the Commission. "You get a rhythm of life," he says when the question comes up. "You get used to travelling. You have the challenge of the case to spur you on. If you're interested in meeting new people, your life is full. You work right along."

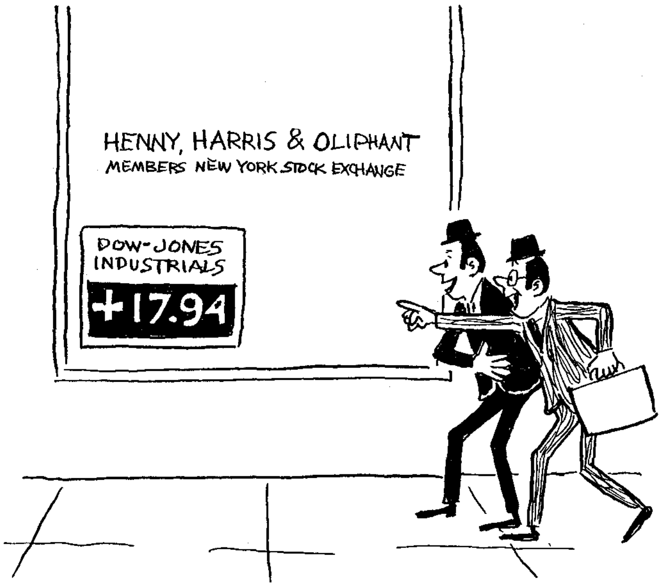


"A dollar's worth, please."

• •

WHEN the train from New York arrived early that afternoon in Sayville, a town about halfway along the southern shore of Long Island, a dozen people stepped down to the platform. All of them except Eyman seemed to melt away before the train pulled out of the station. He walked to an outdoor telephone booth, where he called Charles Stevenson—John Hughes' son-in-law, the man who had reported Hoek's act of heroism to the Commission—and announced that he had arrived to begin the investigation. As he waited for Stevenson, Eyman glanced at the white stucco waiting room and at the tree-lined streets in front of him. He could not recall investigating any cases in Sayville in recent years, but the ride from New York had brought a number of heroic acts to mind. In New York itself, he has investigated every type of case listed in the Manual: the water case, the fire case, the suffocation case, the moving-vehicle case, the electric-shock case, the high-elevation case, the homicidal-attack case, even the enraged-animal case. At Bay Shore, Eyman had been reminded of an engineer who, having realized that his brakes would not stop the train before it hit a child who was playing on the tracks, had climbed onto a platform on the front of the engine, leaned out as far as he could in front of the train, and scooped up the child. In the investigation, Eyman had decided that a life risk was involved; the engineer could have been knocked to the tracks himself by the impact of meeting the child. The memories jogged into Eyman's mind by the station signs of Long Island towns were of facts brought out in his investigations; like most people, Eyman has never actually seen anybody risk his life in an act of heroism.

Stevenson drove up within three or



four minutes. When they shook hands, Eyman called him General Stevenson—a retired attorney, he had been a National Guard major general and, at one time, the adjutant general of the State of New York—but Stevenson did not have a particularly military bearing. He is a short, stocky man with a friendly manner and a slight Brooklyn accent.

"You fellows always just call up that way, without notice?" Stevenson asked as they drove toward the Great South Bay, down a wide residential street with old oaks whose branches nearly met over the center of the road. "I guess that's the way to get the real story."

Eyman smiled and nodded. "How's Mr. Hughes getting along?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Hughes is surviving," Stevenson said. "He's in the Suffolk County Infirmary at Yaphank now. My wife will probably be going over to see him later this afternoon. He's not really what you'd call senile, but he's approaching that state. He's living in his childhood a lot." A block before the Bay, Stevenson turned left and drove to a small salmon-colored bungalow. In the living room, he showed Eyman to an easy chair, handed him an account of the case to read, and, explaining that Mrs. Stevenson was at church polishing brass with the Altar Guild, went to the kitchen himself to get some soft drinks. The account—in the alumni bulletin of Stevenson's West Point class, the class of 1924—emphasized the coincidence that Adrian Hoek, the man who had rescued Mrs. Stevenson's father, had a son who was married to the Stevensons' daughter. Eyman studied the newsletter. The Commission considers a man responsible for his own family; no award is given to someone who risks his life saving his children, say, or his wife. In a case where the Rescued and the Rescuer are distantly related, Eyman is responsible for reporting just how close they were, so that those on the Commission can judge whether or not the Rescuer had some personal reason for performing the act. The inscription on a Carnegie Medal reads, "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This, That a Man Lay Down His Life for His Friends." But it is a man's willingness to lay down his life for strangers that is most treasured by the Commission. If a hero has a compelling reason for rescuing a person—that he is obligated to the person, perhaps, or that he values the person's life above his own—he has not really performed what Eyman has called "an act with no thought of self, an act of pure nobility, if you will." The purity of a heroic act would also be mitigated, of course, by the hero's being prudent enough to take special precautions for his own safety. In addition to finding out what special value Adrian Hoek placed on the life of John Hughes, Eyman would have to find out how cautiously Hoek had made his assault on the burning rest home. The clippings sent to the Commission by Stevenson had mentioned Hoek's being a volunteer fireman in West Sayville. A rest home in Bay Shore was clearly outside his area of responsibility—policemen and firemen are almost never given Carnegie awards for heroism in the line of duty—but his fireman's training might have reduced the risk. Eyman would have to find out if Hoek had covered his face with a wet cloth before dashing into the building, and if he had known enough to crouch near the floor, keeping below the smoke.

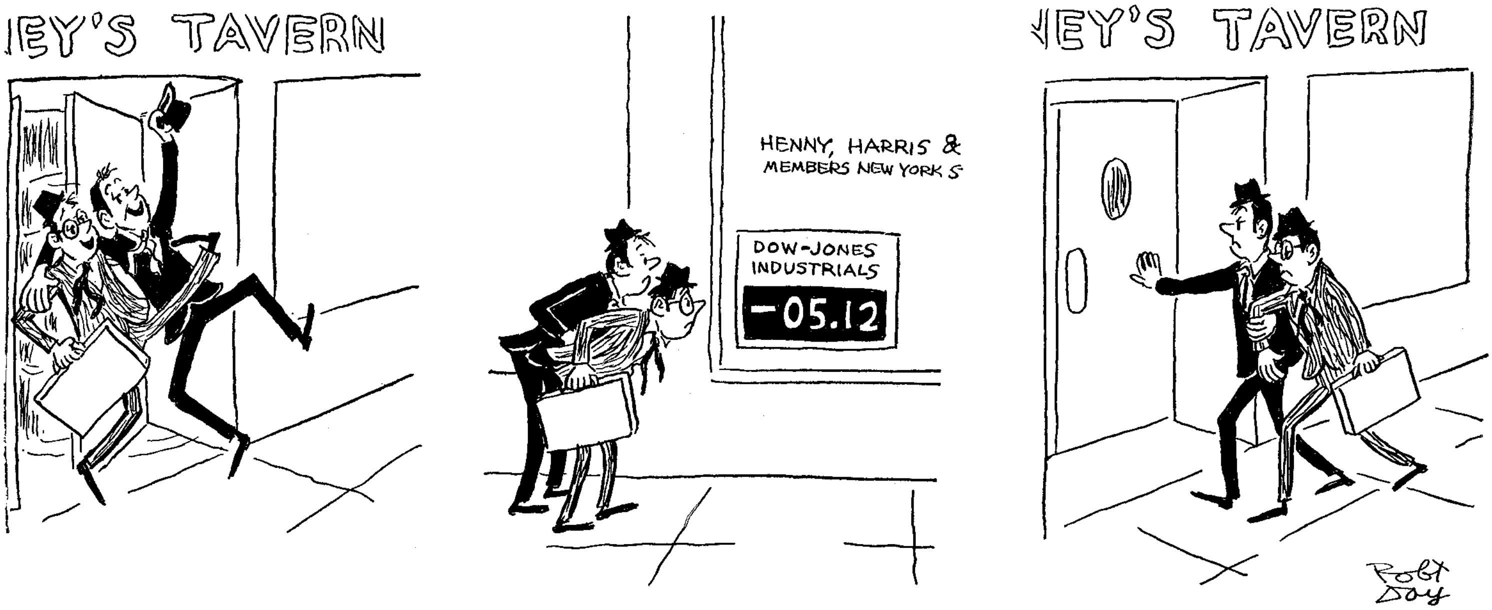
"I got out the clippings, in case you didn't see them," Stevenson said when he returned to the living room, carrying ginger ale and coffeecake. He handed Stevenson a picture spread on the fire from the New York *Daily News*, along with a clipping from a local newspaper detailing Hoek's role, as president of the Great South Bay Baymen's Association, in protesting the Brookhaven Town Board's leasing of clamdigging rights to a man from Huntington Eyman seemed only casually interested in the clippings. He has never depended on newspaper reports. Stevenson sat opposite Eyman, looking prepared to answer questions. There was an awkward silence. Eyman rearranged the clippings on his lap and drew an ashtray closer to him. Finally, he asked if there had been any witnesses to the act.

"There might have been a bus driver," Stevenson said. "There's a school-bus garage in back of the rest home, and some of the drivers assisted with the rescue. Four people died in the fire, you know, and I think two more ladies died within a week. I don't have to tell you: the primary reason was smoke inhalation. If my father-in-law had one good whiff, that would have been curtains, because he had this difficulty with his lungs."

"Is there a foundation still there that we can look at?" Eyman asked.

"The building is still standing," Stevenson said.

Eyman looked surprised. He felt Hoek's case growing weaker. If the fire had not been serious enough to destroy the building, perhaps the fire department could have brought it under control before it reached the back bedroom. But the smoke might have been sufficiently deadly to constitute great peril even if the flames never



reached the back of the house, and, as a man with fire training, Hoek might have known it. The Commission is anxious to know not only whether or not the hero placed his life in peril but also whether or not he *knew* he was placing his life in peril. Eyman never expects to find an easy answer to the second question. Cases that contain objective evidence that the hero was aware of his peril are so rare that they stand out in Eyman's mind. He often mentions a Florida water case concerning the rescue of an immense fat man who enjoyed floating and dozing in the ocean. The day the fat man neglected to consider tides and was washed out to sea, there were only two people on the beach to hear his cries—a two-hundred-pound college football tackle and a ninety-eight-pound girl. The tackle immediately ran into the water, but when he had gone about chest deep he suddenly realized what he was about to do—he saw the possibility of getting caught in the undertow himself, perhaps, or realized that the fat man might panic and pull both of them under—and he came back to the beach. The girl swam out and brought in the fat man. In his investigation, Eyman had concluded that the girl could not have witnessed the return of the tackle and remained unaware of the peril she would face if she tried to rescue the fat man.

"Perhaps we could go along with your wife if she's planning to visit her father this afternoon," Eyman said.

"I'm not really sure you would find it profitable to go to Yaphank," Stevenson said. "Mr. Hughes probably doesn't remember anything about it. We have trouble getting him to remember what happened yesterday. His childhood in Wales, or South America when he was in business there—that's a different matter."

"If there's any chance at all that he would remember, I ought to talk to him," Eyman said. "He might be the only person who could say for certain that Mr. Hoek was in the room."

Stevenson eventually agreed that they could pick up Mrs. Stevenson at the church, drive to the infirmary at Yaphank, and then drop Eyman at Adrian Hoek's house. Eyman felt pleased with the logistics of the investigation. He usually begins a case by talking to the RPR precisely because the person who took the trouble to report an act of heroism is likely to have enough interest in it to provide some guidance, and perhaps even some transportation. The Commission encourages its field representatives to make their way as frugally as possible.

ON the way to pick up Mrs. Stevenson, the General told Eyman some of the facts about St. Ann's Episcopal Church that he had learned in preparing a history of the church on the occasion of its centenary. It is a small country church, built of fieldstone, next to a peaceful meadow. Mrs. Stevenson had just finished her polishing when her husband and Eyman arrived, and she insisted that Eyman come in to see the church interior. Mrs. Stevenson—a nice-looking, talkative lady with gray hair and bright-blue eyes—seemed perfectly willing to have Eyman interview her father. "He really isn't well," she said, in a chatty tone. "He comes and goes. Arteriosclerosis, you know. He's such a sweet old man. Everyone talks about how he cooperates over there. I'm still shocked from the fire. I had just seen those four little old ladies and kissed them goodbye the night before." Eyman nodded, and Mrs. Stevenson switched the subject to brass polishing, saying she was going to get some non-tarnish polish for summer. She picked up her bucket of equipment, and they walked toward the door.

Stevenson drove out through the St. Ann's cemetery so that Eyman could see the graves of some of the founders. "I thought I'd like to be buried here, but I might as well be buried at West Point," Mrs. Stevenson said cheerfully. "It ruined my life—all those Guard meetings—so I might as well end up there." Mrs. Stevenson did most of the talking on the way to Yaphank. She spoke of her father—whom she often called Taid, the Welsh word for "grandfather"—and about the problems of being ill at an advanced age. "I think he's failing, you know," she said. "When he came there, they spoke about physical therapy, but they haven't taken him down to therapy yet. What's the use, with all that's wrong with him? They're able to keep people alive now. They're able to keep these poor little people alive for ten or fifteen years, if you call it being alive. I don't know if it's better or not."

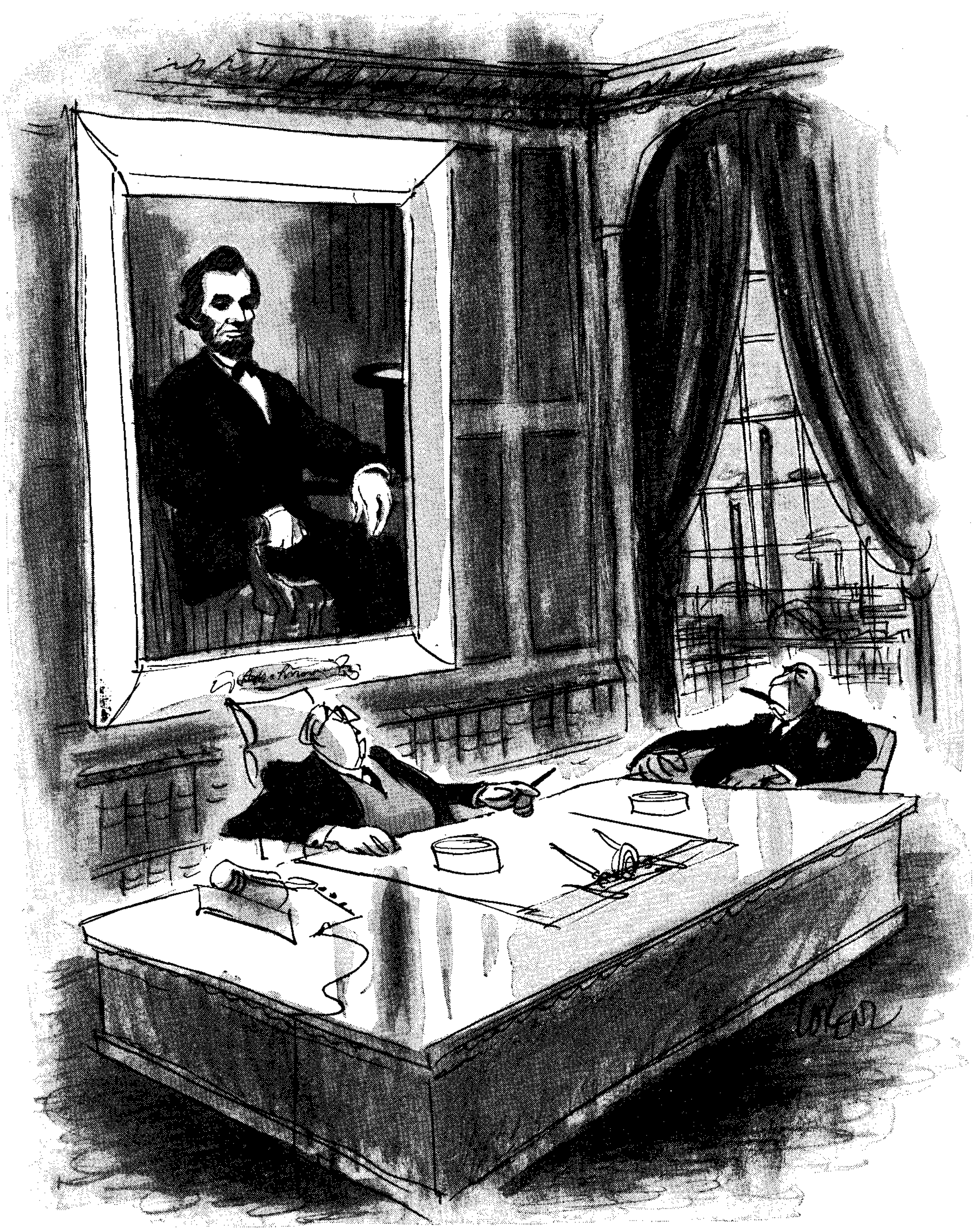
Eyman half nodded. He was concentrating on asking about Hughes' weight and his date of birth.

"This Suffolk County Infirmary is a marvellous place," Mrs. Stevenson said as they drove down the Sunrise Highway. "He gets the finest care. All kinds of drugs. It's been a drain at times. It's certainly changed our retirement. For a while, it was costing fifty dollars a month just for one kind of drug. The place that burned down was expensive, but it was a nice place, too. In the place we had to put him for a few weeks after the fire I had to go over and bathe and shave him every day myself. I took nurse's training years ago. I thought I might as well be doing something while Charlie was at all of those National Guard meetings. With the drugs they have now, they can really keep people alive past—well, their ability to live.”

“The Suffolk County Infirmary *is* a fine place,” Stevenson put in. “There should be more like it. At *that* place, Taid might live to be a hundred.”

“Oh, no, I don't think so, Daddy,” Mrs. Stevenson said to her husband. “He's failing.”

The Suffolk County Infirmary is a large, well-maintained brick building on spacious grounds. In an auditorium on the first floor, a dozen or so patients, most of them elderly people in wheelchairs, were watching slides of a hospital outing while a volunteer played songs like “School Days” and “Take Me Out to the Ball Game” on an organ. Hughes was reading a Bible when Eyman and Mrs. Stevenson came into the room he shared with another man. Although the left side of Hughes' body was paralyzed—he had to lift his left arm with his right, and his mouth showed signs of a stroke—he did not give the appearance of being old and helpless. A large man who laughed often, he seemed bright and alert, despite his incapacities. “I got out by the skin of my teeth,” Hughes said, after confirming that Hoek had rushed into his bedroom and carried him to safety. “I thought he was going to rough me up.” Mrs. Stevenson had to shout at her father sometimes to make herself understood, but they seemed to have an easy, joking relationship. Before she left, she said something to him in Spanish and laughed and bent over to hug him. She said she would be back the following day. Hughes' roommate—a large, shambling old man with huge, gnarled hands—had been standing next to his own bed watching the conversation. “My name is Larkin. I'm a clamdigger by trade,” he suddenly announced. “I wish my daughter would come that often. I wish I had a daughter like that.”



“It helps to keep me humble.”

“HE'S such a gentle little man,” Mrs. Stevenson said of her father during the drive back toward Sayville. “Everybody there says how sweet he is. He used to call this the Jack Hughes Turnpike, because we'd come this way when we used to pick him up at the other place on Sundays and bring him to our house for the afternoon. He used to like to sit in the yard and eat ice cream and watch the kids. They still haven't taken him to physical therapy, Charlie. I think they know he's licked.”

There was an hour or so before Hoek would be in from clamming, and Stevenson used the time for a ride, occasionally pointing out a church that was founded before or after St. Ann's, or a housing development that was formerly the site of a great estate. Mrs. Stevenson talked of the scene after the fire. Some of the old ladies had been intent on saving their clothing, and hours after the fire had been brought under control there were suitcases on the front yard and clothing flapping from the bushes under the windows. Mrs. Stevenson, who believes she has extrasensory perception, said she had been positive on the afternoon before the fire that something awful was about to happen. “It was Sunday, and I had the strangest feeling when I

58 ways to save money in California.

Just fly American Airlines. And use our California Treasure Chest booklet. It contains 58 discount coupons worth up to $100; they're good at leading restaurants, shops, on tours and at other popular attractions. And if you want to save money even before you get to California, ask your Travel Agent about our low family fares and special excursion rates. If you're the kind of person who will go a long way to save money, here is your chance. Fly American to California.

It's good to know you're on American Airlines.

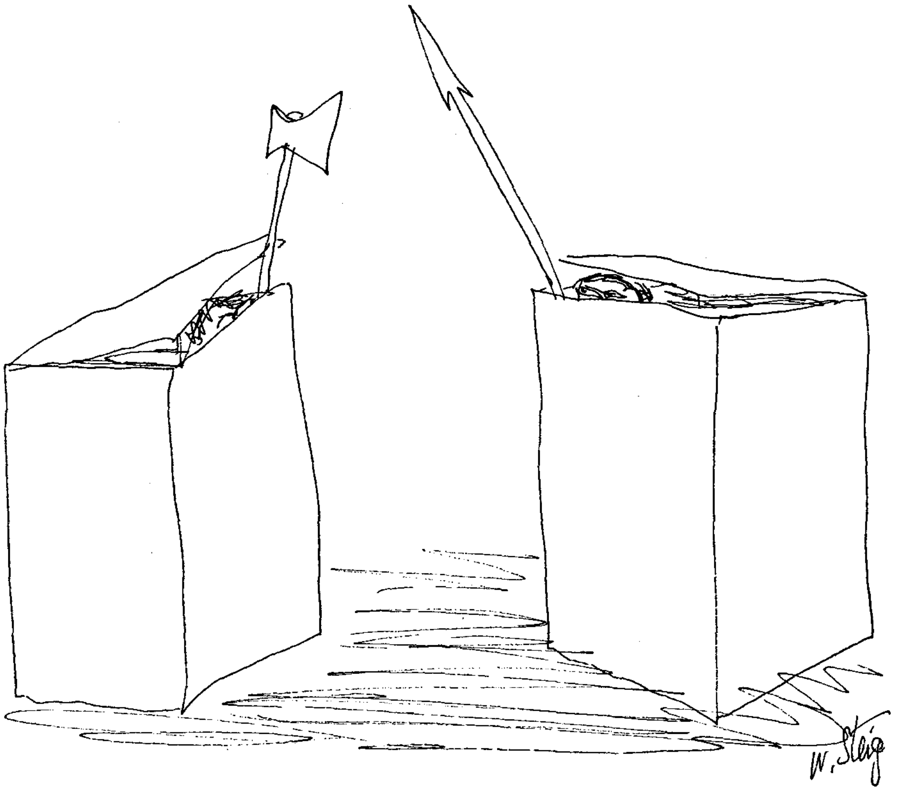
AmericanAirlines
CALIFORNIA
TREASURE
CHEST
Certificate
ron Hotel
n Valley,
92110

came home from church," she said. "I knew something was wrong. I called up my son and my two sisters. When the phone rang at seven-twenty that next morning, I said, 'Charlie, there it is. I know that's it.' Oh, look Charlie! Strawberries!"

The car had passed a roadside fruit stand. "It's early," Stevenson said. "They must be Georgia strawberries."

"Florida, I think," Eyman said. "I had occasion to be in Georgia a few weeks ago, and I don't think their strawberries were due for market before the end of this month." Near Atlanta, several months before, a high-school boy had taken a girl in his class on her first horseback ride, and the horse had bolted toward a highway the moment she mounted. The boy gave chase, caught up just as the runaway was about to cross the highway, and managed to turn it onto a bridle path that ran along the road. There was only room for one horse on the path, though, and the boy and his horse continued across the highway, where they were hit by a car and killed. The case had struck Eyman as somewhat old-fashioned. He rarely gets runaway-horse cases anymore.

Stevenson drove past the canal in Islip where Hoek docks his clamming boat. Hoek ordinarily would go nowhere near the rest home in Bay Shore on the way to his boat, Stevenson explained, but that Monday morning the canal was iced in, so Hoek was using a brother's boat, which happened to be docked in Bay Shore.



"It was just one of those flukes," Mrs. Stevenson said.

"THERE'S Mr. Hoek's church," Stevenson said. They were driving through West Sayville and had just passed the First Reformed Church, a neat red brick building with white columns and a white steeple. The houses lining the street looked relatively old, small, and well kept. "Every one of those houses is owned by a Dutchman," Stevenson said. "They've all been here for years."

"They're thrifty, clean people," Mrs. Stevenson said. "They do the right thing."

"They're what you might call hard-core Americans," the General said.

"They do the right thing," Mrs. Stevenson repeated. "They might get killed doing it, but they always do the right thing."

Stevenson turned down Rollstone Avenue, where the signs in front of the houses had names like Van Wyen, Van Essendelft, De Ruiter, and Oeser. The Hoek house was made of weathered shingles and had an old-fashioned porch. The Hoeks were waiting in their living room—a comfortable-looking room that contained such reminders of Hoek's calling as a clock in the shape of a boat's wheel, two or three seascapes, and a bookend in the form of a boatman wearing a yellow slicker. The Stevensons made the introductions, exchanged a few words, and left. Mrs. Hoek—a plump, cheerful woman—offered Eyman the most comfortable chair and took a chair herself on the other side of the room. Hoek sat across from Eyman. A short, powerful-looking man, his face weathered and creased by years on the Bay, he had been in from clamming for a while and had changed into a blue suit for the interview. He sat rather formally, a slight smile on his face, as Eyman asked if he would mind telling the story in his own words first, and then answering questions about it while Eyman took notes.

"When I went into the house, I could feel the oxygen being burned up, and I thought, 'My God! I have to get Taid out!' " Hoek said, after explaining that he had been driving nearby when the fire bell went off.

"And you were trapped once," his wife reminded him.

Hoek didn't seem to hear her. He continued the story, describing to Eyman how he went into Hughes' bedroom, found Hughes eating breakfast, dragged him from the bed, and headed for the kitchen door. "This fellow was there when I got him back to the kitchen, and I said, 'My God! Help me with this man!' I kept him low. The smoke was very bad. I felt filled with smoke up to here." Hoek drew his hand across his thick neck. "I upchucked after I got out."

When Hoek had gone through the story once, Eyman pulled out his notebook and laid it on a table in front of him, with his investigative outline next to it. "I'm going to take some notes now," he announced. "The questions won't be chronological; they follow a report form. Now, your correct name is . . ."

"Adrian Peter Hoek."

"If you did get a medal, would 'Adrian P.' be the way you would prefer to have it written?"

Hoek smiled and shrugged. He looked at his wife. "I suppose so," he said.

Eyman asked Hoek's address, date of birth, height, weight, and occupation. Mrs. Hoek occasionally offered an opinion about the answers until the questions turned to the actual act of heroism. Then, when she corrected her husband's estimate of when the fire bell went off, Eyman cautioned her formally against consultation.

Hoek answered questions about the construction of the building, about the wind and temperature, about what he and Hughes had been wearing, about how often he had visited Hughes. "When you saw it was the Senior House on fire, was your thought that you'd get anyone, or you'd get him?" Eyman asked.

"Get him. Blood is a little thicker

CAN A JADED NEW YORKER FIND HAPPINESS AT A HOTEL CALLED THE FRONTIER?

We think so.

Indeed, our guests have told us that our hotel is a veritable antidote to ennui, a sparkling tonic to the jaded cosmopolite, a cold Dr. Pepper to a melancholy world.

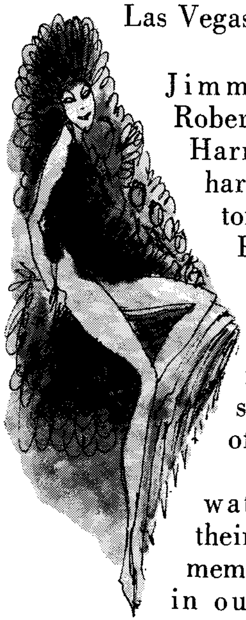
(They didn't use those exact words, of course; but that's what they meant.)

And just what makes The Frontier so bracing and restorative?

It's probably the things we offer. And the way in which we offer them.

Take our shows for example.

We feature some of the most popular stars ever to appear in Las Vegas.



Vic Damone, Jimmy Durante, Robert Goulet, Phil Harris, Bob Newhart, Wayne Newton, Diana Ross, Frank Sinatra, Jr., The Supremes, Jerry Vale—it reads like something out of *Variety*.

And you can watch them do their stuff over a memorable dinner in our glittering 700-seat theatre-restaurant. Or over drinks in our lounge.

Either way, it's a dis-jading experience.

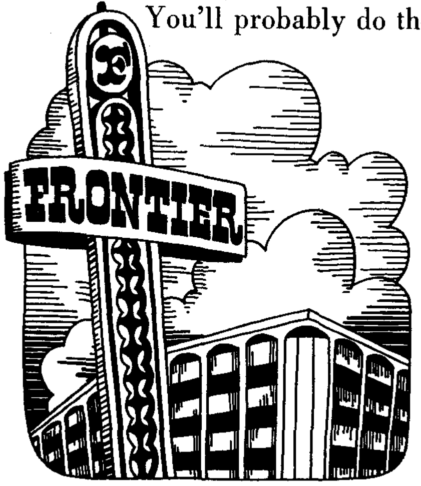
So is dining with us.

Our new chef, Jean Raymond Douat, was Executive chef at New York's Le Pavillon for 7 years.

He is a dictator. A benevolent one, true. But a dictator, nonetheless.

And he's brought to Las Vegas the same blend of imagination, good taste, and insistence on excellence that made eating at Le Pavillon a fact you always managed to work into the conversation at parties.

You'll probably do the same thing after you eat with us.

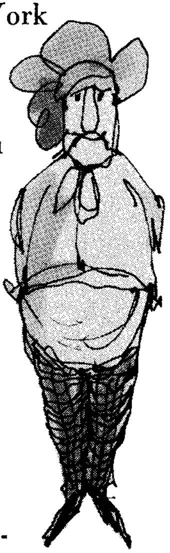


Petite Marmite Henry IV, Steak Diane, Breast of Capon Escaloppee au Vermouth, Stone Crabs fresh from Florida, Crepes Suzette—these are just a few of the elegant foods M. Douat prepares.

In addition to M. Douat, we have 1296 other people to serve you.

And since we have 600 rooms, that works out to about 2 hotel people per room.

Not many New York or even European hotels can match that ratio.



Not many can match our hotel, either.

It's the newest one on The Strip. So the rooms are the newest, too. They're also the biggest. And, we think, done in the best taste.

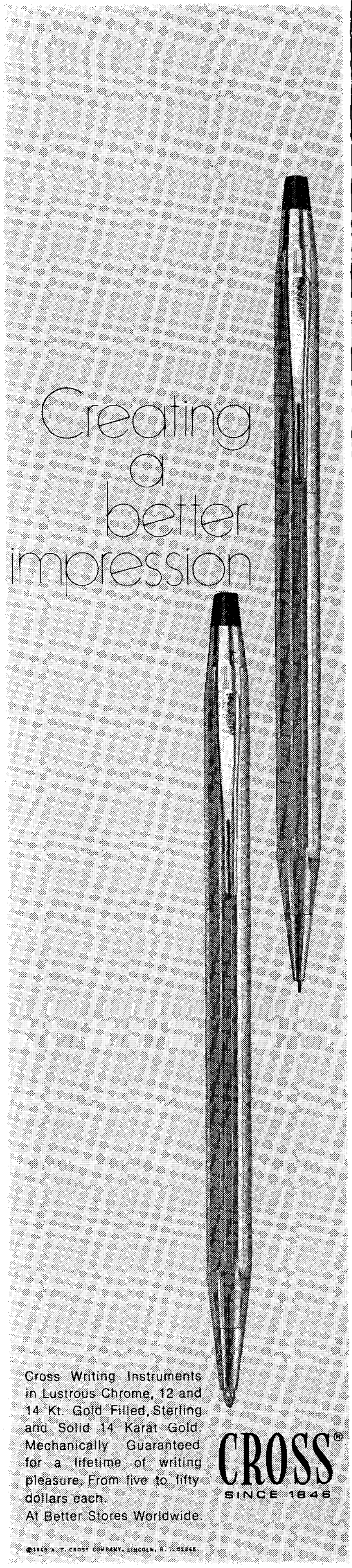
Should your system require outdoor activity, naturally we've got just about every sport and recreation you could want—all bathed in the balmy, Greek-clear air of the desert.

Finally, a Frontier lagniappe: *our* people *aren't* jaded. They've got an open, honest, warm kind of Western friendliness about them.

And so does our hotel.

You can find happiness here.

THE FRONTIER IN LAS VEGAS
A Hughes Resort Hotel



Cross Writing Instruments in Lustrous Chrome, 12 and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Karat Gold. Mechanically Guaranteed for a lifetime of writing pleasure. From five to fifty dollars each.
At Better Stores Worldwide.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

than water, you know," Hoek replied, not realizing that he was affecting the purity of the act.

Hoek answered questions about his service with the West Sayville volunteer fire department, but even before he had outlined his years of experience both he and Eyman seemed aware that they were not in a layman's discussion. They spoke of how the stairwell was acting as a flue, of whether or not the flames were hot enough to pop out the windows, of the progress of the flames along the ceiling, of smoke too thick for anyone who was not wearing a Scott Air-Pak. Hoek seemed to have no doubt that Eyman would understand his description of conditions in the kitchen when he said, "It was a perfect setup for a back draft."

Eyman patiently went through the progress Hoek had made from the back door to the bedroom and back again, ascertaining such facts as which hand Hoek had used to swing Hughes' legs off the bed and precisely how far from the ceiling the smoke had extended. Eyman tends to distrust numerical estimates given by people who have been in a crisis—the Manual for Field Representatives warns that most people overestimate, and it includes a list of American running records, a chart transferring currents from miles per hour to feet per second, and an equation for converting statute miles into knots—but Hoek's estimates sounded authoritative.

Finally, Eyman paused, and with considerable formality said, "This series of questions has to do with your own evaluation of the risk involved in the act."

Mrs. Hoek laughed nervously. Hoek nodded a few times. He was still smiling.

"Do you feel you risked your life?" Eyman asked.

"I sure did," Hoek said. "I broke a promise to my wife, too. She said, 'Ade, don't you ever go into one of those homes.' "

"But I didn't want those poor people to perish," Mrs. Hoek said, half disclaiming her warning.

"A back draft," Hoek said. "A back draft and I'd have been caught and roasted."

Eyman asked the Hoeks a series of questions about their financial position and about what they would do with a cash gift if one happened to be awarded them; then, his interview complete, he accepted Hoek's offer of a ride to the Sayville station.

On the train back to New York, Eyman decided that he had probably been correct in estimating that he could finish up the Hoek case on Monday. He would have to visit the scene of the fire, and interview the bus drivers and, possibly, some of the Bay Shore firemen. He expected the bus drivers to be rather hostile witnesses. Eyman has found that people who were at the scene of a heroic act themselves are often reluctant to talk about the heroism of someone else. He also expected hostility occasionally from fire departments, jealous of their own responsibilities in removing people from burning buildings. Eyman finds that most people are coöperative, although perhaps not as gracious with their time and coöperation as the Stevensons. Only rarely does he, to his dismay, come across people who "think of 'hero' as a dirty word, who believe that a person who puts his life on the line for somebody else is a sucker." Not long before Eyman went to Sayville, a college boy had refused to coöperate with the investigation of his own act of heroism, believing it would lower him in the eyes of his friends. "He saved three lives, too," Eyman said later. "A boat broke apart and he held them to it. It was a wonderful act, fraught with peril."

Reflecting on the day's investigation, Eyman thought Hoek's case was fairly strong. The relationship between Hoek and Hughes was obviously not close enough to be disqualifying, and Hoek's fire training had actually made his act more heroic, since a layman might have been unaware of the peril that a back draft could bring. Still, there would probably be a lack of eyewitnesses, unless the man who met Hoek at the kitchen door could be found. Eyman would put it all in his report, for the Commission to decide. Three or four times a year, when the Carnegie awards are given out, Eyman is mailed a list of the recipients. He acknowledges receipt of the list in his daily report, and glances through the names. But he is working on another investigation by then, and that one is followed by another, and he has difficulty remembering which of the heroes he investigated were found deserving of a Carnegie medal and which of them were not.*

—Calvin Trillin

---

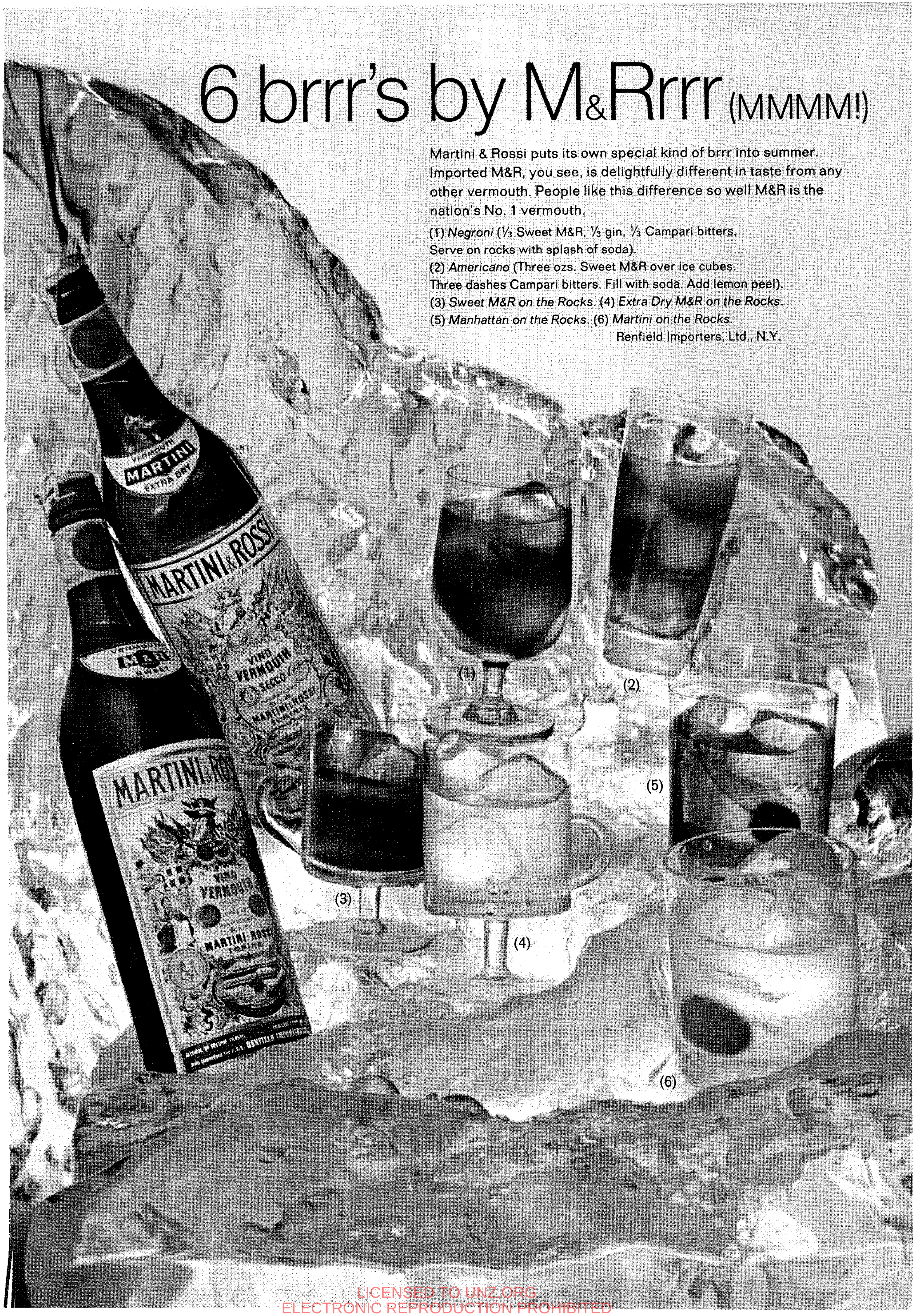
*Shortly before poor health forced Eyman to give up travelling and take a job at Commission headquarters, Adrian Hoek was given a medal and a cash award for having saved the life of John Hughes. Hoek used the money to repair his clamming boat. John Hughes later died, at the Suffolk County Infirmary.

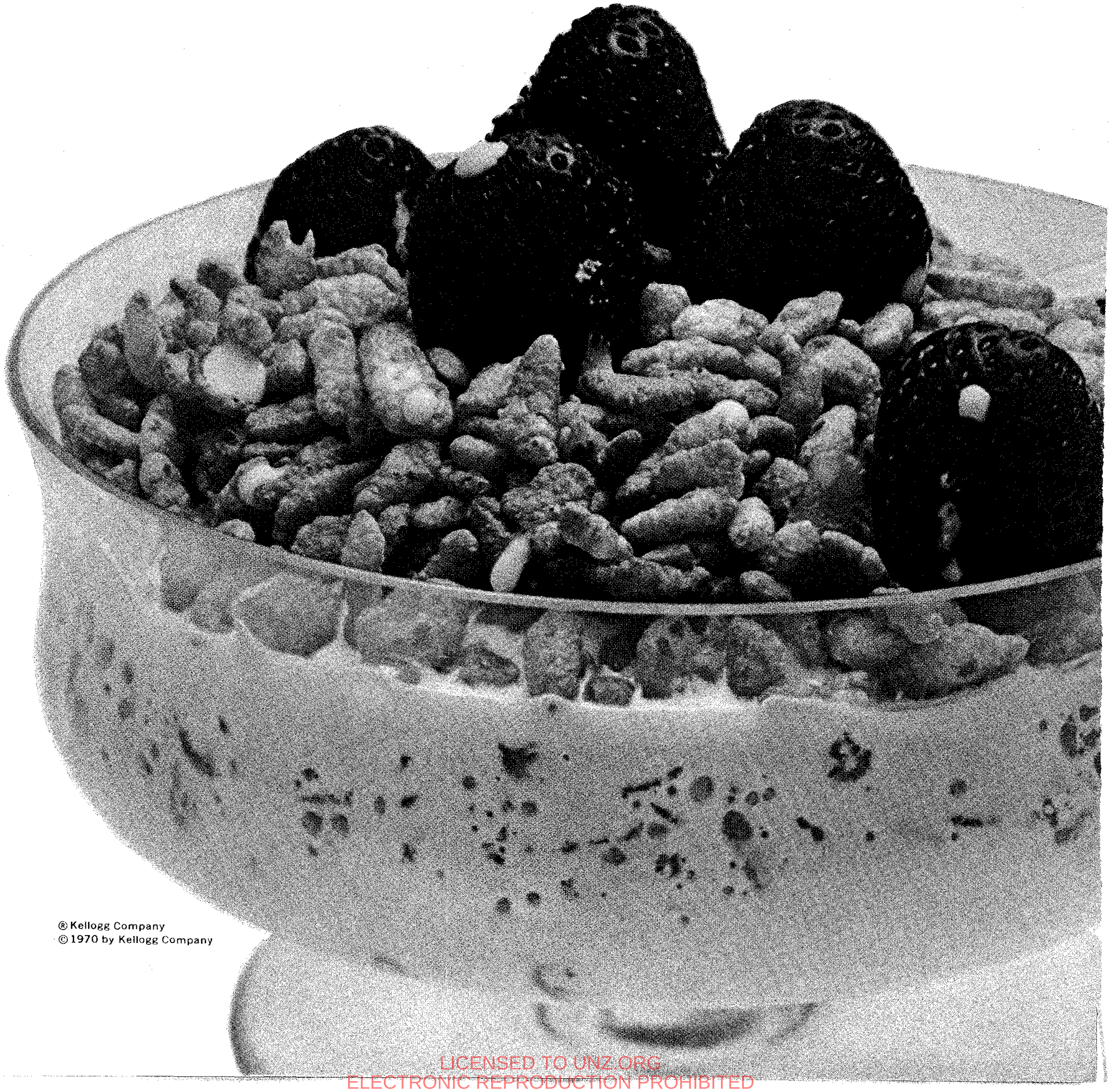
6 brrr's by M&Rrrr (MMMM!)

Martini & Rossi puts its own special kind of brrr into summer. Imported M&R, you see, is delightfully different in taste from any other vermouth. People like this difference so well M&R is the nation's No. 1 vermouth.

(1) *Negroni* (⅓ Sweet M&R, ⅓ gin, ⅓ Campari bitters. Serve on rocks with splash of soda).
(2) *Americano* (Three ozs. Sweet M&R over ice cubes. Three dashes Campari bitters. Fill with soda. Add lemon peel).
(3) *Sweet M&R on the Rocks.* (4) *Extra Dry M&R on the Rocks.*
(5) *Manhattan on the Rocks.* (6) *Martini on the Rocks.*

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.

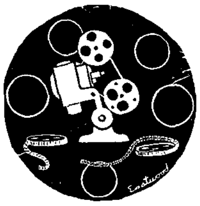

VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH SECCO
MARTINI & ROSSI TORINO
M&R
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI & ROSSI TORINO
RENFIELD IMPORTERS
(1)
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)



® Kellogg Company
© 1970 by Kellogg Company

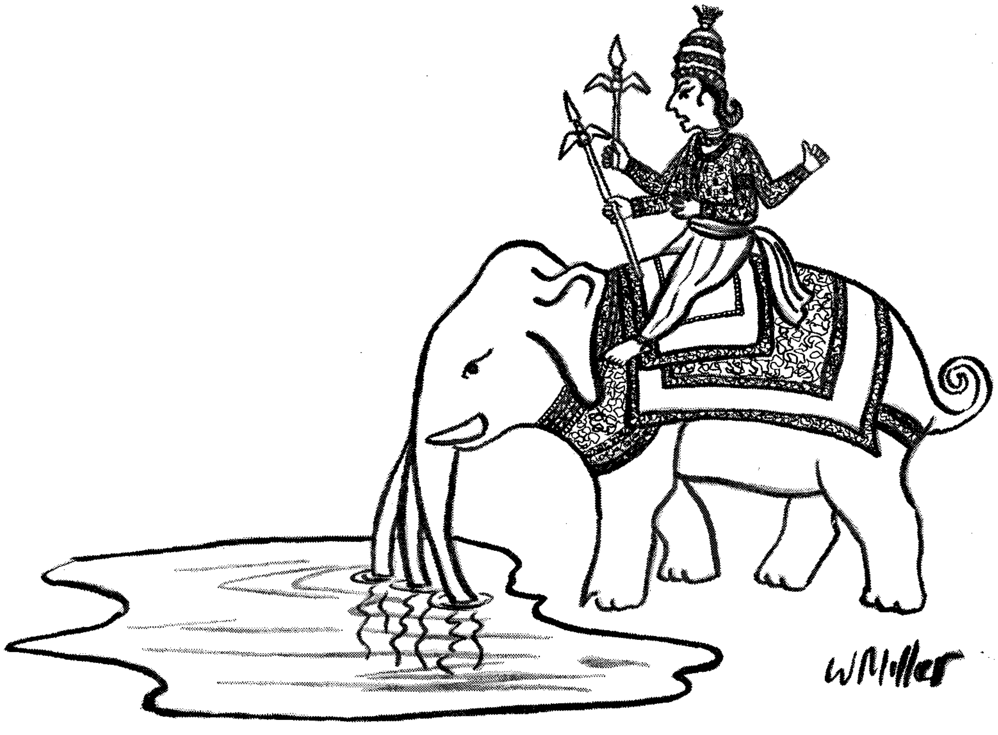
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Then As Now



THE moment in "Getting Straight" when Elliott Gould leaps onto the faculty table in the middle of his Ph.D. oral to bawl a limerick about Milton is not a victory for civilization or for the film industry. Hollywood at the moment, flailing for ways to go on making a packet in its condemned playground, is pouring money into campus pictures that deal in making barbarianism amusing. It hopes to soak young audiences by talking what it thinks is "their" language, and the results of that are naturally discomfiting, like going as a child to a dentist who is said to be a genius with children. The films are also philistine, and they are not likely to make money. Student politics and drug slang are shoved into pictures like "Getting Straight" and "The Strawberry Statement" as if that were modernity, and also as if modernity were necessarily courage, when it can now just as often be caution in the cinema, with film after film chasing with-itness and looking more and more conventional.

So the hesitant, odd character of Paul Williams' "The Revolutionary" is a pleasure. Though the film *seems* to be about a very current student radical (Jon Voight) who gets suspended for political activity and splits with his parents and goes A.W.O.L. after being drafted, the time and place of the action actually are subtly obscured. Even the way the film is shot—fluidly and simply, ignoring the fad for shock close-ups that make you feel as if you'd landed on your face on the pavement—leaves the period a little ambiguous. The story is taken from Hans Koningsberger's "The Revolutionary," a political novel set in 1902 in an unnamed European country, but the screenplay—written by the novelist himself—is set apparently here, in a present that has a few minute displacements. Most Americans watching it will probably take it for a *roman à clef* about America. There happens to be an Abbie Hoffman figure in it—not the central character—and a Judge Hoffman figure, and a conspiracy trial, but all these were in the book when it was published, three years ago. Though nothing in the film states that this is America, nothing contradicts it, either, apart from a few moments of political flavor that seem interestingly not quite topical or documentary. Europeans, and especially the English, are likely to find the film their own in another way. It was actually shot in England—though with Americans in practically all the parts, chosen and rehearsed with wonderful care by the director, a twenty-five-year-old American—and small physical things will nail that fact for locals, but the rare achievement, the peculiar dissonance, of the picture is that it carries some authentic tang of Europe's Old Left. There are flashes of boundless, dated hopes of affiliation between intellectuals and factory workers. There are small-part actors who seem to have been cast with the most attentive recollection of the facial types of old C.P. members. Jon Voight—I wish he were more expressive—is shown with people who strike you as sometimes from another era and sometimes from now. He himself wears spectacles that make him look like a Russian of the nineteen-hundreds. He quits a well-off home and goes to a garret; he reads all the time, but his quotes from Herzen don't go down well with his clan. He gradually eases out of his circle, bothered by the academicism of its wrangles and burdened by despondency about not having done well while he was giving a bribe to get a Comrade out of the clink. After spending a night in jail himself for breaking up a meeting with a rather polite interruption, he is told by the Comrades that a night as a convict is worth eight years of university education, and it may signify something about our new Dark Ages that there are going to be plenty of people in an audience now to agree with that one. My impression is that the film itself reserves judgment. He falls for a rich girl and ditches his doggy, sad-faced, more grown-up mistress (Collin Wilcox-Horne), who supplies him with a kindly lie taking the blame on herself. The rich girl involves him in a very funny stately dinner party. ("Are you in securities, too?" asks the matron on his right. He replies with a cutting and entirely unappreciated quote from Dante about usury.) He leaves in a fury. He joins an inner core of hard-liners, progressing with ideological correctness from less menial and less dangerous to more menial and more dangerous tasks. Typing. Leaflet-distributing. Graffiti. Bombs. His father, whom he revisits in a perfectly directed scene full of holes of silence, tells him that his draft papers have arrived, and that even though he has lost his chance of deferment now that he's been suspended, something can be fixed through influence; the son curtly refuses to use his father's bourgeois powers for his own revolutionary purposes in any such Brechtian way, behaving in a spirit that makes no sense in the general terms of present young radical action but every kind of sense in the particular terms of the film. Again evoking some other time far more than this one, the picture



"Hey, leave some for the fishes!"

Hand made
De Busschere

HABANERA
Black, brown
navy or red
Baby llama calf
$65

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

SHERATON IN MAUI, HAWAII
Sheraton-Maui

just the place to play around

Because the championship Royal Kaanapali Golf Course is just a short drive away . . . maybe even a 9-iron . . . from our famous resort wrapped around Black Rock Promontory. Between rounds play on our three-mile stretch of warm golden beach . . . in our fun-filled King's swimming pool . . . or in our glamorous Discovery Dining Room. Whatever you like to play around . . . we have it, at our between-turf-and-surf hotel . . . Sheraton-Maui.

For confirmed reservations at guaranteed rates call 800-325-3535 toll free, or your Travel Agent will call it for you.
Sheraton-Maui Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

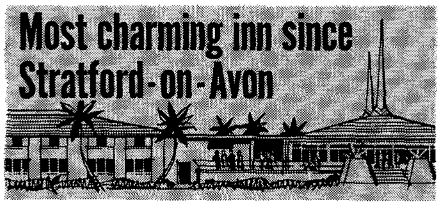
lays a weight of political emphasis on strikebreaking. The Army, with Jon Voight drafted into it, is called on to break a strike at an arms factory—not precisely America now, either, but there is an assurance about the film that stops you in the course of this sort of nit-picking. It has a good moment, delicately not doctrinaire, when the hardening radical is deserting from his Army camp to warn a barricaded building of white and black factory workers that trouble is coming, and the Army sentry doesn't shoot him as he runs: admirable, unfashionable idea, not to allow this dissident to be a martyr.

"The Revolutionary" is an interesting film. It is engrossed by the mind of an activist capable of doubt. It seems to have a powerful sense of history—enough to turn the changes in the hero into something like a record of Socialism over the last seventy years. It is also sharpened by a sagacity and humor that are oddly and touchingly homesick for the Left of other times. The political lines are modern and American, yet they often harbor a lost puritanical drive, severely earnest, faintly ridiculous, but moving. A starchy hospital nurse is suddenly seen on the march for the cause, looking fanatic and obdurate. "It's not a day when nature can be of any help to man," she says to no one in particular—her only remark, worthy of Ivy Compton-Burnett.

"HELLO-GOODBYE," directed by Jean Negulesco, is a comedy-romance about swinging Europe and expensive clothes and a couple of extreme cases of car fixation. Curt Jurgens is one of the fixated. He collects vintage cars at his château in France, and his name is the Baron de Choisis. Why a German actor should have been cast in the part is something that I am sure the filmmakers know. The Baron has a ravishing wife, called Dany (Geneviève Gilles), who leads him no end of a dance. He has only his cars to comfort him—apart from the usual appurtenances of a château, but money isn't everything. Dany keeps his love alive by appearing every now and then at their swimming pool in a new couture bikini while he poignantly peels himself a peach. The chap she takes off with in the film is another car maniac, called Harry England (Michael Crawford). His name came to pass, so we are told, because his father liked the sound of "Harry, England and St. George" and didn't give a fig for the intervening comma—which seems consistent in a film called "Hello-Goodbye." There are many shiny scenes of

The Executive **FLAIR**
Flair's smooth, tough nylon point and rich, vivid ink sleekly cased in executive style. Only $1.95. Refillable.

Most charming inn since Stratford-on-Avon



Two 18-hole golf courses (1 championship, 1 lighted executive) • gourmet wining and dining • luxurious guest rooms • meeting facilities • Scottish baronial atmosphere • open year 'round • near airports and arterial expressways. Write for brochure: Miami Lakes Inn & Country Club • Palmetto Expressway & N.W. 154th Street, Miami Lakes, Florida 33014. Dept. X
Miami Lakes Inn
& COUNTRY CLUB

PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE

BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH
MYKONOS LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER SUPPER
349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

TOM'S **Shangri-La**
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample Parking after 7 P.M.

entirely unconvincing high life, in Cannes, on Paris boulevards, in restaurants, and there is also a truly charming exchange intended to establish sophistication when a *vendeuse* bolts out of the Dior boutique in Paris and asks Dany if she wants to buy something. "*Pas cette collection,*" says Dany graciously, and passes on. At this stage, she hasn't yet told Harry that she is a baroness. He can't make her out. "You have a purseful of jewels and yet you swig Algerian wine," he says wonderingly, hitting on a not particularly striking example of the paradox that is Woman. "Hello-Goodbye" is a dopey picture, a waste of money, and a slightly evil-minded exercise in the erotic imagery of automobiles.

IN Gordon Douglas's "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier plays the same super-tec character as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. The picture is an amiable and mildly idiotic one that would have done better, I should think, chopped up as soap opera on television. Super-Tec has to deal with a murder that appears to incriminate his best friend, a white radical preacher in an explosive social situation. Between doing some amazing bits of Sherlock Holmes investigation into carpet fluff on people's shoes, Super-Tec is the best husband and father you ever saw. He can handle any psychological block in sight. His daughter, says his wife seriously, is having a problem with her gym class. (A problem with her *gym* class. This is America.) Daddy copes. His small son is discovered smoking, but Pop again comes up trumps by giving him a man-to-man cigar and Scotch and then waiting for him to be sick. At this point, it turns out that the child has his own bathroom; the family situation seems fairly cushy, but I suppose the film has carried out its market research and knows what it's doing. The direction job is perfectly pleasant, and there are some acting scenes that come off well, simply because everyone involved is unblinkingly convinced of the high seriousness of each turn of events, as in good soap opera. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

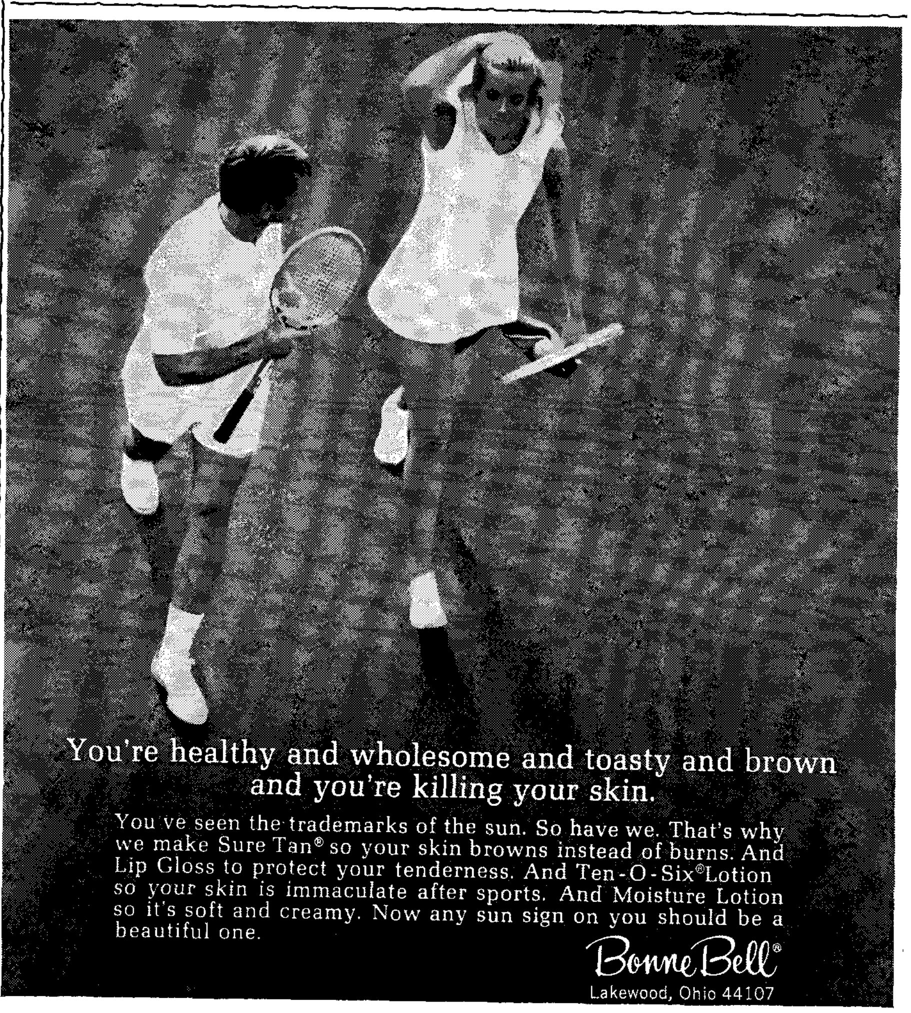
•

WASHINGTON, June 30—An effort is underway in the House Ways and Means Committee to make sure that any import quotas Congress votes this year will unduly hurt the consuming public.—*The Journal of Commerce.*

In an *election* year?

Lord & Taylor

Smash blazer for all year, with pants, skirts, over dresses—our superbly tailored wool knit from Garé is equally marvelous in navy, firechief red and black. 6 to 16, 70.00 in Sports Suit collections at all Lord & Taylor stores



You're healthy and wholesome and toasty and brown and you're killing your skin.

You've seen the trademarks of the sun. So have we. That's why we make Sure Tan® so your skin browns instead of burns. And Lip Gloss to protect your tenderness. And Ten-O-Six® Lotion so your skin is immaculate after sports. And Moisture Lotion so it's soft and creamy. Now any sun sign on you should be a beautiful one.

Bonne Bell®
Lakewood, Ohio 44107

THE ART WORLD

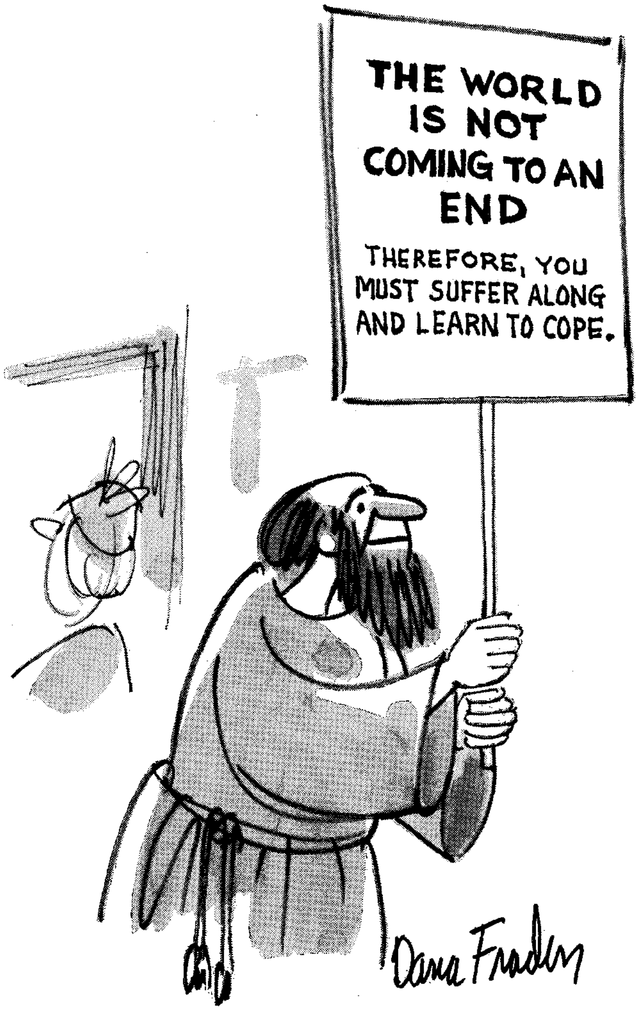
Redmen to Earthworks

NOW that taste has ceased to exist (since a value that no one will defend is dead), the influence it once exerted on art seems to belong to distant times. If the paintings and sculptures in the "19th-Century America" exhibition at the Metropolitan are alien to the representative art of America today, the reason lies less in formal and conceptual differences than in the extreme politeness of the earlier works in presenting their matter to the spectator. The fact that a picture that might be emotionally upsetting—such as Vanderlyn's of the tomahawking of Jane McCrea—is a rarity in nineteenth-century American art underlines the rule of aesthetic good manners; violence, the catalogue of the exhibition points out, is an aspect of American life that "most artists, governed by nineteenth-century ideas of suitability and decorum, chose not to emphasize." The same is true of nakedness. Raphaelle Peale's amusing "After the Bath"—a female completely concealed behind a trompe-l'oeil bed sheet—is a cultural companion piece to Hiram Powers' sculpture "The Greek Slave," a sexless nude of which her creator said that "not her person but her spirit stands exposed." (The spirit was that of a cool, abstracted neoclassicism that would excite no one.) On the other hand, Thomas Eakins' naked women got him into trouble and, being inimical to the artistic etiquette of the period, are perhaps justifiably excluded from the Metropolitan's nineteenth-century America.

The art of new nations is inherently conservative; its primary function is to satisfy the nostalgia or the striving for high culture of artists and their patrons, and this is best accomplished by imitating the styles favored by the most respectable circles of the home countries. The very notion of art thus becomes identified with "suitability and decorum." The aesthetic is a dressing-up of nature to meet standards of propriety. In the period on display at the Metropolitan, the avant-garde principle of irritating the spectator was not yet active in American art. Works endeavored to make themselves agreeable to the public, not to challenge its sensibility. No one in American painting thought of matching Poe's program of working on the nerves of his audience.

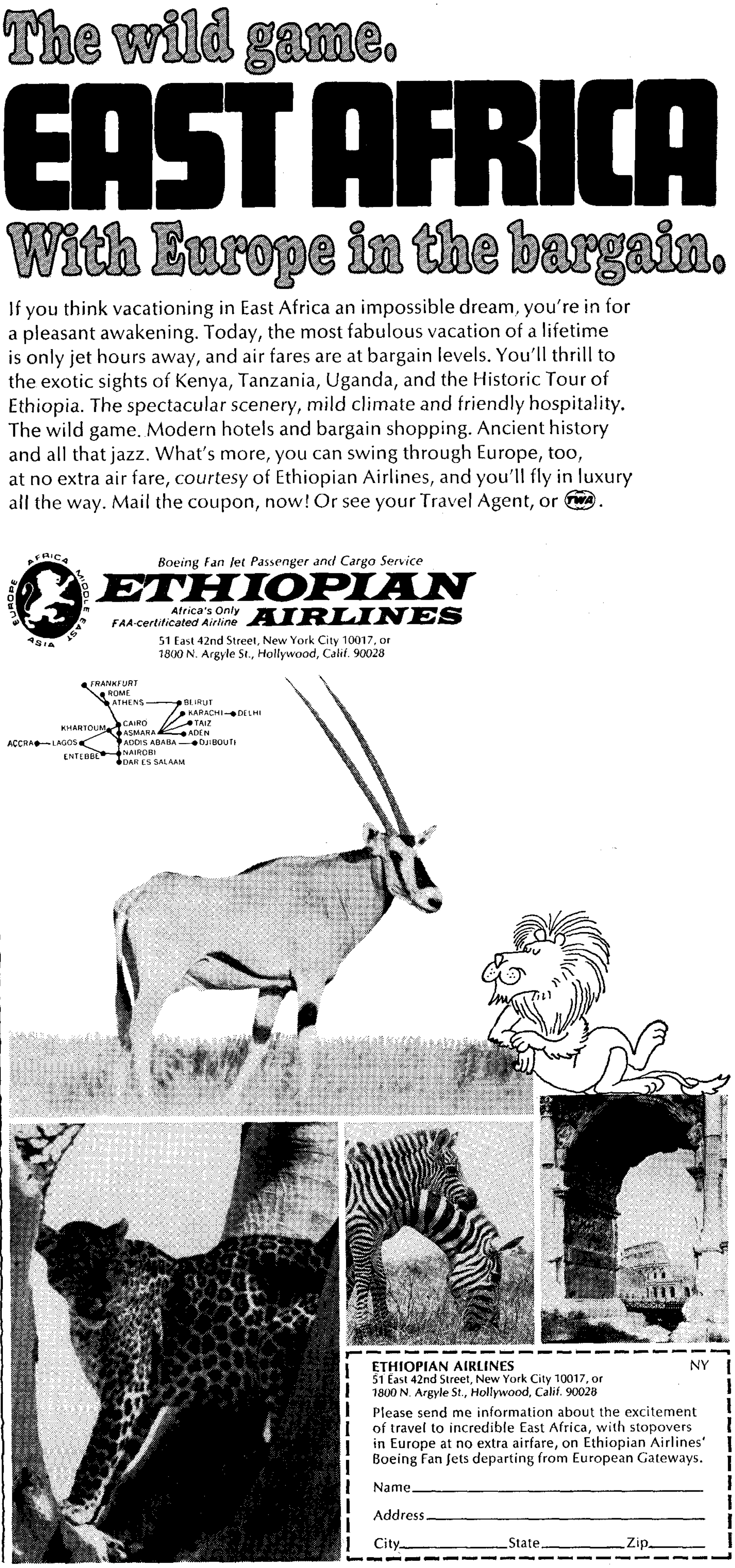
As seen at the Metropolitan, nineteenth-century American painting and sculpture reflect the American scene as it was found acceptable in the drawing room. Alongside the mountain peaks and lakes in sundry moods; the Indians, birds, and broncos; the yokels and rivermen; the darkies in the cottonfields; the newsboys and comic idlers; plus a few industrial workers (John Weir's "The Gun Foundry" and Thomas Anshutz's well-known "Steelworkers Noontime" are almost the only traces of industry in the Metropolitan exhibition), are the portraits, conversation pieces, and idealized busts of those who inhabit the drawing room. To clinch the correlation of art and class tastes, the paintings and sculptures in the Metropolitan galleries are surrounded by the elegant furniture and decorative relics of the drawing rooms themselves. The wild vistas and uncultivated folk of crude America have been allowed into these distinguished precincts only long enough to get their pictures taken. Throughout the show there is a feeling of self-conscious posing, not only by the people depicted but by landscapes and things as well. The figures, including the cat, in George Caleb Bingham's "Fur Traders Descending the Missouri"—probably the most frequently reproduced painting of mid-nineteenth-century America—face the spectator, the old trader with a grimace, his son with a meditative smile, as if reacting to the interest in them of the art-loving gentry. The large landscapes—heart of the Metropolitan exhibition—pardonably swagger as their overpowering distances are accentuated by microscopic human beings spotlighted near the bottom of the composition. In Durand's "Kindred Spirits," a painting like a colored engraving that is a favorite in histories of American art, the romantic and allegorical landscapist Thomas Cole, standing on a rock platform with a pointer in his hand, lectures not only his companion, William Cullen Bryant, but the spectator, too, on the transcendent grandeur of the scene.

In contrast to the landscapists, the genre painters bring faces close, in order to identify them as social types. In the left foreground of William Sidney Mount's "Cider Making," a young girl gazes tenderly at a youth, who is, however, concerned more with the impression he is making on the person standing in front of the painting than with his admirer, while a girl and a boy sitting on a rail in the background also keep their eyes fixed on the onlooker. The gem of the exhibition, in terms of awareness of being watched, is Charles Ingham's "The Flower Girl," a portrait in which paint is used as if it were cosmetics, and of which the catalogue states, "The young lady, play acting as a soulful flower vendor, is given the bland, sweet and refined features fashionable in mid-century novel-reading circles." The theatricality of American painting is magnified by the fondness of the painters for


THE WORLD IS NOT COMING TO AN END
THEREFORE, YOU MUST SUFFER ALONG AND LEARN TO COPE.
Dana Fradon

the style called luminism, with its sharp highlights and deep shadows calculated to bring out the contour and texture of every leaf, pebble, and water ripple. It is a mode of painting that, in its smooth, glossy, and thinly pigmented surface, comes closest to printed illustrations and reproductions, and anticipates the color photograph; a magnificent exception is Frederic Church's "Niagara," where uneven paint thicknesses are rhythmically modulated to match the swirlings and stillnesses of the waters.

Along with art as nature processed for the drawing room, nineteenth-century America developed an opposite conception—that of art as fashion and falsification. The notion of the superiority of "nature" as the true teacher of beauty keeps cropping up among American "realists," from George Catlin through Eakins, as well as among academic idealizers and sentimentalists. "Black and blue cloth and civilization are destined not only to veil but to obliterate the grace and beauty of Nature," wrote Catlin, painter of Indians, and he went on to argue that the "wilderness of North America," in which man appeared "unfettered by the disguises of art," was "unquestionably the best study or school of art in the world." This is a way of testifying that everything in the American landscape, just as one finds it, is art—or something higher than art: beauty. Art is conceived of as a barrier between the artist and what Henry James called "the real thing" (though James's sophisticated imagination recognized that the real thing might be less convincing than an artistic counterfeit). Painting, opposing art, reaches its peak by coming as close as possible to appropriating nature—by, in effect, lifting the Plains Indians out of the West and depositing them in a salon or the Smithsonian. Even Bingham, preëminent among the painters who converted the American scene into taste-satisfying art—his anxious straining after high style led him, when he was already a successful and mature painter, to study for several years at Düsseldorf—was dedicated to the conviction that art is inferior to nature, though on the simpleminded basis (often reiterated in recent years) that in a painting things don't move or make noise. Nineteenth-century American art, from that of naïves and self-taught craftsmen to that of the most highly European-educated professionals, such as Eakins and Anshutz, complements its fashionable academicism with the beginnings of anti-art. Americans dream of taking home hunks of raw



The wild game.
EAST AFRICA
With Europe in the bargain.

If you think vacationing in East Africa an impossible dream, you're in for a pleasant awakening. Today, the most fabulous vacation of a lifetime is only jet hours away, and air fares are at bargain levels. You'll thrill to the exotic sights of Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, and the Historic Tour of Ethiopia. The spectacular scenery, mild climate and friendly hospitality. The wild game. Modern hotels and bargain shopping. Ancient history and all that jazz. What's more, you can swing through Europe, too, at no extra air fare, *courtesy* of Ethiopian Airlines, and you'll fly in luxury all the way. Mail the coupon, now! Or see your Travel Agent, or TWA.

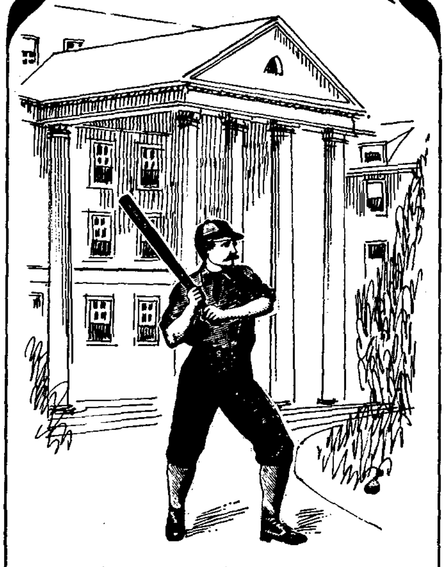
Boeing Fan Jet Passenger and Cargo Service
ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
Africa's Only FAA-certificated Airline
51 East 42nd Street, New York City 10017, or
1800 N. Argyle St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES NY
51 East 42nd Street, New York City 10017, or
1800 N. Argyle St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Please send me information about the excitement of travel to incredible East Africa, with stopovers in Europe at no extra airfare, on Ethiopian Airlines' Boeing Fan Jets departing from European Gateways.

Name__________
Address__________
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

DISCOVER AMERICA
(478 YEARS AFTER COLUMBUS)
AT
THE OTESAGA
IN
COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.



Every member of your family will cherish the samples of true Americana found in Cooperstown: Baseball's Hall of Fame, the Farmer's Museum and Fenimore House, to mention just a few. We add some touches of our own such as band concerts, luncheon fashion shows, and authentic American food.

More modern activities include The Jo Ann Miller Summer Theatre, a championship 18-hole golf course, pool, tennis and nightly dancing. And we're mighty proud of our 4-Star MOBIL TRAVEL GUIDE rating!

Now completely air-conditioned.

Reservations: (607) 547-9931
Your travel agent or R. F. Warner, Inc.
630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. • JU 6-4500

THE OTESAGA

140 Lake Road • Cooperstown, New York
Kenneth Arnold, V.P. & Gen. Mgr.
Under same Management: Cooper Inn
A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World

nature—of attaining, as Robert Henri said of Eakins, "the reality of beauty in nature as is"—in anticipation of twentieth-century bicycle wheels and bottle racks in museums and of such preoccupations with the real thing as today's rocks and piles of dirt dumped in art galleries, or a section of seacoast turned into a sculpture by being wrapped in plastic.

THE ideal of art as the real thing made portable manifests itself in the patient copying of scenes and objects—an approach that James Jarves, a mid-century critic, condemned as "heedless of idealisms of any sort," adding, "If it labored for any special end, it was that of ocular deception." Art with an eye-fooling objective is played down at the Metropolitan, which seems to share Jarves's loftymindedness; trompe l'oeil is represented solely by a handful of paintings by Raphaelle Peale, Charles Bird King, William Harnett, John Peto, and John Haberle. This type of painting has, however, been handled comprehensively by the recent "The Reality of Appearance" exhibition at the Whitney Museum, and in Alfred Frankenstein's careful exploration of the subject, "After the Hunt" (University of California Press, 1969). The magical illusion of three-dimensionality makes it possible for the artist to reach beyond taste to the wonder shared by people of all classes at seeing nature duplicated on a flat surface. Thus, he can dispense with traditions of excellence in composition, color harmony, and drawing in favor of a kind of sideshow skill—Harnett's dead rabbit with red bullet holes in his still-life "After the Hunt" has the effect of a rabbit pulled out of a hat. King's "The Poor Artist's Cupboard," at the Metropolitan—one of the earliest examples of American illusionism—is an arrangement of domestic junk of the same order as Daniel Spoerri's assemblages of the actual debris of his breakfast table in the nineteen-sixties. In it—as in S. E. Harlow's painting of woollen socks hanging on a clothesline, Haberle's faked velvet drapery, and Harnett's horseshoes, letter racks, worn five-dollar bills—randomness, or the simple placement of a single object against a flat background (a door, a wall), is in dramatic contrast with the formal American still-lifes at the Metropolitan, such as John Francis's "Still-Life with Wine Bottles and Basket of Fruit," built upon what I have called the self-conscious posing of things. Frankenstein points out that once Harnett had been to Munich he began to "display a compositional formula." In the trompe-l'oeil still-life, as in the luminist landscape, lighting and the firm definition of edges are means for theatrical effect; a favorite device of the illusionists is illuminating the texture of newspapers, the torn sides or folded corners of old letters, the heads of nails (in Peto's "Lincoln and the Pfleger Stretcher," at the Whitney, one cannot be sure that the nail is painted without touching it). In these paintings, however, in contrast with the luminist landscapes, presenting the object in the round is in the service not of light contrasts, in the manner of eighteenth-century European masterpieces, but of verisimilitude in the rendering of everyday things, as in waxworks, the stereoscope, or the photograph. It is a device of popular art; its ideal is nothing more than diversion. Situated outside the aesthetic fashions of nineteenth-century America, the trompe-l'oeil painters suffered the fate of other borderline artists who create for the popular taste; paintings by Thomas Nast, for example, were featured at the Whitney only recently but are not included in the Metropolitan's "19th-Century America." By the time Harnett, Peto, and other appropriators of the American thing were rediscovered as art during the class-conscious nineteen-thirties, most of their works had disappeared, along with the mass of furniture and decorations (picture postcards, commemorative tableware, wooden Indians, and merry-go-round carvings) that had not earned a place in what Mr. Thomas Hoving's preface to the Metropolitan catalogue calls "America the Beautiful."

ARTISTS paint not what they see but the art in what they see. The female whom artists in popular nineteenth-century fiction kept seeking as the ideal model is one who is already all art—a kind of "ready-made"—and can be copied without alteration. Art and "the grace and beauty of nature" have become one. To find art in nature makes art superfluous, while to do away with art makes nature perfect.

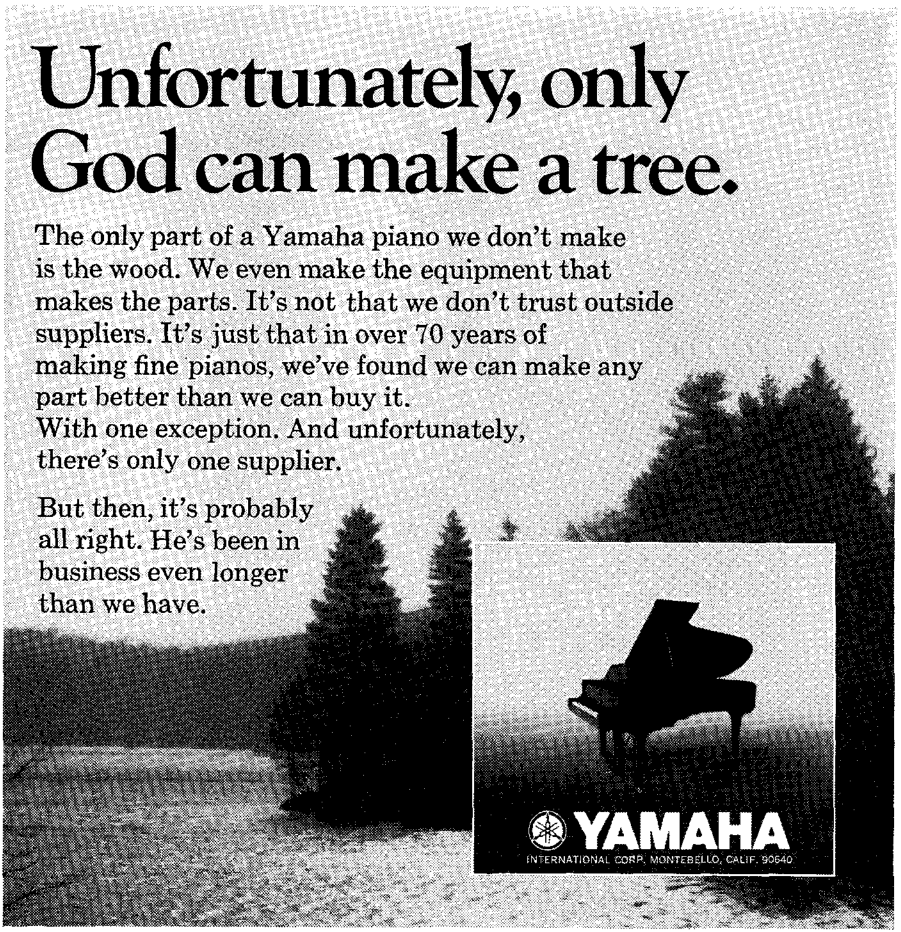
The world is a museum, and the museum exhibits Robert Morris's live trees and Duchamp's bottle racks. A fixation of American painters is that they can create art without the benefit of art, or even by going against art—an attitude that Willem de Kooning likes to describe as feeding off John Brown's body.

The issue of style as a means of seeing or as a barrier to seeing spans the history of American art, from the earliest explorer-draftsmen to present-day conceptualists. This issue overarches America's stylistic borrowings, from Baroque to Bauhaus. The reality-versus-art controversy reflects the aesthetic self-consciousness of United States art vis-à-vis European cultural superiority. "Reality" is the radical side of the argument and is identified with defiance, in the name of the new American experience, of traditional culture, and of the moneyed and educated elite that has laid claim to that culture. "Provincialism or coarseness or unculture is greater for creating art than finesse or polish," wrote the late David Smith in 1953, in a variation on Catlin's theme. "Creative art has a better chance of developing from coarseness and courage than from culture. One of the good things about American art is that it doesn't have the spit and polish [tell it to the luminists!] that some foreign art has. It is coarse."

The rejoinder to Catlin's "grace and beauty" or to Smith's "coarseness" is typified by the exclamation of William Merritt Chase when he was offered the opportunity to study abroad. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I'd rather go to Europe than to Heaven." Basically, it was Chase's view that prevailed, and the Metropolitan exhibition is historically accurate in affirming this—down to the Tiffany glass and John Alexander's art-nouveau "Isabella," dreaming with her arms around a piece of ancient pottery—even though with some overemphasis and at the cost of a more interesting show. Regardless of their attitudes, American artists of the nineteenth century did "go to Europe"—if not in actuality, then through copying engravings of European masters or following manuals on their methods. Catlin himself, for all his preference for the American "Heaven," could not break through his European-derived models to the real thing of the West. His portraits of Indians are psychologically superficial—white people with painted faces and hung with Indian ornaments. In her "American Indian Painting of the Southwest and Plains Areas," Dorothy Dunn complains that

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
COINTREAU

LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

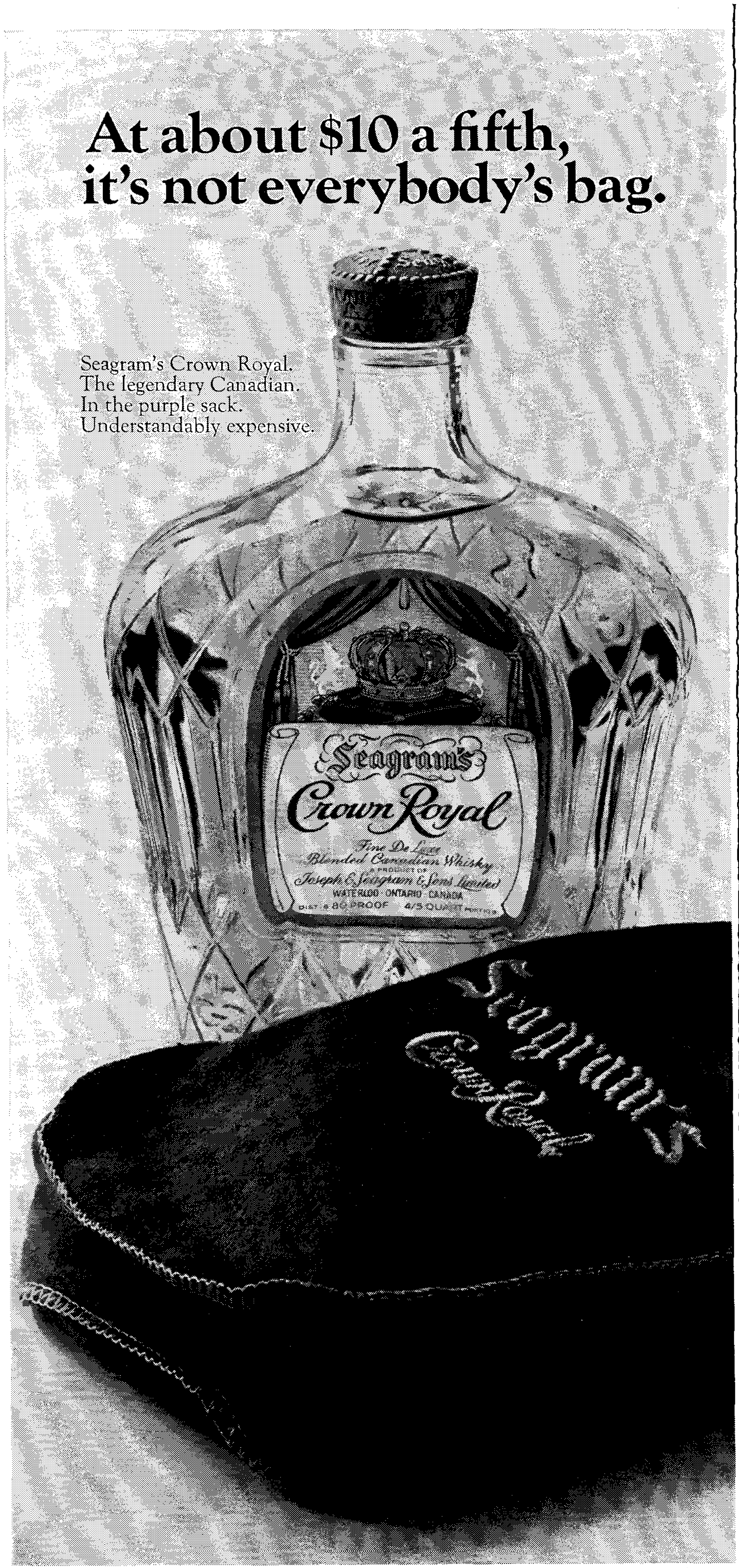


Unfortunately, only God can make a tree.

The only part of a Yamaha piano we don't make is the wood. We even make the equipment that makes the parts. It's not that we don't trust outside suppliers. It's just that in over 70 years of making fine pianos, we've found we can make any part better than we can buy it.
With one exception. And unfortunately, there's only one supplier.

But then, it's probably all right. He's been in business even longer than we have.

Ask about the Yamaha School of Music, a uniquely rich educational experience for young children 4-8 years.



At about $10 a fifth, it's not everybody's bag.

Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

in Catlin's studies "accurate representation of ethnological aspects of the Indian subjects had been largely sacrificed to . . . academic style."

In practice, "reality" as an alternative to art has been less an anti-art program than a social slogan. It may call for the abandonment of art; actually, it anticipates a renewal of art through raising substance above form. This amounts to challenging prevailing tastes, since it is through accord as to form that tastes are established. Eakins' scientific naturalism did not exclude refined compositional structure, or cause him to forget his Beaux-Arts teacher, Gérôme, but the rigorousness of his investigations did violate Philadelphia's concepts of "suitability and decorum" and made him an undesirable there. Something comparable on the subjective plane put a distance between the art public and that other great American independent, Ryder (unaccountably restricted at the Metropolitan to a single small seascape and a still-life). In America, the social-political dimensions of art, and of attitudes toward art, are perhaps more palpable than elsewhere. Reality in art—that is to say, artless art—is unattainable, but in their stress on reality artists assert themselves against antagonistic values, as in the contemporary earthworks and anti-form artists' stated intention of rejecting the current museum-dealer-collector system. In the nineteenth century, liberation from official taste was achieved only in rare instances. In the opinion of Henry James, Winslow Homer succeeded in throwing off aesthetic self-consciousness through meshing art and reality ("Things," declared James, "come already modelled to his eye"), but James found the result "horribly ugly." The Metropolitan exhibition suggests that the fact that the taste of any one social group no longer has power over art, and that all tastes are compelled to coexist with rival tastes and with tastelessness, need not be a cause for regret by American painters and sculptors.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

> When a newsman asked Reagan at his weekly press conference if he planned to support Rafferty publicly the governor replied that the superintendency is a nonpartisan race, but he said, "It's no secret I have always favoreed his candidacy, and still dont."

—*Jackson Doyle in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Actors have a way with words.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

DARTMOUTH '70 AND THE WAR

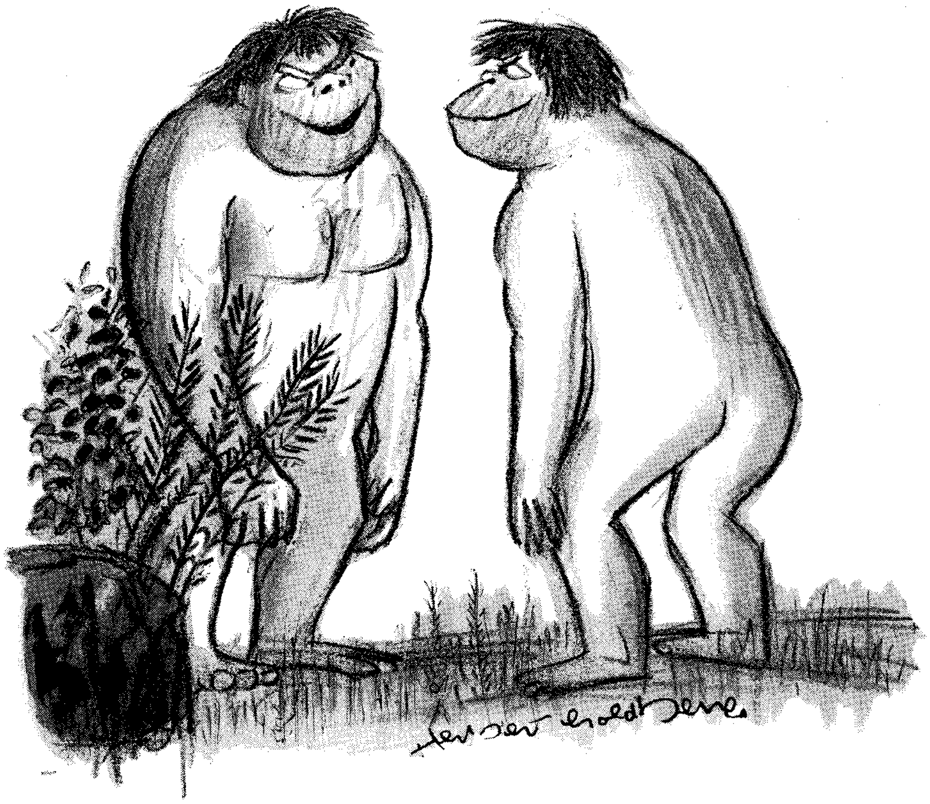
American colleges, especially the top forty or fifty, have traditionally provided this country with most of its leaders. In peace, their graduates have been the judges, the business executives, the mayors, the members of Congress, the state governors. In war, they have been the captains, majors, and colonels of an expanded Army, the members of draft boards, the high-ranking military civilians in Washington. Among American colleges, the eight members of the Ivy League, though all of them put together are hardly bigger than Ohio State, have provided an unusually large share of these leaders. In the present Congress, for example, fifty representatives out of four hundred and thirty-five and nine senators out of a hundred are products of the Ivy League. If you count Ivy graduate schools, the numbers mount to eighty-nine and twenty-one—about twenty per cent of each house.

Dartmouth College, though not at the top of this list—Harvard is on the graduate side, Yale on the undergraduate—still ranks honorably on it. Dartmouth has about thirty-three thousand living alumni. There are one hundred and twenty million adults in the country, so that Dartmouth represents about a thirty-fifth of one per cent. Out of this modest fraction come one senator from and the governor of New Hampshire, the governor of New York, congressmen from Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, a long list of judges, and so on.

When you turn to wartime leadership, Dartmouth's role has been even more striking. No one has totalled the complete records of Dartmouth alumni in the Second World War, but various classes know what their own members did, from having taken surveys at the time of their twenty-fifth reunions. In the class of '42, which was more or less typical, three hundred and one members reported that they had served in the armed forces, and thirty-one said they had not. (This doesn't represent the whole class, of course. Some didn't answer the questionnaire; the thirty-four who died in the war couldn't.) The proportion of servicemen in the class of '42 who saw combat was high—about half, although among Second World War servicemen in general only about a third were even in combat units, much less sent into battle. More than three-fourths of the servicemen from the class of '42 became officers. A recent check of the first two hundred servicemen in the class alphabetically shows forty-two enlisted men, fifty-three lieutenants, ninety-one captains, and fourteen majors. (For simplicity, I have converted about eighty naval officers and ratings to their equivalent Army ranks.) This is considerable rank for men who were barely twenty-five when the war ended. Earlier classes naturally had even more—back to the colonels and brigadier generals in the class of '12. Altogether, during the Second World War, Dartmouth produced enough officers to man an Army corps and enough enlisted men to fill a couple of battalions in that corps.

In the present war in Vietnam, Dartmouth graduates are providing a very different kind of leadership. Two years ago, a study of the class of '68 revealed that Dartmouth seniors were overwhelmingly against the war, but, at that time, their opposition was, on the whole, law-abiding and optimistic. A member of the class had set up a draft-counselling service halfway through the senior year, and half a dozen faculty members and deans were working for it. In general, members of the class flooded into teaching jobs, which were then deferrable, and into the Peace Corps, also then a common ground for deferment. Only seven of the hundred and seventy-six men in the study—it covered a quarter of the class—were applying to be classified as conscientious objectors. About a dozen were trying to get I-Y physical deferments. Most members of the class were expecting to cast their first votes for President that November, and they expected to be able to vote for a peace candidate—either McCarthy or Kennedy. Half of the seniors in the Army R.O.T.C. program had taken an ad in the leading paper in New Hampshire to proclaim their reluctant willingness to fight and die in Asia and, simultaneously, their eager support of Senator McCarthy and an immediate end to the war.

Much has changed since then. The Army R.O.T.C. unit at Dartmouth is closed and gone. The last commissioning ceremony took place in June. There are now about forty trained draft counsellors at the college, most of them students, and this spring a public counselling office was manned, usually by two counsellors at a time, about thirty hours a week. Deliberate pursuit of a I-Y deferment is routine. About a hundred and twenty of the two hundred and twenty-five seniors in a recent study that covered thirty per cent of this year's graduating class have considered filing as C.O.s, or are plan-



"Now that we can walk upright, let's raise a little hell."

When many people hear the name Søren Kierkegaard, the great Danish philosopher, they think first of "Either/Or". But when they hear of Birger Christensen, most women tend to say "I want them all".

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

BADRUTT'S
PALACE HOTEL
St. Moritz
"The Perfect Holiday"
July - August

Information:
The Hotel Representative, Inc.
660 Madison Avenue,
N. Y. 10021

or telex direct
PALACE HOTEL
Nr. 845 74424 Palsm Ch
St. Moritz, Switzerland

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town".

HOTEL
Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

ning to file if their bid for a I-Y fails. Thirty-six of those questioned already have their C.O. applications in. Many of those who won't file for C.O. status decided not to because they were unwilling to work within the Selective Service system at all. "I am completely put off by the fact that I have to apply not to kill somebody," wrote Richard Hennessey, a government major who graduated with distinction. Many others won't file because they believe Selective Service is unwilling to deal fairly with them. "Local Board No. 10 in Mount Vernon, New York, has been characterized by a federal judge as 'highhanded and illegal, an example of the kind of thing that causes youth to lose faith in the system,' " said Richard Kenney, of Scarsdale, a graduate with high distinction in English. "I don't stand a Chinaman's chance in hell of getting a C.O. They would run over me like a gravel truck." And he added, "The difficulty with this war is that there is absolutely no response a man can make that is not in some sense a failure, a cop-out. It's not as though you just have to screw your courage up to do the right thing—i.e., go to jail, Canada, etc. Canada is running away, jail is being a sucker. Vietnam is evil, and no solution is perfect." (Dartmouth students know more about jail than they used to; forty of them went last year for their role in a demonstration that helped to end R.O.T.C. at Dartmouth.) "My Wasp board would never grant C.O. to a Jew," said one student. And Peter Clark, of Maine, said, "My draft board—according to the local draft counsellors—is still under the impression that only a Quaker qualifies as a C.O." He may nevertheless apply if his application for a Peace Corps deferment is rejected, as he thinks it will be.

Many of those who *are* applying for C.O. status have given serious thought to what they will do if they are refused. "I have decided, I think, to refuse induction into the Army if my C.O. application is refused," said Stephen Fox, an honor graduate from Michigan. "The question now arises: Can Steve Fox find true happiness as a Hudson's Bay cabbage farmer?" He added that his family—especially his father, who was a lieutenant commander in the Navy—felt he was being impractical and idealistic, but that "after the Cambodian move they urged me to do whatever is necessary to avoid the draft." Paul Lipscomb, another C.O. applicant, feels equally strongly: "I will be working on a Navajo reservation next year, teaching school. I cannot get a job deferment for this work. If my C.O. is turned down, I will seek to get a reversal in court. If, after having exhausted all legal means, I still face submission or jail, I will seek freedom elsewhere." Kevin Kennedy, who filed his C.O. forms back in January, is no longer sure that he was right to do so. "I thought this was the only alternative to the draft, but my views have changed—there can be no alternative to something that should be abolished."

IN 1968, most Dartmouth seniors, though opposed to the war, were apparently prepared to go if they had to. This year, only sixty-eight of the two hundred and twenty-five questioned said they would serve in Vietnam if ordered to. Since so many of this year's seniors are opposed to Vietnam, they were also asked to name some wars they *would* be prepared to fight in. The question was badly phrased. It read, "Can you think of any wars the U.S. might get into between now and the time you are 26 that you would want to fight in? Yes.... No.... If yes, would you name a couple?" A philosophy major from Long Island named Tom Amper spoke for a considerable group of his classmates when he said, "I can't imagine I'd ever *want* to fight in a war, but I can imagine wars I might feel I *ought* to fight in." He didn't name any, though. Most students ignored the phrasing and dealt with the question directly. A hundred and thirty of the two hundred and twenty-five said they could think of no such war at all. A couple specified that not even past wars would have engaged them. Sam Pooley, for example, the son of an Army captain, wrote, "In a view increasingly held by my family, it may well be that World War II cannot now be justified."

That leaves eighty-six new Dartmouth graduates covered by the survey who can imagine a war they would fight in, and nine who skipped the question. The wars thus imagined are extremely various. The chief one is direct invasion of the United States. Michael Graham, a Midwesterner who will be at Harvard Law School next year, if not drafted, remarked, with some irony, "I would fight as soon as Nebraska was invaded, after the Vietcong swim the Pacific Ocean." Willis Wood, of Massachusetts, would wait until they had also done considerable walking. "I could conceive of fighting when the Commies invade New England, but I'm not at all sure I would fight then, and I *am* sure they won't come." Randy Davis, of Valley Stream, New York, would take up a gun when the Chinese set foot on Long Island. Thirty-three of the eighty-six hold some such view. In short, as a number of members of the class of '70 made clear, there is an extreme reaction to our recent habit of fighting wars of "defense" in other people's countries.

Thirty are selectively willing to fight abroad—to defend Western Europe against Russian attack, for example, or against the Greek junta, or to help Israel. (However, one senior, who asked to remain anonymous, wrote, "If this question anticipates a possible involvement in the Middle East, I *strongly oppose* any American intervention, which would only stimulate further Soviet involvement.") About ten would fight in any war on which the United States embarked. Randall MacInnis, one of the thirty Dartmouth graduates commissioned in the Army this June (and one of the nine of those thirty going on active duty this year), put this position in its broadest terms. Lieutenant MacInnis would want to fight in "any war declared by Congress or action instituted by executive order."

Finally, there are eight new graduates in the survey who say they would fight only *against* the present United States government (one of them reached this view while serving in Vietnam for two years), and there are five who would serve only in metaphorical wars. "Against pollution, against inequality, against population growth," said Robert Emerson Brunet, whose father was a lieutenant in the Navy. "Against G.M., G.E., General Foods, General Hershey," said the son of a former Air Force lieutenant.

As for fighting in the war at hand, very few graduates this year expect to. Only thirty-five of the two hundred and twenty-five in the study expect to be drafted this year, and seventeen more from the survey are taking R.O.T.C. commissions. Of the thirty-five who expect to be drafted, nineteen now think they will go to Vietnam if ordered. What will the others do? The son of a former Army captain said he would take "any steps necessary, including expatriation, to keep from going to Vietnam." One graduate said that if he passes his physical he will quickly go out and get an obscene tattoo.

As in 1968, the R.O.T.C. gradu-

Give a collector's item

ROYAL DOULTON

Shown from left to right: The Lobster Man, $42.75; Nina, $49.75; Falstaff, $16.75. For 114 page, full colour Collectors' Book #11 showing Royal Doulton figurines and jugs, send $1.00 to Doulton and Co., Inc., 400 Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

You'd only want the finest ship for a Fall cruise in the Mediterranean.

It's the golden time of year, you're off to see those storied places that tell us what happened over the ages.

Naturally you want a ship that's equal to the occasion; you want Paquet's Renaissance or Paquet's Mermoz, cruising from Marseille.

You'll sail to Greece and the surrounding islands...to Turkey, Sicily and North Africa. You'll stand before the Acropolis ...go to towns old as Istanbul.

Of course you'll cruise in elegant French style. Is there *really* any other, for a Fall cruise in the Mediterranean?

THE RENAISSANCE AND MERMOZ ARE REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

PAQUET LINES
RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY

Sailing from Marseille, France.

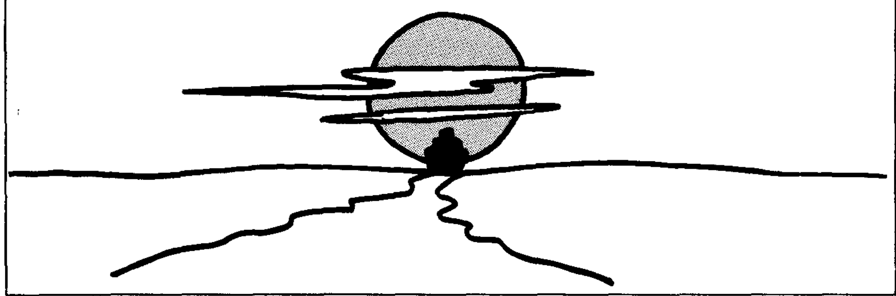
The Renaissance

Oct. 13, 13 days, calling at Palermo, Malta, Izmir, Istanbul, Piraeus (Athens), Santorini and Syracuse. From $337.
Oct. 27, 14 days, calling at Palma, Dubrovnik, Piraeus (Athens), Tripoli, Malta, Sousse and Tunis. From $363.

The Mermoz

Sept. 23, 14 days, calling at Malta, Rhodes, Istanbul, Piraeus (Athens), Dubrovnik, Corfu and Messina. From $257.
Oct. 25, 9 days, calling at Naples, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Syracuse and Tunis. From $148.

For colorful cruise folders or reservations see your travel agent or Mediterranean French Companies, Inc., Owner's Representative, 119 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019, (212) 765-0670.



A great place to get away from.

You're on a brilliant white beach face to face with the warm Atlantic. Take a five minute ride. You're surrounded by the stately beauty of old San Juan.

Take a twenty minute ride. You're rambling along the spectacular North Coastal Road.

Take an hour's ride. You're up into the cool green magic of a tropical rain forest.

La Concha. The magnificent oceanfront hotel with a location that makes getting away really easy. And getting back really great.

See your travel agent or write:
Hotel La Concha, Sales & Reservations
551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico
An Associated Federal Hotel:
Cecil Mills, Chairman of the Board.

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

THE HOTEL
Dorset

A PLACE TO TALK WHILE YOU LUNCH

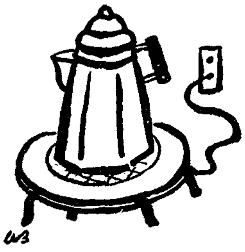
Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

ates will mostly not be going to Vietnam. The Navy offers its new officers a choice of station. All but one of this year's thirty-five N.R.O.T.C. graduates were able to choose whether they would be based on the East Coast or the West Coast, and most were able to pick their home ports. The large majority chose assignments that will not involve them in Vietnam. Ensign Thomas McDermott (he stated that his only real military interest would be a "war" to save his native Colorado from ecological destruction) has such an assignment, but would serve in Vietnam if he had to. Another new ensign said, "My mind is very confused, but I would probably refuse to go to Vietnam if ordered." And, speaking of the R.O.T.C. forms he signed as a freshman, he added, "I also feel the process of an eighteen- or twenty-year-old deciding on a military career and then being so committed by contract is less than desirable."

The Army gives new officers less choice of where they will serve than the Navy does but makes up for it by giving them a great deal of freedom as to when. Two of this year's thirty, for example, are going Regular Army, but they're not rushing off to war. One has a three-year delay to attend law school, the other a four-year delay to attend medical school. Nine others have delays of from one to three years for various kinds of graduate work, and six more, who have just finished the Tuck Business School at Dartmouth, have delays until the spring or summer of 1971. These six have all taken jobs in American industry, and will spend the next year in training programs with their new companies.

Little military élan is visible among the newly commissioned officers. Lieutenant Frans Bax, the son, grandson, and great-grandson of career military officers—all in the Royal Dutch Army or Navy—will serve his two years in the United States Army, after two years' graduate work at Harvard, but in his reply to one survey question he wrote that since his sophomore year he had "remained in R.O.T.C. only to avoid the draft, and that decision has been vindicated by my lottery number." (It was No. 6.) Lieutenant Douglas Simpson, the son of a former Army major, when asked if he supported Nixon's policy in Vietnam, said, "I don't support his present pseudo-policy, which amounts to a policy of deception of his constituency. I don't know what his true policy is—do you?" Lieutenant Simpson has been working most of the spring as one of the student directors of a new Dartmouth organization called Continuing Presence in Washington, whose chief function is to encourage discussion of the war with government officials and congressmen. Barring time out for training camp this summer, he will continue to work for the organization until he goes on active duty, in October.

ASIDE from R.O.T.C. and C.O., there are two major roads away from Vietnam this year for men of draft age. One, of course, is simply a high lottery number. Some students think the lottery itself is a deliberate move to reduce resistance to the war, since those with high numbers will feel less involved. If so, it has been only partly successful. The member of the graduating class with the highest number and the least chance of being drafted—Roderick Bates, No. 365—has nevertheless filed as a conscientious objector with his Vermont draft board. He has explained that he felt he had to do it, for moral reasons. When asked whether he had ever talked with a draft counsellor, he replied, "I *am* a draft counsellor." One of two with the second-highest number—No. 364—has not filed as a conscientious objector because, he says, "I'm not really a C.O.—I'd fight to stay out of the Army."

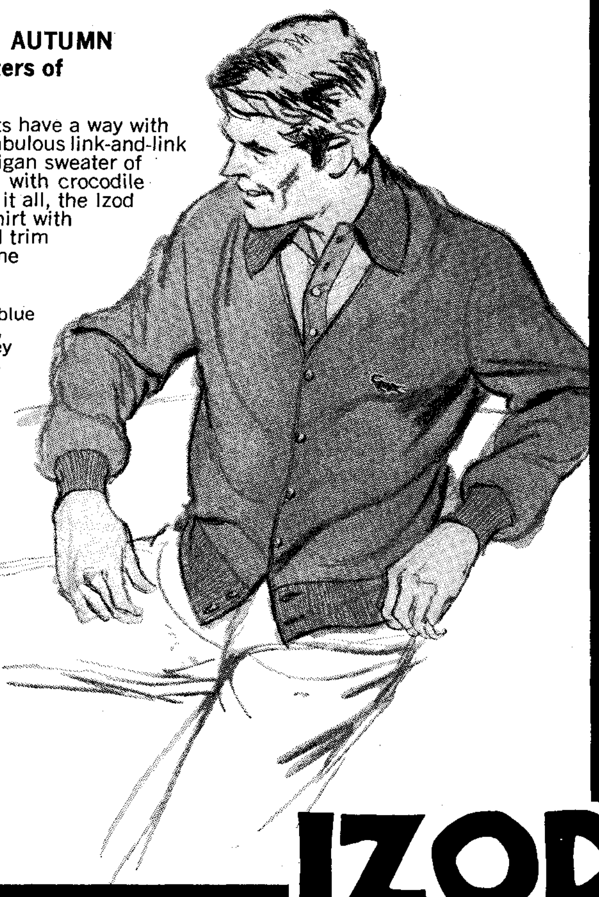


The other important route, now that occupational deferments have been ended, is getting a I-Y on medical grounds. College seniors were interested in this in 1968, too, but only a small minority knew how to go about it. This year, copies of the physical standards for the peacetime Army (as ours theoretically remains) are almost as common on campus as copies of the "Handbook for Conscientious Objectors," published by the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, in Philadelphia. (This is currently in a tenth edition of one hundred thousand copies—a strong contrast to earlier editions, such as the sixth, published in 1964, with two thousand copies.) All spring, busloads of Dartmouth students went down to the induction center in Manchester, New Hampshire, to take physicals, most of those on board armed with dossiers from their doctors, heads crammed with advice on how to fail. On April

22nd, Earth Day, twenty-eight of fifty-one failed. On another occasion, thirty-four out of forty-three failed. At least two hundred and fifty have failed in all. I shall not discuss the methods used, although most of them are open secrets among the young. I shall, however, quote, anonymously, a former Air Force lieutenant colonel's son, who is especially articulate about his motives. "Until a short time ago," he said, "I was intending to fag out on my physical. I am not a homosexual, but I have few reservations about using such an approach to avoid induction, since it is so likely to succeed. I have no desire to work for any social 'success' goals, so that being labelled a homosexual would probably make little difference. A few weeks ago, a doctor offered (quite unexpectedly and freely) to write me a letter (quite untrue) assured of getting me a I-Y. I am taking this route." The same man explained why he gave up his still earlier intention to apply as a conscientious objector. "I have doubts as to whether jobs approved for C.O. duty [the two years of alternative service assigned by draft boards] are of the radical nature that our situation calls for right now. I intend to work for society when I graduate, but not through the U.S. government if I can help it."

EVERYTHING I have written so far might make it appear that the whole graduating class at Dartmouth was deeply concerned about the war in Vietnam, and this, of course, is not the case. Most of its members are concerned, and most are totally against it. Only thirty out of the two hundred and twenty-five covered in the study said that they supported President Nixon's policies, even though his official aim is to end the war. Perhaps fifteen supported his actions in Cambodia. But many are very reluctant to oppose the President, and there is also a fair-sized group of those who are determined not to get caught up in such questions at all. A summa-cum-laude graduate named Robert Rudney undoubtedly spoke for a considerable number when he wrote, "I would classify myself as against the war, though that would associate me with individuals I detest. I can only remain true to myself by being apathetic."

Nevertheless, it is clear that there is far less apathy and far more commitment than there was two years ago. Two years ago, the class of '68, considerably shocking itself, made a decision not to help lead this war, as its predecessors had helped to lead all other



IZOD KNITS FOR AUTUMN
In shirts and sweaters of
100% Orlon®

Izod Fall weather knits have a way with great looks. Like the fabulous link-and-link stitch six-button cardigan sweater of 100% Orlon* acrylic, with crocodile signature. And under it all, the Izod four-button placket shirt with contrasting collar and trim on sleeves. In the same great 100% Orlon*.

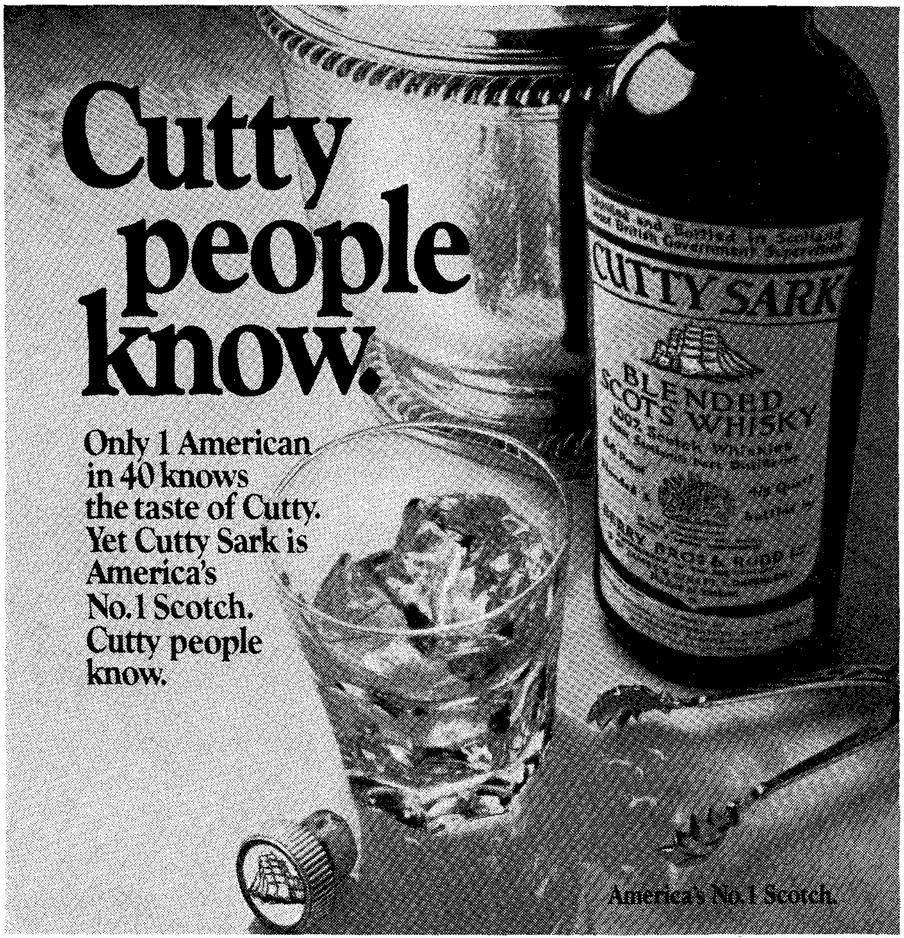
Sweater about $18.00. Dartmouth, light blue, blue grass, white, burgundy, navy, mimosa, light grey heather. Sizes S,M,L,XL.

Shirt about $17.50. White with navy, light grey heather, light blue, blue grass, Dartmouth. Light grey heather with burgundy and mimosa with navy. Sizes S,M,L,XL.

*DuPont Reg. TM

498 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

IZOD


Cutty people know.
Only 1 American in 40 knows the taste of Cutty. Yet Cutty Sark is America's No. 1 Scotch. Cutty people know.
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
America's No. 1 Scotch.

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

American wars, and, if possible, not to be in it at all. The class of '69, graduating five months after Mr. Nixon's inauguration and inclined to be hopeful about his intentions, followed suit, but primarily in a series of private actions. Its comparative silence led some older people to think that its members had dropped the issue of the war and were concerned primarily about ecology. But the class of '70 has decided to reassume the college graduates' traditional role of leadership. Unlike their immediate predecessors, who, one by one, went off to teaching jobs or VISTA or a safe I-Y, wishing the war would end but willing to give the government a chance, this year's graduates from Dartmouth and hundreds of other colleges have evidently made a deliberate decision to try to lead the country out of war.

Nearly all the Dartmouth graduates credit their own opposition to what they have learned as students, whether of Asian history, American history, contemporary technology, or the condition of man in general. They intend to share their knowledge. In the spring of 1970, with classes cancelled, more than a thousand Dartmouth students went out as volunteer teachers and canvassers. They visited almost every high school and private school within a fifty-mile radius of the campus, mostly talking to history and civics classes—to whole schools when they could. Some of the volunteers discussed the war and Asian history house-to-house this spring with somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand adults in the region. Others have gone to Washington—and are still there, and mean to stay—to talk to congressmen and congressional assistants. Acting as state committees of correspondence, undergraduates wrote to every alumnus they could track down. Ninety-five members of the varsity and freshman football squads created a certain sensation by sending a joint letter to every Dartmouth club in the country explaining *their* opposition. The baseball team contributed the receipts (free admission, voluntary donations) of the game in which they beat Navy to a fund being raised both to work against the war and to aid racial equality. The draft-counselling service, which in 1968 was a wholly intramural affair, goes on the road now. It has been, for example, to Proctor Academy, in Andover, New Hampshire, to the Woodstock Country School, in South Woodstock, Vermont, and to the public high school in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. This summer, a number of students will be working on a Quaker Peacemobile, based in Hanover.

In the past, the country, accepting the leadership of those who attended its top colleges, followed people like John Adams (Harvard '55), Thomas Jefferson (William and Mary '62), and Alexander Hamilton (Columbia '77—a war class) into the American Revolution. It followed them into the Civil War and into two World Wars. Whether it will follow them now in a new direction remains to be seen. —NOEL PERRIN

• •

MARY SHELLMIC

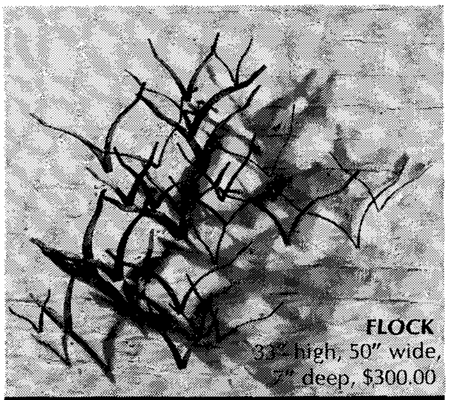
Mary Shellmic wore
a braid to her skirt's hem
and smelled of ash and chicken feed.
She was nineteen
and believed in witch doctors
and a wine cure.
Mary had me thinking of Laughing Water
and copying Pocahontas for stick dolls.
She'd push me the highest
in the crate swing,
and she had a guitar
and sang funny ballads.
From clam shells she made me a necklace
and bracelets of woven hay stems.

I told her at dusk once
on the doorstep
that she was a lady.
She tore some violets from the ground
and swore
and laughed.

—JUDI CROXFORD

MAZALTOV'S
Enchanting Equine

A smidgen of sorcery caught by Mazaltov artists for an enchanting needlepoint pillow. *Capture his delightful prance* with white, green, blue and pink Persian wools on a 15" x 15" hand painted canvas. $55 complete with needles and instructions. For other nuances of the night send for Mazaltov's new 44-pg color catalog of original creations. $2.
San Francisco ■ New York ■ Palm Beach
Mazaltov's
Dept 7Y,
758 Madison Avenue (65 St.) New York 10021


FLOCK
33" high, 50" wide,
7" deep, $300.00
WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

THE RACE TRACK

Hollywood Showpiece

HOLLYWOOD PARK's summer season reached a blazing climax last Saturday with the running of the Gold Cup. Though the meeting continues through the twenty-second, and there are still interesting races scheduled, there won't be another afternoon like this one until Gold Cup time comes around again next year. As you probably know, Pleasure Seeker won by three and a half lengths, with almost insulting ease, from Neurologo, and T.V. Commercial was third, a length and a half away. Figonero, the winner last year, was fifth. Baffle, the favorite, broke down. He bowed a tendon in his left foreleg. There were seven runners, and passing the stand the first time Neurologo led, with Figonero, T.V. Commercial, and Pleasure Seeker in close pursuit, and Baffle behind them. Rounding the clubhouse turn, Neurologo increased his advantage, and at one time he was four lengths in front, but, with three furlongs of the mile and a quarter to go, those behind began to move up, and there was a roar from the crowd as Pleasure Seeker, the second choice in the betting, who had been running along the rails all the way, popped through an opening and into a lead he lengthened as he went along. Pincay, who rides Pleasure Seeker in workouts as well as in races, deserves full marks for his handling of the colt. Pleasure Seeker, a well-made, workmanlike four-year-old bay by Ambiroix out of Troublepeg, a daughter of Mr. Troubled, is owned in partnership by Donald Brokaw, A. L. Johnson, and H. C. Vandervoort, Jr.; the last is also his breeder. A Florida-bred, Pleasure Seeker certainly hit a California jackpot. His share of the prize was $102,100 and a handsome gold cup for his owners. Now he'll go to Aqueduct for the Brooklyn Handicap on the twenty-fifth.

VERY seldom does a first-time starter win a major stakes race, but it happened last Thursday in the Hollywood Lassie Stakes, the meeting's big prize for two-year-old fillies, when June Darling beat Sea Frolic, Wicked Fairy, and eight others. How she'd do against a topflight Eastern filly like Unity Hall, who beat Deceit at Delaware Park on Saturday, I wouldn't try to guess, but she can step along, because the Lassie, at six furlongs, was run in 0:22, 0:45, 0:57, and 1:10⅕. But then they usually run fast at Hollywood Park.

IT had been years since I'd last gone racing at Hollywood Park, and while it was fun then, it was double that, and more, this time. Mervyn Le Roy, the Hollywood Turf Club's president; Jim Stewart, its vice-president and general manager; and everyone else in the organization put on a good show—one I'll match against any at my other favorite race tracks. Among the new things I liked at the Track of the Lakes and Flowers (there are six lakes in the infield, and the flowers and landscaping must be seen to be appreciated) was the new turf course, which horsemen say is the best anywhere. It's a mile and a furlong, and it starts in the infield—you get a head-on view of the runners leaving the gate—and goes slightly downhill until it begins to curve around inside the main track. The Sunset Handicap, on closing day, will be run over it, and everyone expects Fiddle Isle to win. Hollywood Park is the only track I've been to where the starting gate is not drawn by a tractor but by four Belgian draft horses. Whenever there's a start in front of the grandstand, they put on a show themselves. As soon as the runners leave the gate, the big fellows go into a gallop and hustle the machine up the track to its place just off the clubhouse turn.

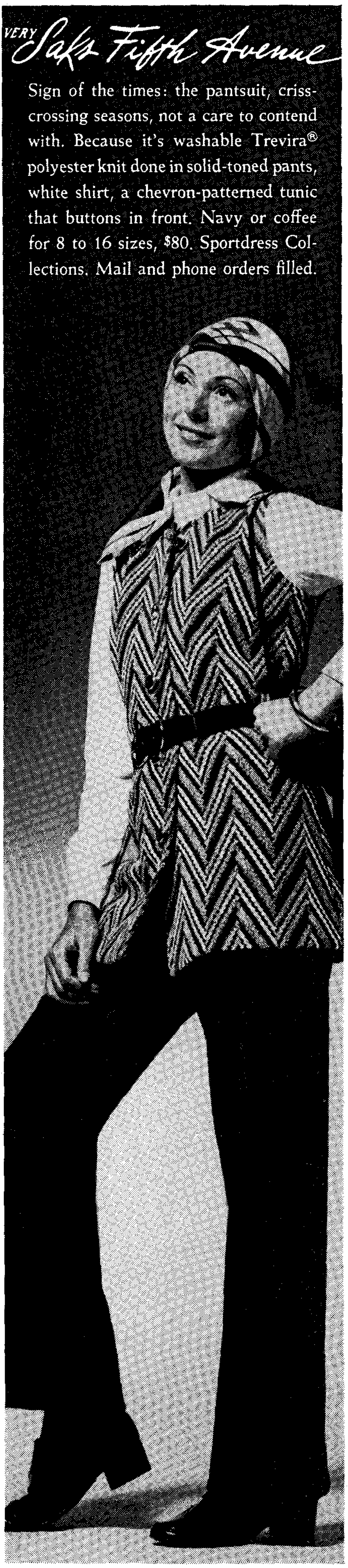
FROM all accounts over the wire, the Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was hardly worth reporting, except to say that something named Judgable led for the mile and a quarter and paid an $80.60 mutuel. And Kilts n Kapers, a 19–1 shot, won the Monmouth Oaks at Monmouth Park. Cathy Honey, the favorite, was fourth. By the way, Pincay gave up the mount on Cathy to ride Pleasure Seeker at Hollywood Park.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Instead of writing "... for the purpose of nomination and election of officers ..." you can write "... to name officers." Avoid adjectives such as "beautifully" and "graciously."—*"Hints and Headlines," a guidebook for contributors to the six Hickerson newspapers, Ardmore, Pa.*

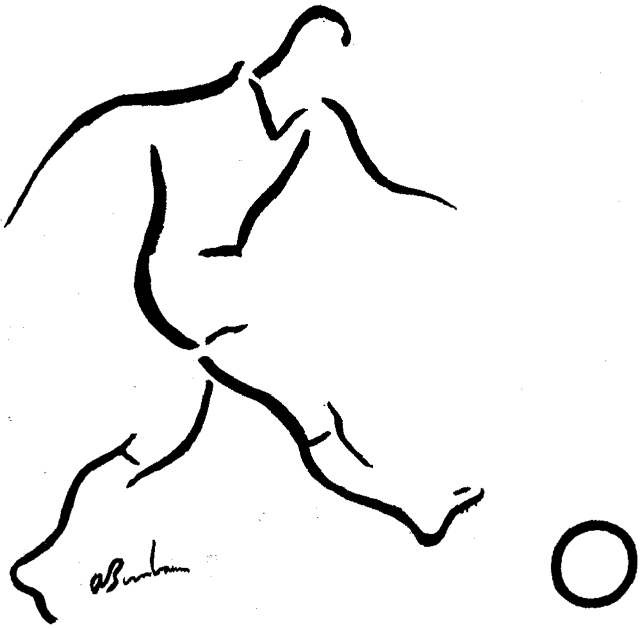
Graciously goodness! No more rich, beautifully prose?



Sign of the times: the pantsuit, criss-crossing seasons, not a care to contend with. Because it's washable Trevira® polyester knit done in solid-toned pants, white shirt, a chevron-patterned tunic that buttons in front. Navy or coffee for 8 to 16 sizes, $80. Sportdress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE SPORTING SCENE

SHADES OF TLACHTLI

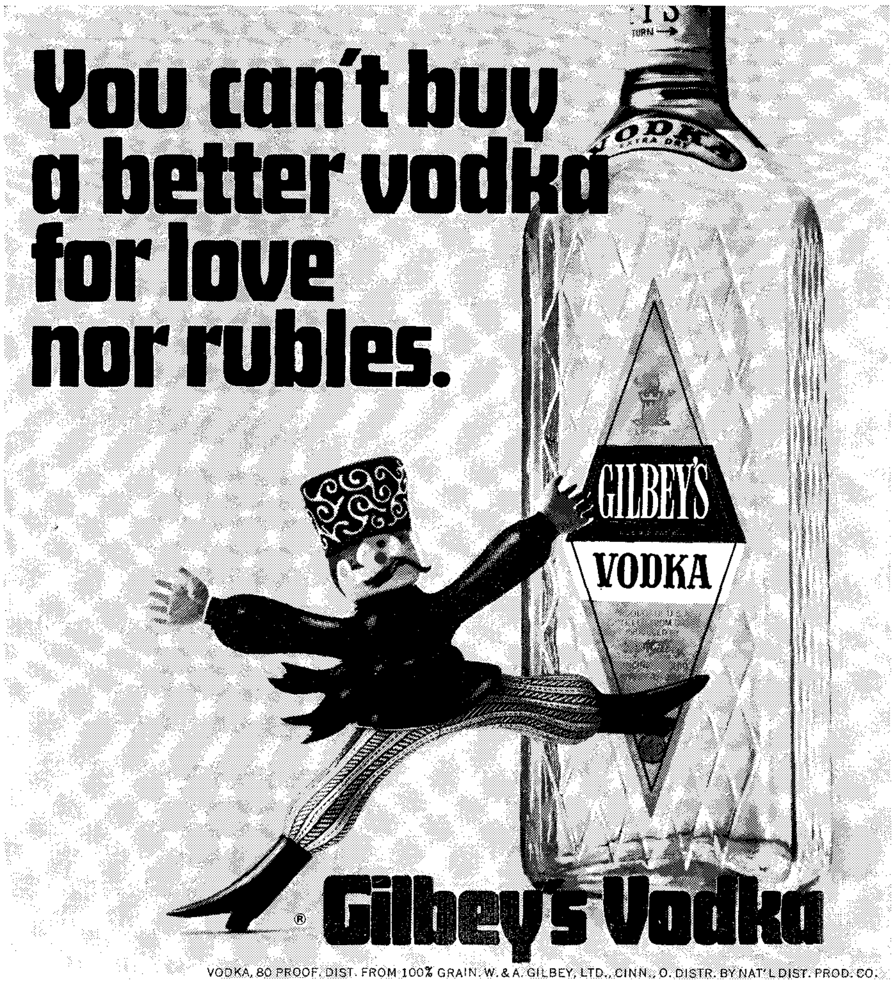


FROM where I was staying in Mexico City this June, I overlooked a dusty vacant lot, recently scraped clean to make room for one of the many new office buildings that are teetering up at a most un-Mexican rate. Early every morning, some fifteen or twenty boys of assorted ages would gather there with a soccer ball, spend ten minutes in intense, gesticulating disputation, and then begin a game of soccer that raged back and forth between two rickety handmade goalposts until night fell. The players changed—some of them were even trundled home under protest by their mothers—but the game went on in a kind of perpetual motion to which I tuned in at idle moments. And with pleasure, for through the dust loomed moments and movements of amazing grace and skill, and there was an obvious rapture on the players' faces. I love the game of soccer, both to play and to watch—its absence of trappings, its formal elegance, its occasional Zen-like ecstasies—and even the raucous to-and-fro of that vacant-lot game transcended its grubby setting, which says a lot for its diminutive players, since, insatiable as I am, I have recently seen in Mexico enough soccer to take care of my appetite. The boys were ritually reënacting on the base of the soccer pyramid what was taking place at the peak; namely, the soccer championship of the world, the quadrennial rites of which were observed in Mexico between May 31st and June 21st, mesmerizing not only me and the boys but all Mexico and a substantial part of the world's population.

"Substantial" is the word, for when I last watched the playoffs for the World Cup, in London in 1966, I stumbled on the boggling statistic that some seven hundred million people—over one-fifth of the world's population—had caught the proceedings on television, and it was reasonable to assume that now, given a burgeoning population and the game's enthusiastic evolution, even more would be taking in the games in Mexico. Nothing else in the history of the planet, not even the moon walk, received such a concentration of global attention at the moment of its happening—not by design, anyway, and the World Cup is a carefully designed global drama, calculated to reach a conclusion that will generate, if not global satisfaction, at least global relief. We read of riots and disturbances in the home countries of the participating teams, and felt, as all the Mexicans did, that for these three weeks Mexico was the center of the world. More than once, the Mexican papers invoked the memory of *tlachtli*, the ritual ballgame of the Aztecs, suggesting that the captain of the losing team should have been sacrificed to the sun, but human behavior has reached a point where he could expect instead all kinds of laurels and financial rewards, a froth of commercial sponsorship, and a ripe old age, holding forth sagely at World Cups to come—in Munich in 1974, in Buenos Aires in 1978, in Spain in 1982.

The playoffs in Mexico represented only the tip of the soccer iceberg—the last rounds of an international competition that had been taking place in stadiums as far-flung as Seoul, Salonika, and Tegucigalpa since mid-1968. The Fédération Internationale de Football Association, or FIFA, which legislates all matters of international soccer, organizes the competition from its Zurich headquarters, dividing the sixty-eight participating countries into fourteen groups. (England, which won the World Cup in 1966, and Mexico, the host country, automatically qualified for places among the last sixteen contestants.) Out of this great tangled web of competition and calculation, the qualifying countries slowly emerged, not always without incident. In the preliminaries among the group that takes in the Caribbean and the North and Central American countries (the group, incidentally, from which the United States national team was eliminated by Haiti), Honduras and El Salvador, two adjoining countries with an edgy equilibrium at best, came up against one another. Each won one home game, amid pervasive rioting, and in the wake of the deciding game (played in Mexico City), which El Salvador won by a single goal, the Army of El Salvador invaded Honduras, precipitating a small and ugly war that has not yet quite concluded. Even the climactic proceedings in Mexico were not without their political overtones: the bewilderingly unpredictable victory of the Conservatives in the British elections was seriously attributed by some to the fact that British voters chose to stay with television and the World Cup rather than go to the polls, and the Russian team was sent an ostentatious message of encouragement from Soyuz-9, circling in space above its quarter-final match with Uruguay. Europe provided nine of the final sixteen, Latin America five, and Africa and Asia one each—Morocco and Israel—and I became aware of a most energetic "Latinismo" in the air, for although the British Isles are looked on as the cradle of soccer, and Europe as its most consistent resident theatre, the Latin Americans have evolved the game according to their own lights and character, and the Mexicans read much of the competition as a war of styles. Even more, Latin Americans are the most passionate fans in Christendom. For them, the game is total catharsis, and every Brazilian boy entertains a dream of being discovered juggling a ball on his street corner by a scout from the big leagues, and of eventually becoming, like Pelé, Brazil's superstar, a national hero with a frenzied following, vast business interests, and a private fortune. With its own team in the competition, Mexico had a much greater stake in the World Cup than it had had in the Olympics, and when Mexico beat El Salvador by four clear goals, automobile horns all over Mexico City pounded out "Me-xi-co!" in terms of "*Honk-honk-honk!*" far into the night. Even the delirium of the Met fans last fall paled before the public ecstasy in the capital. Walking home, I saw a Mexican boy launch himself from a twenty-foot wall, fully expecting to fly. He was caught by his friends before he touched the ground, and returned to the air. The cartoon in *Excelsior* the following morning had the sun rising over the horizon in the form of a soccer ball.

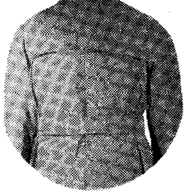
THE beauty of the game of soccer lies in its simplicity, for it requires little more than a ball and players, and its rules have not reached a degree of complexity that demands a long initiation. I have watched scratch games on building sites in Spain, in parks in England, on the Copacabana sands in Rio, where coats serve as goalposts but where the drama is as great as in any stadium. The great empathy the game creates in spectators can be accounted for by the fact that just about everybody who watches it has played it at some point. (I read in the FIFA *News* that an Asian Women's Football Association was in process of being formed, and "ladies' football" is far from uncommon in England.) But the variations on its simple pattern are many and subtle, and the distinction of the modern game lies in the constant experimentation that goes on within it, and in the fact that it has evolved from the days when players had one specific function and one specific position, when plays were as formal and predictable as chess moves, and when the functions of attack and defense were rigidly divided. Although brilliant individual players abound—and they were certainly on show in Mexico, from Pelé down—individual brilliance and ball control is not a *sine qua non* of present-day soccer; what counts more is the manner in which team members function together, and their ability to adapt to opposing styles. The decisive feature of the modern game is sudden counterattack—the ball gathered in by a defender, sent rapidly upfield to a midfield man, who redirects it quickly into the path of one of his strikers, who then has a chance to score a goal before the defense has had time to fall back and nullify the move. On the level of tactics and techniques, theories abound, and the game has several blackboard strategies beloved by pundits and prognosticators. But, as Mexico proved, prognostication is a separate exercise, if an absorbing one (I went

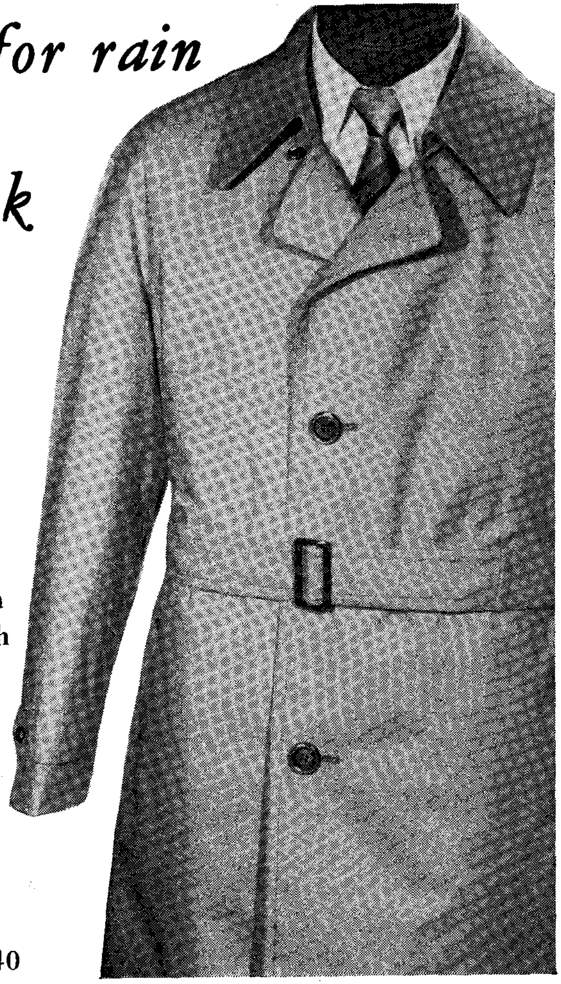

You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.

® Gilbey's Vodka

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

the Coat for rain
-front
& back





The Danes have a word for this unique raincoat—Langrock. Made of silky polyester and cotton poplin in semi-trench model with belt – it adds a touch of class even in a downpour.
Yours by mail $90.

Langrock
42 Nassau Street
Princeton, N. J. 08540

There are happy wives
who have discovered
that Back Bay shopping
blends very nicely
with their husbands'
business trips.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

Fine Books for Fine Homes

Sets of famous authors in beautiful leather bindings priced reasonably. Color Plate books. Fore-Edge Paintings. Cloth Bound sets etc. A fascinating general antiquarian book-shop containing one of America's largest collections of fine books.

Visit New York's
Most Fascinating Book Shop!

J. N. BARTFIELD
45 West 57th St. • New York, N. Y. 10019 • PL 3-1830
Open Monday to Saturday, 9 AM to 6 PM — 2nd Floor
Write for Free Catalog available shortly

1. →

Families that
play together
stay together.
Rockaways'
Playland
AMUSEMENT PARK
ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 98 ST.
ROCKAWAY BEACH, QUEENS
N.Y.C.
©

through more than one pencil-and-paper session with statistics-happy Mexican sages), for the games themselves exploded expectations. The point to make, I think, is that sport on such a global level cannot remain pure game but must also be considered in its other contexts—big business, show business, psychological warfare, and general crowd-pleasing on a vast scale. For instance, Uruguay, which has worked out a stifling defensive system of play, reduces both its opponents and the spectators to despair, while the Brazilians, masters of ballplay, of sudden switches of direction and pace, play with such an obvious delight in the game that crowds turn lyrical. In Mexico, no other team was subjected to this lesson by the aficionados as bluntly as was England.

England came to Mexico after a four-year reign as world champions, for it won the World Cup in 1966 in a final against West Germany that is still given ritual screening on British television—a final that went into extra time and that left the two countries locked in a drastic soccer rivalry. I had spent some time in England during the intervening years, and I realized then how oppressive the weight of being world champions was, for whenever the English team played it was scrutinized, dissected, cajoled, and flagellated fiercely by both public and press—always with Mexico in mind. Alone of the sixteen finalists, England came to Mexico with something to lose, and the English players were under a glass from the moment they arrived, well in advance of the competition, to acclimatize themselves and to play a few preparatory games with accommodating Latin countries. (As before the Olympics, there was considerable speculation over the effects of both altitude and heat on the players. Dr. Griffith Pugh, of the British Medical Research Council, suggested that since low air resistance increased the flight of the ball, players might find their instinctive judgment impaired; if they did, we never noticed it, nor was there any slackening of the torrid pace. It was only in the agonizing post mortems that we heard or read of the physical trials; according to one source, the English players lost, on an average, ten pounds in the course of a game.) But things went wrong for England from the very beginning, in another, more painful sense. The English team is managed by a brusque, tight-lipped strategist named Alf Ramsey, who distinguished himself in the previous World Cup by predicting from the beginning that England would win, and who, as a reward for his painstaking headmastership, received a knighthood from the Queen. Sir Alf (as the English press loves to call him) had persevered with a squad of strong, well-drilled players (he brought eight of his previous Cup-winning team to Mexico), and had trained them to a level of physical preparedness that was both obvious and impressive. But he has always shown an extreme reluctance to discuss his strategies with either press or public, and to manifest anything but extreme distaste for the hoopla surrounding the game. Although a modern team manager must serve as spokesman, figurehead, presiding genius, and scapegoat, Sir Alf treated interviewers and public appearances with clipped disdain; it was on the field that he wanted his presence to be felt, and he was not about to share his professional alchemy with anyone except his players, who, although they looked chipper enough, seemed to have "Alf knows best" engraved on the inside of their skulls.

Someone should have told Sir Alf in advance about Mexico. Someone, one felt, should have told him, indeed, about human life. The Mexicans wanted nothing more than to feel some kind of human connection with the players and the games, to be given a small worded share in the hopes and misgivings of the national camps, but from the first moment, when Sir Alf whisked his players silently away from the airport to their hotel, war was declared—a war in which Sir Ramsey (as the Mexican papers rejoiced in calling him) was doomed from the beginning. Had he given one small manifestation of humanity, it might have been different, but his team was ruthlessly whistled at, booed, pilloried, and hexed, and the night before England had to meet Brazil in an ecstatically anticipated game, a combination of Brazilian and Mexican fans shouted and sang outside the English hotel far into the night. I felt that Sir Ramsey should have been sat on the knee of the nearest human being and used as a ventriloquist's dummy, for his chilly professionalism put the English team in a light that even the most generous-spirited of the Mexicans wanted to see snuffed out. So England was early cast in the role of victim, and all the small details—the fact that the English party had brought its own bus and its own baked beans with it—enlarged the unfortunate image. I feel that the governments of the world ought to take their sporting representations very seriously—and, indeed, some do. And when I saw Mario Zagallo, the Brazilian team manager, meet reporters and the public with his peculiar grace and humor, as though grateful for their interest, I realized how easily the whole English aura might have been adjusted.

A PRIMARY cause of anxiety in the weeks preceding the competition lay in the business of refereeing. What with all the tensions of the World Cup, players are bound to be fairly strung up by the time they reach the field, and the furious pace of the game, with its inevitable collisions, accidental or intentional, can lead to blunt retaliation on the part of quick-tempered players almost before they themselves have realized what is going on. The responsibilities of a referee on such a stage are acute, for if he loses control of a game the subsequent chaos can set fire to the spectators as much as to the players, and the last two years have seen ugly outbreaks of soccer violence. Taking no chances, FIFA gathered together all its carefully screened referees for a week's teach-in before the tournament began, running films of turbulent games, holding discussions, and arriving at a unanimity of attitude that quickly made itself felt when the games began. In the first game, when Mexico confronted Russia, the German referee plied his whistle to finicky excess, taking names liberally and brooking no argument, which was just as well in the long run, for it set the level for the tournament and curbed in advance the more cantankerous of the players. Not a single player was ordered off—itself an admirable record—and although there were doubtful decisions, and even clear errors of judgment, the authority of the referee was acknowledged.

Organizing something like the World Cup verges on nightmare for a country, for it involves a mass descent not only of teams and officials but of great armies of fans, brandishing passions, languages, and attitudes not all exactly compatible with those of the host country. In 1966, the English ran *their* World Cup with a hearty, no-nonsense air, and if England did not

Boda Crystal.

Some of the many interesting things Boda does with light.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of GEORG JENSEN
601 Madison Ave. at 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Oyster Bar
AT THE PLAZA

At last, an oyster bar for every desire.

For cocktails and mussels alive, alive, oh. Also chowders. Ales. Great Beers on tap and wines that are perfect for all that seafood. Open from noon till 1 am every day. Just one of eight great restaurants at The Plaza.

These days you need all The Plaza you can get.

The Edwardian Room. Oak Room. Oak Bar. Oyster Bar. The Palm Court. The Palm Court After 8. Trader Vic's. The Persian Room.

A SONESTA HOTEL

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

BEST MUSICAL 1970
TONY AWARD WINNER
LAUREN BACALL
BEST ACTRESS – Tony Award Winner
IN
"APPLAUSE"
A NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
thru JAN. 2, 1971

PRICES: IN ORDER TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, PLEASE DO NOT LIST A SPECIFIC DATE. INSTEAD, SPECIFY A DAY OF THE WEEK. BE SURE AND LIST TWO ALTERNATE DAYS OF THE WEEK. Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $12; Dress Circle $12; Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15; Dress Circle $15; Mezz. $12; Rear Mezz. $9, 8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $8; Dress Circle $8; Mezz. $6; Rear Mezz. $5, 4. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $9; Dress Circle $9; Mezz. $7; Rear Mezz. $6 & 5.

PALACE THEATRE
Broadway at 47th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

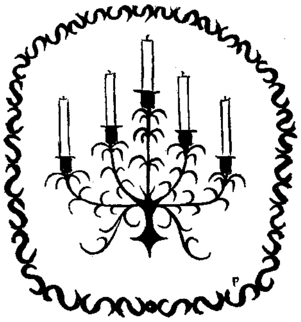
Suddenly You're In Another World!

All the pleasures of a plush resort directly on the ocean . . . enjoy the tingling excitement of the Monte Carlo Casino in your own hotel.

Write: Reservations Manager, Suite 5.

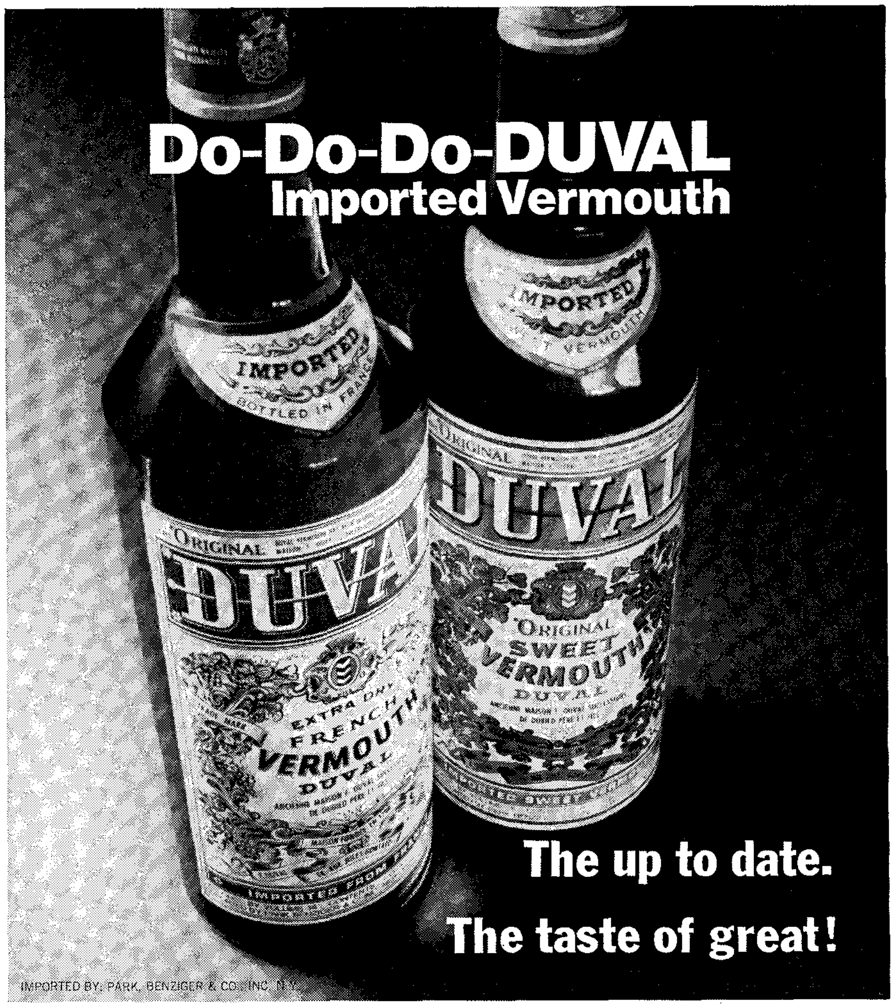
Lucayan Beach Hotel
and Casino
P.O. Box 336
Freeport/Lucaya
Grand Bahama Island
Bahamas

exactly open its arms to the invaders it at least made room on the bench for them. Mexico was different. Bent on exploding its reputation for indolence, the whole country set out to turn the occasion into a national fiesta to which the world was invited. The Mexicans had more or less proved in the 1968 Olympics that they do not entirely slumber under their sombreros, and now, with the World Cup upon them, they took care of it in style, with an obvious determination not to miss any of the fun themselves. Matches were played in five stadiums—in the huge Aztec Stadium in Mexico City, and in smaller arenas in Puebla, Toluca, León, and Guadalajara—and the Mexicans raced back and forth from one to another. They glued themselves to television sets in cafés and bars for hours (during the early stages, four games were played on one day, so there were some six solid hours of soccer on the screen), and they treated the progress of their own team with a kind of delighted surprise. Their sportswriters, wizards of metaphor, masters of circumlocution (one of the TV commentators persisted in calling the ball *el esférico*), rose to rhetorical heights. They came firmly down on the side of soccer as theatre, not as science, and the commentators quite often tumbled off the tightrope of objectivity to the point of shouting encouragement. It was for this reason that they could not forgive the English their pedagogy, or Ramsey his grim concentration. For the same reason, they took the Brazilians to their bosom even before Mexico had been eliminated, for the Brazilians were so elegant on the field, so relaxed off it. Mexicans are natural surrealists, and, watching some games with Mexican friends, I found myself in the midst of wildly speculative conversations and hilarious predictions. But underneath it all lay the national hope that everyone else was having as good a time as were the Mexicans themselves.



THE World Cup always begins sluggishly—it takes some time for the public to get the identities of the sixteen teams, their players and their styles, fixed firmly in mind, and it takes time for the dynamics of the competition to become apparent. The sixteen teams are divided into four groups of four, and each team plays one game with the three other members of its group. The first two teams in each group emerge as quarter-finalists, and from then on the competition proceeds in regular tournament style. Since the draw for the early grouping is made early in the year, there is time for endless speculation and prediction, and most fans arrive at a particular match having played it out in their heads but hoping to be astonished by the reality. Russia, Mexico, El Salvador, and Belgium played off their group in Mexico City, and it was this group that the home crowd watched over anxiously, hoping that the Mexican team might squeeze through to the quarter-finals. The second group—Israel, Italy, Sweden and Uruguay—played off its games in the small stadiums in Toluca and Puebla, while Peru, West Germany, Bulgaria, and Morocco met one another in León. But it was the group based in Guadalajara—Czechoslovakia, Brazil, Rumania, and England—that drew the most acute international attention, for both Brazil and England were highly favored as Cup winners, and their early game, on June 7th, was seen by some as a possible preview of the final. The early rounds are fuzzed over by the fact that the stronger teams tend to save both their energy and their stars for the later stages of the competition, and thus give a misleading impression of their capacities. (The Italians, for instance, settled on a totally defensive tactic, and managed to reach the quarter-finals at the head of their group by scoring only one goal in their three games while having none scored against them—a triumph of negativism.) Although these rounds produced no great dramatic surprises, nor hardly promised to, I took in the games as a sampler of national styles and individual players. The eyes of everyone were on Pelé, who was playing in his fourth (and, avowedly, his last) World Cup. He had suffered bitter luck in the previous competition, for his reputation had led him to be cruelly pursued, harried, and fouled, and one of the saddest sights in England was that of Pelé limping painfully along the touchline, head down, his light out. This year, he was in the best of spirits, beaming from the sporting pages and hungry for the game. His first appearance, against the Czechs, turned out to be prodigal, and all the more so because he played much less as an eccentric genius than as a brilliant piece in the mechanism of the team, redirecting the ball unexpectedly, drawing the defense in order to make openings for others—particularly for Jairzinho, a strong and lightning-fast striker, whom Pelé treated as a kind of footballing younger brother, making sure that he had plenty of the ball, setting up goals for him like presents. Pelé did not tower above his teammates so much as bring them out. For one thing, Brazil had in midfield two men who were to prove the geniuses of the whole competition—Gerson, a chunky, partly bald player who controlled the middle of the field and to whom his teammates would deliver the ball like an offering, waiting for his instructions, which would come in the form of amazingly precise passes, unpredictably directed but always dangerous; and Rivelino, small and amazingly strong, with a furious burst of speed and as searing a shot as I have ever seen. What proved so bewildering to the Brazilians' opponents was that their play could be neither analyzed nor predicted. True, they had a very laconic defense, and seemed at times not to bother about the ball once it had passed them, and they had a goalkeeper capable of making heart-stopping mistakes, but when the ball reached Gerson he would slow down to a walk—even stop—look ahead keenly, and then slice a pass to Jairzinho, to Pelé, or to Tostão, his forward striker, leaving them to improvise from there, for his pass would have cut the defense. The Brazilians' individual skill and their sense of one another's position set up goals again and again, none of which could have been predicted. Rivelino showed an uncanny anticipation of Gerson's plans—it sometimes looked as though they were in telepathic communication—and, with Pelé lurking ahead of them, goals always looked dangerously imminent.

England appeared to us first in a game against Rumania, which the English executed with admirable dispatch, winning by a single goal but looking both extremely collected and in amazing physical condition—they exuded health and energy, and they took the ball away from the Rumanians almost at will. (Possession of the ball is the implicit foundation of positive, attacking soccer.) They had bad luck in not scoring more, but it was a bad luck we were used to, for their victories over the past three years have been mostly by a single goal. Their defense is majestic, and they are captained by Bobby Moore, the most dis-



Security & Privacy

for your home and family are assured at **SMOKE RISE**

They are a part of life . . . permitting children and parents to understand each other.

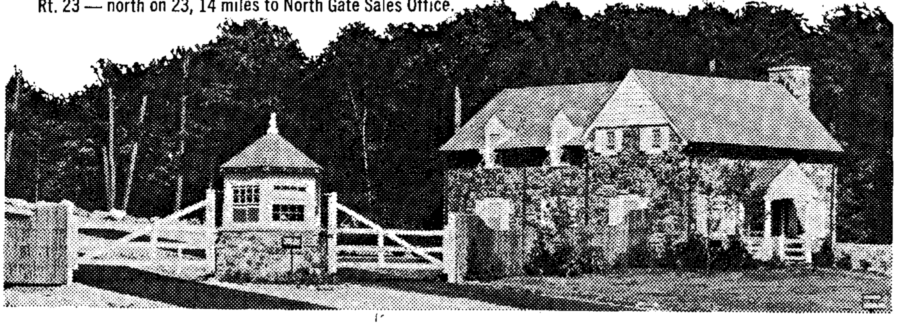
Smoke Rise is truly a haven in today's congested world, troubled by air and water pollution, and everyday fears.

It is the most exclusive Club Plan Community in New Jersey — set on 3,500 acres in the lush Ramapo Mountains

. . . with unspoiled natural settings, sounds and fragrances, fresh air, mountain brooks and lakes. $60,000 to $250,000 homes are set on one to six acre sites . . . each more beautiful than the next. Guarded on three sides by miles of watershed land, on the fourth by the ever-guarded North Gate entrance from Rt. 23.

The heritage of refinement and culture have been maintained during its 24 years of development . . . offering resident Club Members their own horse stables, horse shows, flower shows, sailing regattas on Lake Kinnelon (no gas motors), swimming, skating in winter, skiing nearby, fishing, hunting, trap shooting, 18 miles of woodland trails, 5 tennis courts, etc. Residents commute daily via private bus to Manhattan (55 min.). Excellent shopping and schools.

Write or phone for color brochure, or an appointment visit to **Smoke Rise of Kinnelon, N. J. Inc. (201) 838-4900.** Originators and developers — J. A. Talbot, Jr. & E. B. Leone. Directions: Lincoln Tunnel to Rt. 3 to Rt. 46 to Rt. 23 — north on 23, 14 miles to North Gate Sales Office.



Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES

Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $24.00.
Doubles from $32.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"

TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

CASTINE

On Wilson Point, overlooking Fort Point Lighthouse and Cape Jellison across Penobscot Bay in historic Castine—the only Maine town to have lived under four flags. Toward the Atlantic, a view of Islesboro and the Camden Hills. Much of the shorefront is fine sand, a rarity in Maine. Waterfront parcels, including 200 feet on the shore and 2 acres in total, from $7,000 to $22,000. Inland two acre lots with beach privileges, $3,500. Terms available.

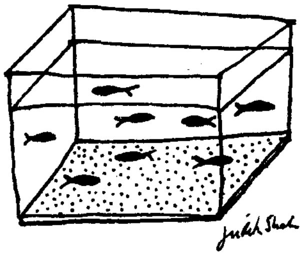
Call *Whitecaps*
207-667-5956 or Box 45N,
Bar Harbor, Maine.

People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

BROADWAY
JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W. 46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

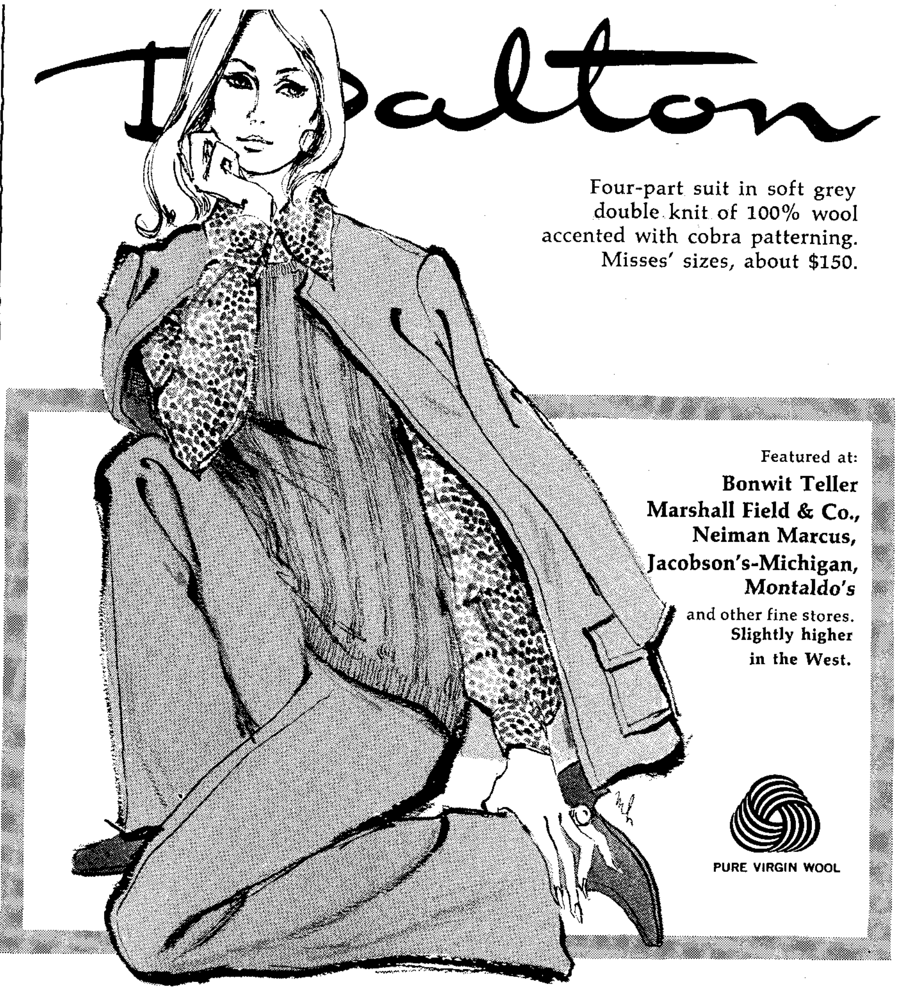
tinguished player in the 1966 World Cup, who performs with a towering consistency, unruffled and commanding, taking possible goals right from the toes of opponents. But their attack has always seemed to me hopeful rather than deadly, predicated on the mistakes of their opponents. In their second qualifying round—against Brazil—they faced the South Americans with obvious trepidation, and the game turned out to be one that fans and pundits alike tucked away in admiration, for it was between two perfectly matched teams, each with a style of its own and an eye on the other—a contest, above all, between the wonderfully anticipatory English defense and the inexhaustibly inventive Brazilian attack. During it, I saw possibly the greatest single moment in the whole affair, when, early in the game, Pelé rose out of a knot of players to a high ball, timed a header perfectly, and sent the ball just inside the far post, where, miraculously, Gordon Banks, the English goalkeeper, managed to reach and save it with a prodigious leap that made us all rub our eyes. Goalkeepers are the soloists of soccer, and Banks is looked on as about the greatest—certainly he is the most comforting, in that he does not suffer the lapses of form that demoralize a team—but he cannot have ever made a save to be prouder of than that one. The first half passed with no score, and the game seemed so finely balanced that both teams appeared to be waiting for a mistake to gain advantage. Pelé and Tostão were guarded so tightly that they had no chance to reach each other or to create spaces—except once, when Tostão went to the left and slipped the ball, without looking, to a place where he knew Pelé would be waiting; Pelé instantly flicked the ball to the right, into the path of Jairzinho, who, with some space for once, knifed it past poor Banks. It was a beautifully created goal, and it was the only one. England had bad attacking luck, and the Brazilian defense held, although it looked makeshift indeed against the smooth closing of ranks of Moore and his men. But England did not produce any move as inspired as the one from which Brazil scored, and the difference lay precisely there—in imagination, in invention.



THREE of the competing countries in the quarter-finals—Italy, Brazil, and Uruguay—had each won the World Cup twice, and England and West Germany had each won it once. The other quarter-finalists—Russia, Peru, and (to a crescendo of national zeal) Mexico—were neophytes. (Three wins would mean outright possession of the small gold Jules Rimet Cup, named after the Frenchman who had the perspicacity to set the whole thing in motion, in 1930.) With the quarter-finals, the World Cup changed from technique to high drama, for we knew that by that evening only four teams would be left, and our speculations would no longer require pencil and paper. Even so, with the four quarter-finals all taking place at noon, choices were called for, and I chose television, where I could catch a glimpse of all four games. At least, that was my intention until I turned to the game between England and West Germany, for, apart from commercial breaks, I stayed there riveted. The German Chancellor, Willy Brandt, had sent a telegram to the German team urging it to revenge its famous defeat, and it burst into play obviously determined to do so. But it was England that suddenly found its form, creating and scoring a splendid goal in the first half, and adding a second early in the second half when the German defense hesitated. For once, the English players relaxed and looked happy, their two-goal lead allowing them to entertain, for the first time, a thought of the semifinals. It was at that point that the Germans sent in Grabowski, a slight and intelligent winger (in World Cup matches, each team is allowed to make two substitutions), who immediately started to worry away at the English defense and somehow transmit fresh energy to the Germans. This bore fruit when Franz Beckenbauer, their most accomplished midfield player, scored from very far out, suddenly and swiftly, to bring the English back to a state of anxiety—justifiably, for quite soon afterward Uwe Seeler, the veteran hero of the German team, who had been nagging the English defense all afternoon, got his bald head to a high cross and flicked the ball backward into the net. The teams remained furiously level, with no rest and no quarter, right until the whistle blew, and found themselves reënacting their previous World Cup meeting to the letter, for they now had to play for an extra half hour, divided into two fifteen-minute periods. It was then that the physical strain became visible, for the game never once slowed down or subsided. I felt that England and Germany could have played on forever, for their styles are quite similar, and they read each other's game very sharply, but it was sheer energy that decided the game in the last period of extra time, when Muller ran onto a back pass from a move that Grabowski started, and thumped home a goal that we all realized was final. It was a splendid game and a satisfying one, and there could be few regrets, except, perhaps, for the absence of Gordon Banks, who had succumbed to a stomach disorder after hearing that he had received the Order of the British Empire for his services to the game, and who *might* have prevented the first German goal. But the result seemed theatrically justified to me, and I began to wield the television knob to see what I could pick up of the three other games. Uruguay and Russia were still engaged in a goal-less marathon that I was glad I missed, for they both play a gruelling, overdrilled game—slow, calculated, ponderous, but efficient. (Uruguay did win, by a single, much disputed goal, at last gasp.) I did not even have to refer to the television to find out whether or not Mexico had beaten Italy—the car horns were silent, and the streets were passable. Only the Brazilians remained, and I caught some tantalizing glimpses of their game against Peru—a team they beat almost with affection, four goals to two.

Brazil against Uruguay, and West Germany against Italy, with the English wistfully heading for home and the agonizing reappraisals that would flood the English papers. The Mexican sportswriters, perhaps out of a spasm of guilt, praised the nobility of England's performance—Mexican praise is a heavy burden for anyone—but their attention, naturally, was fastened mainly on the semifinals, and they almost unanimously predicted a final between Brazil and West Germany. (Prior to the competition, an Italian computer had assured us that the Russians would win, followed by Germany, Brazil, and Italy, in that order.) It was at this point that I shed both my score sheets and my predispositions, for, truth to tell, I was weary of prognostication and wanted only to be astonished.

I was. Instead of going to watch the Brazilians take on Uruguay, the obvious treat, I settled on the game between Italy and West Germany, for the Italians seemed to be coming into form, and I felt a little dubious about the Germans after the fierce slog of their game against England. It proved



Four-part suit in soft grey double knit of 100% wool accented with cobra patterning. Misses' sizes, about $150.

Featured at:
Bonwit Teller
Marshall Field & Co.,
Neiman Marcus,
Jacobson's-Michigan,
Montaldo's
and other fine stores.
Slightly higher
in the West.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Somewhere people are hurrying . . .
You set the pace at our place.
HOTEL
Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII

For information, rates and reservations, see your travel agent or write direct:
Hotel Hana Ranch,
Hana, Maui, Hawaii 96713

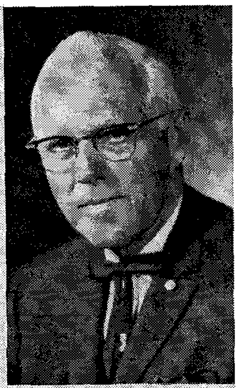
SHERATON IN KAUAI, HAWAII

The Natives are friendly

There's Kimo, for instance. He's our greeter at Sheraton-Kauai. Even if the only word he knows is "Aloha," we feel he does a pretty good job. Of course, he won't be able to direct you to the three nearby golf courses . . . or tell you about our lavish Polynesian Revue. For that information, just ask any of our friendly staff . . . they want to make you feel welcome too.

For confirmed reservations at guaranteed rates call 800-325-3535 toll free, or your Travel Agent will call it for you.

Sheraton-Kauai Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50. Color from $150.

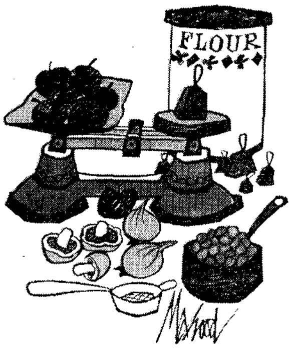
Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

The Whistling Oyster
Perkins Cove
Ogunquit, Maine
DISTINCTIVE DINING • COCKTAILS

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

to be a game that all but disintegrated Aztec Stadium with excitement, and by the next morning it was being referred to as "the game of the century" in the newspapers. After the prodigious England-West Germany game, I had begun to analyze the play as though the teams' physical styles were realizations of the tenuous threads of national character: I saw in the play of the Brazilians a reflection of their cheerful, loose-limbed appetite for the present, and I read the English game as a wholehearted endeavor to do the right thing. But now I faltered, for the Italians played like Germans, and the Germans like leg-weary veterans to whom defeat was unthinkable. Had the Germans scored first (there is a pervasive superstition that the first goal in World Cup play is decisive, which the facts do not substantiate but which belief sustains), they might have been able to apply their great energies to defense. As it was, the Italians scored twelve minutes into the game, when Mazzola, a most constructive, sharp-edged player who kept initiating moves as though the field were a blackboard, passed to Luigi Riva, idol of the Italian supporters and a prima donna of a player, who passed the ball to Boninsegna, who angled it into the German net off a post. It took us all aback, and it also made me look closer at the Italians, who were gathering momentum all the time. I now realized how thoroughly in control of their own game they were, for they did not fall back in defense but chose to counterattack fiercely, pulling the Germans back, making them cover ground, giving them neither room nor time to design their game—and none more than their lanky captain, Facchetti, who snuffed out the German attacks coolly and methodically and sent his own men flying in retaliation. How unlucky the Germans were! They hit posts, missed by centimetres, lost the bounce, and fell foul of two refereeing decisions that might have granted them penalty kicks—while the clock counted down the game in blinks. It had stopped, literally, at zero when Grabowski centered the ball toward the Italian goal from far on the left. In the goal mouth loomed the unlikely figure of Schnellinger, the blond German back who plays as the last line of defense but who now came to the front and slid the ball into the goal. I felt that a certain justice had been restored, but on the field I saw that the German players had collapsed on the ground; the prospect of an extra half hour, painful enough to us in our seats, was excruciating to them. One would not have guessed the anguish from what followed, however. Five minutes into the first stage of extra time, Muller tangled with two Italian defenders in front of the Italian goal, and the ball trickled agonizingly over the line—a goal for Germany scored by no one, but a goal nonetheless. The Germans were ahead for the first time, and we wondered if they could stay there. Not in this game. The Italians levelled the score with a textbook goal by Burgnich, and then, at the end of a beautiful play, Riva turned, shot, and scored, putting Italy ahead by 3–2. The teams changed ends for the last fifteen minutes, and we felt like pleading with them to stop. They did not. A few minutes into the period, under the incessant roar of the crowd, Muller cropped up precisely in place and headed Germany level. We almost refused to believe our eyes, and, in fact, the game had risen from the ground and become a drama of chance, for both teams appeared to be playing less by design than by instinct. Instinctive or not, it reached conclusion. The Italians moved up on the left, the ball was centered classically, and Rivera, collecting it, moved it to the right and fired in the seventh, final, emphatic goal.

The following morning, watching the boys churn up the sandlot—they were busy trying to restage the Italy-Germany game—I began to brood about the World Cup. Brazil had won the other semifinal against Uruguay, by three goals to one, after being a goal down, and now Germany had to play Uruguay on the day preceding the final, to determine third and fourth place. This seemed an unnecessary cruelty to the Germans after their two marathons, and an excessive appeal to our appetites. The newspapers were reporting all sorts of attendant circumstances—fans expiring from heart attacks in front of their TV sets, riots on the Brazil-Uruguay border, all Brazil poised for carnival, one or two murders with a soccer motif. The whole thing seemed to me like a global frenzy, and I wondered whether it might be running away with us. Later



that day, I was buying a paper on the Paseo de la Reforma when I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking round, I saw a rubicund German beaming at me. As my memory worked on him, I remembered I had last seen him in 1966, weeping copiously on the terraces of Wembley after Germany's defeat. We sat and talked for a while, and I found that he was feeling some of the same misgivings. "Four years now I am looking forward to Mexico," he muttered, shaking his head. "And then I have my great dream. We beat England, and Uwe Seeler gets his goal, and I telephone my wife, and it is all worth it, and then . . . We are cruelly robbed of our win against Italy, and all night I do not sleep, and I think of my wife and my children and my business, and I say, 'What am I doing in Mexico?' and 'This game is meant to be a pleasure to us.' And I think this morning maybe I will not go to Munich to the next World Cup. *I* say that? It seems impossible, but that is how I am feeling." I sympathized with him, but I wondered secretly about the strength of his intentions.

THE Sunday of the final eventually dawned, Mexico City clouded over, and rain was almost tangible in the clouds. It became real during the long trek out to Aztec Stadium, where the desperate venders of trinkets, their last chance upon them, covered themselves and their wares with clear plastic—some of them were even selling clear plastic—as people poured in to become a crowd of some one hundred and eight thousand. I wondered idly who counted the crowd, for I saw two small Mexican boys slip under a turnstile while their elders above were peering at tickets. Brazilians—or Mexicans of recent Brazilian affiliation—arrived in posses of blue, yellow, and green, and the Italians' supporters, their astonishment still about them like an aura, unrolled their own bright-colored flags. The field below bloomed a sodden green. In the Presidential box, aides scurried about; on the touchlines, bands played and marched and counter-marched, until, close to noon, the teams emerged from their tunnel and lined up before President Díaz Ordaz, who had had the wisdom to be on time. The Brazilian and Italian national anthems are among the jauntier in the international canon, and we whistled them appreciatively. A bit of running about, an exchange of banners, the toss of a coin, and the German referee put the game into being.

It would have taken a lot to satis-

PRODUCT OF
MEXICO
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

Tequila civilized.

For 200 years, tequila has been a bit wild in the saddle.
Tequila Mariachi is different. We make it especially for north-of-the-border tastes.
Latin spirit with a calm disposition.
Trust us. Now you can enjoy a delicious margarita, tequila sour, tequila collins, tequila anything.
Mariachi. The tequila for gringos.

Imported Tequila. 80 Proof. Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

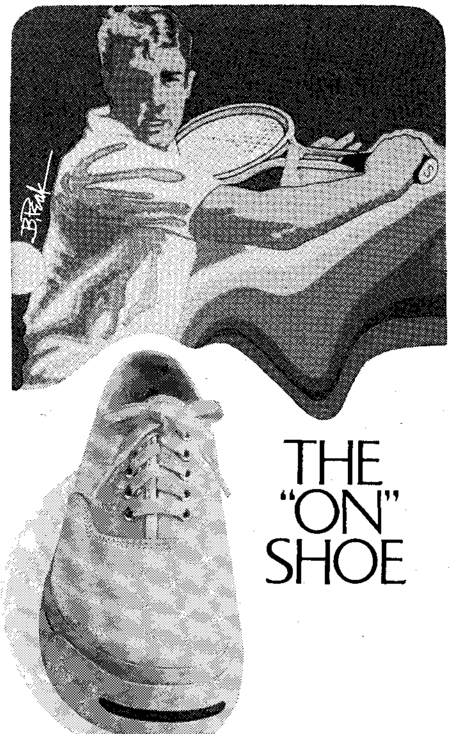
Jules Podell presents
LYNN KELLOGG
JOEY RUSSELL
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
3 SHOWS SATURDAY
8 P.M., 11 P.M. AND 2 A.M.
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

Mario's
Villa d'Este
French-Italian Cuisine
Beautiful new Mimosa Terrace available for private parties
Reservations PL 9-4025
58 East 56th Street, New York
open 7 days Mario Marchi, proprietor

For Art...
"SANDRO BOTTICELLI"
For Dining...
"CAFE RENAISSANCE"
MANHATTAN

distinctive
CHRISTMAS CARDS
The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents—rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons". ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue will be mailed about September 1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N 8
*Name*________
*Address*________
________ ZIP ________



The Tournament Purcell. Weightless Dacron® uppers. Plus exclusive Posture Foundation support. Non-skid herringbone soles for game-forcing traction.

Jack Purcell® B.F.Goodrich

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN
The New
TRIANON
SUITE
at The Carlyle

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, 744-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH STREET

Fine Foods
Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

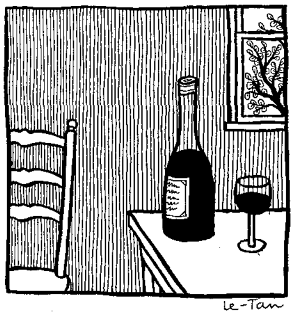
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

The finest ice in the Grenadines

The perfect hideaway resort hotel, a 113-acre private island, south of St. Vincent, north of Grenada. Charter cruise yachtsmen make a beeline here for . . . the finest ice in the Grenadines.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or call our New York office: (212) 986-4373. Petit St.Vincent Resort

fy the dramatic expectations of that crowd, glutted on the proceedings up to now. It was the Italians who looked sharper at first, Mazzola sending Riva away while the Brazilians seemed to look on in astonishment. Almost any team is bound to appear faster than the Brazilians, for they jog about slowly most of the time, changing up to a streak only when the ball is in prospect. Again it was Gerson who took total charge for Brazil, calling summarily for the ball, holding it, waiting, and then prodding it through to Jairzinho, who was, however, well bottled up by Facchetti. The Brazilians looked nervous to me, but it did not take them long to change their whole disposition, for Tostão escaped on the right and ballooned a high ball across the Italian goal mouth, and up rose Pelé, to snap his head forward and curl home a copybook goal. His teammates piled on top of him, and I felt the anxiety leave at that moment—Pelé had got his goal in the final, and the obvious appreciation of the crowd made it practically impossible for Brazil to lose. Its play changed almost at once. The Brazilians gave the ball to Gerson time after time and ran forward into position as though waiting for his orders. They interpassed playfully, they tried to dart through, they came close with a prodigious free kick from Pelé, they began to smile—perhaps too soon, for their defense let an easy ball slip through the middle, and Boninsegna, the Italian striker, snapped it up, moved behind Riva, and cracked it into the goal, to level the game. Gerson looked grim, but he soon had Brazil going again, and half time came down on us suddenly, with Pelé putting the ball into the Italian net from an offside position, and we all felt that the referee blew his whistle more to avoid the disputatious Italians than anything else.



A tie, then, at half time, in a game that was calm, attractive, and accomplished—the Italians edgy, fast, always dangerous, but too desperate for comfort, and the Brazilians waiting, watching, ready. There were plenty of superfluous dramatics about the World Cup—players sent sprawling would roll about in apparently unbearable agony while their teammates appealed for free kicks, gesticulating wildly—but the referees kept a firm, impervious distance, and the crippled players would be off and running in seconds. Pelé is an accomplished actor in that sense, but today he looked too happy to bother, and once the game was going again he treated us all to a private demonstration of himself, firing a shot narrowly past the goal so fast that the ball was a streak to me, and, once, lifting a ball impudently over his opponent's head and meeting it again on the other side. Domenghini hit the side net for the Italians, Rivelino had a fierce free kick saved, then the ball rolled from a scramble in Gerson's direction. He took it, glanced at the goal, moved to his left, and, at an angle, shot so streakingly that I saw the Italian net bulge out at the back. His teammates clawed and pounded at him in joy, and he obviously had astonished himself, for the scoring of goals is something he generally leaves to his more dazzling charges. The Italian defense seemed by now to be at sixes and sevens, leaving gaps on the right for Carlos Alberto, the tall Brazilian captain, to explore at will, surrendering the midfield to Gerson and Rivelino. The crowd was delighted, and by way of acknowledgment Gerson centered to Pelé, suspiciously advanced, who headed the ball into the path of Jairzinho, who waltzed it into the Italian goal, more or less putting paid to the game as a contest. The Brazilians are miserable in defeat—I remembered how crushed they had looked in England—but they are jubilant and jaunty when a game goes their way, and their play becomes nothing short of celebration. In this vein, with about five minutes left, Pelé went forward in the center, and as the Italian defense began to close around him he stroked the ball out to the right, where Carlos Alberto was streaking up, and the captain scored a first-time, unstoppable goal, to make the score 4–1. That was all—at least, the fans decided that anything more would be superfluous, and began to creep onto the field. The referee and the Italian team made faint attempts to keep the game going, and then gave up, and the whistle blew with a tide of spectators advancing on the Brazilians, grabbing shirts, lifting Pelé onto their shoulders, cartwheeling about in general delirium. It was hard to distinguish the players, and we feared that some of them might have been abducted as souvenirs. But eventually the field was cleared, Carlos Alberto led his men up the steps to claim

Come now to
Sea Island's summer.

All our world-renowned facilities bid you welcome. Our marvelous beach. Our incomparable Cloister Hotel, dining and service. Our beach club and pool. Golf and tennis clubs. Stables and gun club. Fishing docks and bicycles. Junior hosts augment our large staff.
Sea Island's summer is for you. Come!

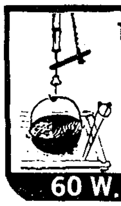
Call 912-638-3611 or write
The Cloister Hotel, Sea Island
Ga. 31561.

Steaks renowned
'round the world
. . . the choice of
discerning gourmets

Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION



Takeda's
iRORi
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS &
SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Sushi Bar . . . Fresh Sashimi
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

the World Cup from the Mexican President, the songs and the drums stopped, and the crowd melted away into the rain, not quite knowing what to do with itself. The Brazilian win was so popular as to be almost preordained, nobody was left weeping on the terraces, and I felt that even the Italians must have been satisfied by the ritual.

I left early the next morning, picking my way at the airport among groups of fans—English, Germans, Italians—who had set up small national encampments to wait for their planes and were busy exhausting their last few pesos. I bought a copy of *Excelsior*, for I had come to look forward to the wry asides of its resident humorist, Abel Quezada. "And now it remains only for the world to turn to account the possibilities of the game—namely, to get rid of the United Nations and replace it with FIFA," his comment went that morning. "It is obvious that soccer wars, although smaller, are as serious as real ones. But they have one advantage—they are certainly more fun. The Security Council could organize an impressive game between Israel and Egypt. . . . We could stage a Common Market tournament with great success, and a Vietcong-South Vietnam, with El Salvador-Honduras as an opener." Then he added, "There would be one great advantage: even our Mexican team would manage to win the war against the United States."

He had a point, I felt.

—ALASTAIR REID

•

Bathers are reminded that they must be fully dressed upon entry into swimming pools, and must be fully dressed upon leaving swimming pools.—*Notice in the Fort Belvoir (Va.) Daily Bulletin.*

Theirs not to reason why, either.

•

"When I'm getting heartburn, I can't stop the plane and lie down."

(Actual statement by airline pilot Byron Harvey, Miami, Florida.)—*Rolaids adv. in the Reader's Digest.*

Well, you've got a good grasp of the basics, Harvey.

•

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Francisco Examiner*]

The Justice Department objected to two big proposed electric utility mergers, one in the Midwest and one in England, and hinted it was opposed to further consolidations in the power industry.

magnolocs
ABSOLUTELY PICKPROOF

You are at the mercy of clever crooks with even the most "sophisticated" locks protecting your home and your valuables. The sad fact is that every lock can be picked quickly by a burglar of middling experience. Our new MAGNOLOCS are the only real answer. They provide safety and complete protection against picking and unauthorized opening. MAGNOLOCS can be opened *only* with their own magnetically coded keys, which are registered to you in person and for which duplicates are available only over your signature. If you value your home and your belongings, secure them today with MAGNOLOCS.

Please send me the following:
☐ MAGNO-PADLOCS $ 7.95
☐ MAGNO-DORLOCS $10.95
Please add $1 for postage and insurance. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.) Return in two weeks if not pleased.

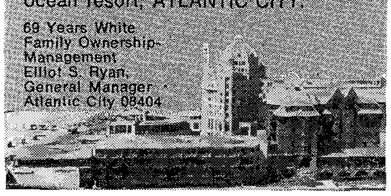
Name ____________
Address ____________
____________ Zip ______
NY0718

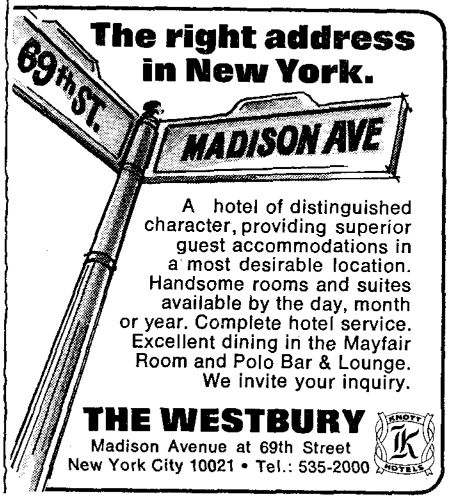
haverhill's
584 Washington St.,
San Francisco, CA 94111
Phone (415) 981-5688

©1970 haverhill's

Marlborough-Blenheim
ON THE BOARDWALK AND OCEAN
Time-honoured as a "mark of excellence" in exquisite charm, unsurpassed personal service and eminent clientele. Situated on 5 Magic Acres at Park Place in America's famous ocean resort, ATLANTIC CITY.

69 Years White
Family Ownership-Management
Elliot S. Ryan,
General Manager
Atlantic City 08404





The right address
in New York.

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000
KNOTT HOTELS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 10

ROBERT A. TAFT, a Republican senator from Ohio from 1939 until his death, in 1953, was in many ways an archetypal Middle American and perhaps the most thoughtful and articulate political spokesman for American conservatism in this century. In his last months in the Senate, when he was briefly Majority Leader, he served the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration with irreproachable and unexpected loyalty (unexpected because only a few months earlier he had been deeply embittered when he was defeated, by means he regarded as dishonorable, by the Eisenhower forces in the 1952 Convention), but he was privately critical of the Administration's failure even to make a start on dismantling the welfare state. Late in his career, he became a reluctant advocate of some federal aid to housing and education, but he almost always opposed the use of federal power or funds to remedy social injustice or to promote the general welfare, and for this opposition he was honored by the right wing of his own party and by Southern colleagues in the Senate. Yet Taft's conservatism was quite unlike that of many who accepted his leadership. He was an isolationist but not a narrow nationalist; his views on foreign policy were not dissimilar to those of many of today's radicals and liberals. He simply did not believe, he said, that the United States could police the world or had any business trying to do so. (His father had managed pacification programs in the Philippines and Cuba and had served as Secretary of War under Theodore Roosevelt before becoming our twenty-seventh President.) And his conservatism in domestic matters seemed to rest on the conviction that the United States could hardly police the United States, rather than on any devotion to laissez-faire or rugged individualism. Today, his rightist view of federal power is heard not only on the right but on the left—especially the New Left—and frequently in the center. He wanted to restrain federal power not because he thought it evil in principle but because of what he regarded as its limitations—its inability to be effective in a country as large and diverse as the United States. He often said that he had no objection to governmental intervention as such, or to the Socialization of institutions that private enterprise could not or would not manage in the public interest; all he objected to was the assumption that the federal bureaucracy, operating out of a highly provincial city on the Atlantic coast, was competent to establish and carry out sound policy for a continental nation approaching a population of two hundred million souls. In an interview toward the end of his life, he praised the effort to establish Socialism in England, giving what then seemed the eccentric reason that England was just about the right size for central management of its economy. It couldn't be done in this country, he said, simply because this country was too large.

It was politically expedient for Robert Taft, as it has been for Richard Nixon, to befriend the Southern detractors of federal power. As Nixon's Southern strategy helped put him in the White House, Taft's Southern strategy in the Senate—the coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats—strengthened his hand in fighting the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, and it is possible that his view of the United States as being too cumbersome for central administration was in part a rationalization of his own quest for recognition and influence. Certainly that seemed the case at the time. The New Deal programs administered from this city were for the most part working reasonably well and to the satisfaction of the majority of the electorate; though beloved in his party, Taft was three times denied its nomination for the Presidency because it was clear that he could not rally a majority in a general election. Such federal programs as public welfare and farm subsidies did not then appear, as they do now, to be destructive of the ends they were designed to serve. The government's hand in directing the economy seemed to be as adroit as could be expected; the regulatory agencies were doing a fair job—or so, at least, it was generally assumed. To most observers, Taft's

"Of course it's Ming. What isn't?"

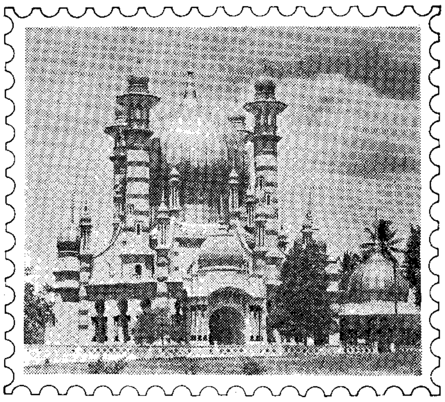
stated position appeared, on the one hand, self-serving and, on the other, analytically unsound. And even if his argument had been more impressive than it seemed at the time, its implications for policy would have been unacceptable. His views could have been applied only by Balkanizing the country or by having the government renounce responsibility for the social and economic well-being of its citizens. For if Washington was incompetent in administration, only Washington had the resources, and it was idle then—as it is today—to propose local self-sufficiency as an alternative to national responsibility.

If Taft's conservatism could be described as intellectually sterile and socially callous a quarter century ago, some of its fundamental assumptions have in the years since his death gained wide acceptance. Indeed, in this period of discord, one of the few propositions that some kind of national unity might theoretically be built around is distrust and dislike of the central government. The central government itself proclaims its eagerness to disperse much of its authority to lesser jurisdictions, and even someday to share its revenues with the states and their subdivisions. While he lived, Taft appealed largely to defenders of "states' rights." Were he alive now, he might appeal to proponents of "community control" and to those individual citizens whose principal complaint against the American leviathan is that it leaves them overwhelmed by a feeling of "powerlessness" in the management of their own lives. In some quarters, the disaffection may be feigned; the privileged may echo it because they see in it a hope of lower taxes, freedom from business regulation, and similar blessings. But in general the disaffection is firmly grounded in recent history, and a solid case can be made that the federal government is today, as Taft held it to be several decades ago, an incompetent and overextended agency promoting public policies for a nation that has grown too large and diverse for its own well-being. A prime example of its incompetence is the federal highway program—just about the largest governmental construction program in the history of organized societies, and one of the most counterproductive ones in the history of this society. Few acts of government have contributed so much to our disunity as this giant effort to bind us together with concrete—and this primarily because the engineers employed by the government in Washington had no sense of the impact of what they were doing on the communities that make up the nation. Of federal social programs, the Social Security System is one of the few that seem to be working more or less as intended. The central government can pass laws and amass funds for good works of many kinds—education, the abatement of poverty, urban renewal—but it seldom any longer comes close to achieving the goals it seeks, and as often as not deepens the problems it hopes to solve. Frequently, as in some non-nation, some pseudo-society of hostile tribes, it cannot enforce its own writ within its own boundaries. It promises law and order, but it presides over a deterioration of the rule of law and can do nothing but talk about order. It cannot enforce its established policies in educational integration. It cannot meet its own goals in its efforts to bring an end to deprivations of various kinds—in food, in housing, in health. During these last few years, of course, it has been possible to blame certain of its failures on the war in Vietnam and the energies and money that have been poured into that war rather than into more defensible operations here. But this is only part of the story. The welfare program was a disaster before Vietnam, as was the highway program, which has its own funding system.

PARK
PARK
TGoddard

The country that Taft thought unmanageable was more or less the one we inhabit today. Alaska and Hawaii have since joined the Union, and we have acquired some new dependencies in Southeast Asia, but, immigration having long since been cut off, we are pretty much the same people, though there are several million more of us. Our divisions, however, are now more numerous and more complex. At mid-century, the primary divisions—at least as they manifested themselves in electoral politics—were regional. There were the Northeast, the South, the West, and the Middle West—or Middle America, today a state of mind but then still a piece of ideological turf. But today—thanks to mobility and expanded communications, among many other things that once were expected to promote unity—our disunity is perhaps greater than

ARABIAN NIGHTS CITY?



No . . . a beautiful mosque in Kuala Kangsar, Malaysia! You can travel for months to discover Asia. Or just visit Malaysia and discover Oriental splendor and excitement.

Add Malaysia to your travel album

. . . a most exciting stopover on the vacation jet routes of the Orient.

Like some color brochures? Post the coupon to 845, Third Avenue, 16th floor, New York 10022, or P.O. Box 328, Kuala Lumpur.

Name ....

Address ....

.... NY-1

TEMPURA
BATTER MIX

Famed Recipe Now In A Mix!

TEMPURA MIX & PAN

Tempura Mix Serve feathery-light, batter-crisped, mouth watering shrimp, lobster, fish, vegetables the next time guests arrive. Achieve perfect results the very first time you use our specially imported Tempura Mix, blended by master Japanese Chefs. Enough for 40 generous portions. 12 oz. box 89¢ 2 boxes $1.65

Tempura Pan Special 10½" heavy all-steel pan uniquely designed to assure fast frying *prevents fat saturation*. Used in the finest Oriental homes and restaurants. Heavily plated attached wire rack drains off surplus oil, acts as food warmer. *Also included:* Wire Skimming Spoon, Chop-sticks for stirring—everything you need. **Complete** Tempura Set—$2.95 ppd.

Mail Orders filled promptly.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

COLONIAL GARDEN, Dept. NY-7-18
270 West Merrick Road
Valley Stream, N.Y. 11582

STRAPARAMA®

has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.

We KNOW we are doing something right!

425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

8/70

OUR FAKE ELEPHANT
TAIL HAIR BRACELET
IS SOLID COPPER!

Our second fake (our first was 14K Gold). We're known for authenticity, you know. Will our copper fake bring good luck, like Elephant Hair is said to? We don't know, and we won't say that being solid copper, it will cure your arthritis and do all of the things for you that thousands of "Copper Bracelet Cultists" believe copper bracelets do. We're plainly somewhat superstitious though, or we wouldn't go to all this trouble. We've even copied the very special sliding knot used by African natives for generations in making the Elephant Hair Originals... no small feat! *Adjustable for size. Illustration enlarged to show detail.*

We're sure that our fakes will be faked; only our GENUINE FAKES bear our label... the mark of Authenticity.

Our First Fake, in Solid 14K Gold $100
Our Second Fake, in Solid Copper $18
THE REAL ONE, in Genuine Elephant Hair $5
Specify men's or women's.
Add $1 Each on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax

© Visit Our NEW SAFARILAND™ SHOP
or Write For New 84-PAGE CATALOG
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022
N23

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

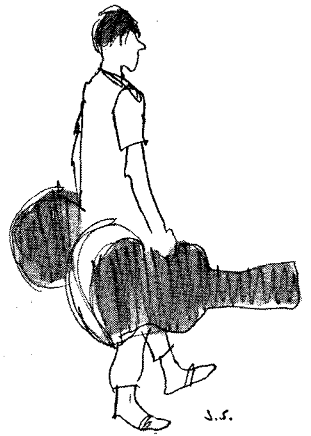
RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
PAVILION
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc MON.
6:00 to 11:00 P.M.
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. · PL 3-3787

The unspoiled resort
on an unspoiled island...
Bakoua
Beach Hotel
FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, F.W.I.
Write direct, see your Travel Agent or call
I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc. / Ruth Apgar

ever before, and even regionally there have been changes of immense proportions. The South, for example, is now, for most political purposes, three different regions: what is sometimes called the "outer" South, in which Republicanism has been growing along with economic development; the "central" South, which is George Wallace country; and the South of the newly enfranchised blacks—not a geographical entity but a series of pockets in which the black vote may before long be a critical factor. Moreover, as Samuel Lubell has pointed out in "The Hidden Crisis in American Politics," the northward movement of Southern blacks has brought the old racial politics of the former Confederate states into Northern politics and created, in effect, a "South within the North," and in particular, ironically, within the large Northern cities once regarded as the social antithesis of the agrarian Southern heartland from which the internal migrants came. And the introduction of the South's peculiar brand of ethnic politics into the North has led to the revival of the old and, it seemed, dying ethnic politics that became a feature of urban life in the years of European immigration after the Civil War. Meanwhile, non-regional and non-ethnic minorities have been proliferating and functioning both as social classes and as political blocs—students, intellectuals, suburbanites, welfare clients, pensioners, a growing *Lumpenproletariat*, newly unionized and militant civil servants, and so on. Each is a distinct and important constituency, and while the interests of some may overlap those of others, the overlapping is less significant than the conflicts. What these minorities have in common are grievances, often against one another and almost always against government at every level.



The question whether this country is manageable today, or was twenty years ago, is essentially a social rather than a political one. It is the habit of politicians to think of the social and political orders as one and the same thing, when in fact they are in most cases quite different. A society can undergo fundamental changes while its political order remains substantially unaltered. It is the function of politics, however, to deal with the consequences of social change and, in a democracy, to resolve conflict as peacefully and as equitably as possible. This requires some degree of consensus—not the near-unanimity that Lyndon Johnson sometimes sought but the kind of agreements, and disagreements, that can be made the basis of policy within such coalitions as the Democratic and Republican Parties. But the recent changes in the American social order have been breaking down consensus and thereby making it increasingly difficult for politics and government to do anything but exacerbate the problems and give further demonstrations of incompetence. It looks very much today as if, because of the difficulties in obtaining even a minimum of consensus, the two-party system were breaking down. Each election reveals a weakening of regular party loyalties and a strengthening of "spoiler" institutions, such as George Wallace's American Independents and statewide third- and fourth-party movements. It may be that the day when it was possible to achieve national majorities is over; three of our last five Presidents have been elected by minorities, and the only recent President who has been even briefly effective in dealing with social change was Lyndon Johnson, who enjoyed a bit more than a year of grace after the assassination of John Kennedy and before the Republicans' nomination of Barry Goldwater. Richard Nixon finds it hard to form majorities even within his own party's congressional minority; last week, most Republicans voted to override his veto of the Hill-Burton hospital-construction bill. And accompanying the breakdown, or breaking apart, of the established political institutions there is a spreading tendency to circumvent political processes altogether and seek the redress of grievances by confrontation, demonstration, disruption, and other extra-political displays of power and force.

The ability of the American government to hold the country together has been in doubt since its founding, and it once had to demonstrate its competence by resorting to violence in as bloody a civil war as history has known. But for a century following that war—despite the injustices persisting after the abolition of chattel slavery—it achieved a remarkable political stability and proved itself a highly effective instrument for dealing with the consequences of economic breakdown. But it has never had to weather a prolonged crisis of public confidence. The most severe one probably occurred in the early thirties, but the victims of the Depression did not feel themselves victimized, as so many people do today, by the government itself. It was the economic order that had failed—and not in this country alone—and when a Presidential candidate emerged who seemed determined to establish a political mastery of the economic order, the people rallied behind him. Through most of our history, the central government enjoyed an extraordinary degree of public confidence and coöperativeness. Until two generations back, the country was largely populated by people who had known tyranny at first or second hand and gladly gave their loyalty to a government that did not conscript their sons or confiscate their meagre worldly goods or demand religious or ideological conformity. But such memories no longer exist, and this government does conscript, in peace and war and half war. True, it does not make all the other demands of traditional authoritarian regimes; rather, the shoe is on the other foot now, with citizens withholding confidence from the government because it fails to meet *their* demands. However that may be, there is today not only a lack of confidence in the central government but a feeling that it menaces the world and increases human suffering within the American society itself. Its menace to the world may be a demonstrable proposition, but if Taft was right about its incompetence, the worst that can really be said of it is that it is unable to cope with the problems arising out of changes in the society and unable to foresee certain damaging secondary effects of its efforts to cope. Something like the highway program is oppressive in its consequences, and it has richly rewarded a number of vested interests, but the intent of its initiators was benign, being a response to what was held to be a social need. Much the same can be said of most of the other programs that are working against the ends of their designers.

Whatever the causes may be, there is in the American psyche today an alienation from the central government that is new in our experience. It hardly matters whether this is attributable to structural faults in the society or to the dashed expectations of those whose expectations of government were too large in the first place. Things may

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $10.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $17.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00; Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ______________________________
Street ______________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ______________________________
Street ______________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ______________________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______________________________
Street ______________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ______________________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ______________________________
Street ______________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Gift card to read: "From ______________________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

change, but if anything is reasonably clear it is that they won't change very soon. The Nixon Administration may be less adept than some that preceded it, but the problems are only in small part political or procedural. For a time, it seemed as if this conservative Administration would find its conservatism a source of strength in righting the wrongs that all perceive in the public-welfare program by substituting a guaranteed income. Now this hope has dimmed; the bill is tied up in a Senate committee, and although it is one of the few things that almost no politician opposes, no one seems to care enough to work for its survival—least of all those on the left who championed the idea until this despised Administration took it up and made it its own. Success seems to elude the government nowadays even in the most praiseworthy and broadly supported of its undertakings. And a government of which this can be said is one that seems close to losing its authority. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

WANTED
MAN OR WOMAN
WITH
$1,000,000

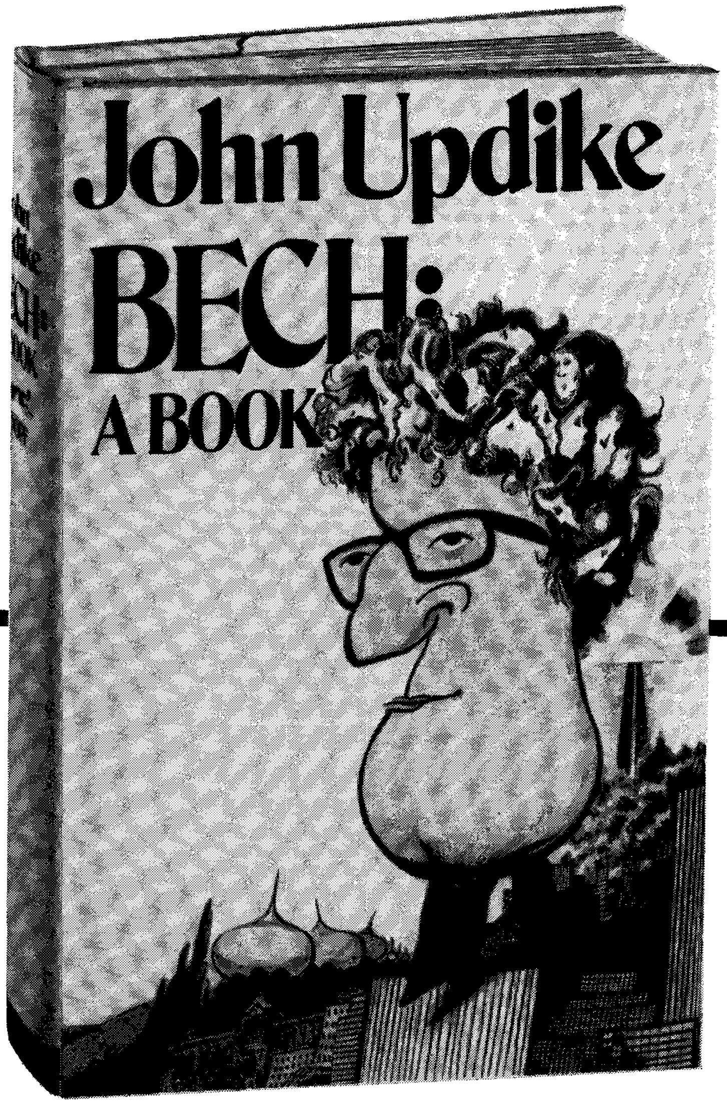
The person we seek for our client's home will be a highly sucessful individual who is accustomed to successive annual earnings in excess of seven digits.

His tastes are refined and cultivated—reflected in his impeccable tailoring, his Rolls Royce, his choice of restaurants and careful selection of wines and liqueurs to compliment a gourmet dinner, his participation as a patron of the arts, his stable of racing horses and polo ponies. He lives the good life, he maintains several suites and homes both here and abroad, he skiis in the Swiss Alps, swims from his yacht in the warm waters of Monte Carlo—he thinks nothing of jetting to Paris for dinner aboard his own aircraft. He is on a first name basis with the greats and the near-greats of the world, and is escorted and seen with all the beautiful people at all the internationally known places.

For this person we have a most electrifying experience. We honestly do not believe he can spend one hour in this faultlessly constructed home—architecturally mistake proof—without being utterly captivated and conquered. This supposed innate object lives, breathes and pulsates: like a tunning fork tuned to life itself, quivering and shimmering mirror-like—a beautiful ballerina caught forever in an instant of time in a pirouette. A vibrant environment that brings alive all your senses—this "different" most startling and distinctive home ever devised by the hand and genius of man, defiantly weaving its overpowering spell.

May we send our limousine to whisk you from the mundane to a spell-binding brilliant moment in time to view leisurely the greatest showpiece on earth.—*Adv. in Daily Variety.*

What make is your limousine?



From Henry Bech's own foreword:

"Until your short yet still not unlongish collection, no revolutionary has concerned himself with our oppression, with the silken mechanism whereby America reduces her writers to imbecility and cozenage . . . I like some of the things in these accounts very much . . . I liked some of the women you gave me, and a few of the jokes . . . I don't suppose your publishing this little *jeu* of a book will do either of us drastic harm."

Other reactions: "Perhaps Updike's best and most attractive book."—*N.Y. Times Book Review* . . . Updike's "most delightful book"—*Harper's* . . ."One of Updike's best creations" —*Life* Magazine . . ."The funniest, most elegantly written . . . renditions available about what happens when a writer stops being a writer and becomes a culture object."—*Time*

5/7 of *Bech: A Book* originally appeared in *The New Yorker*

3rd printing·$5.95·Alfred·A·Knopf

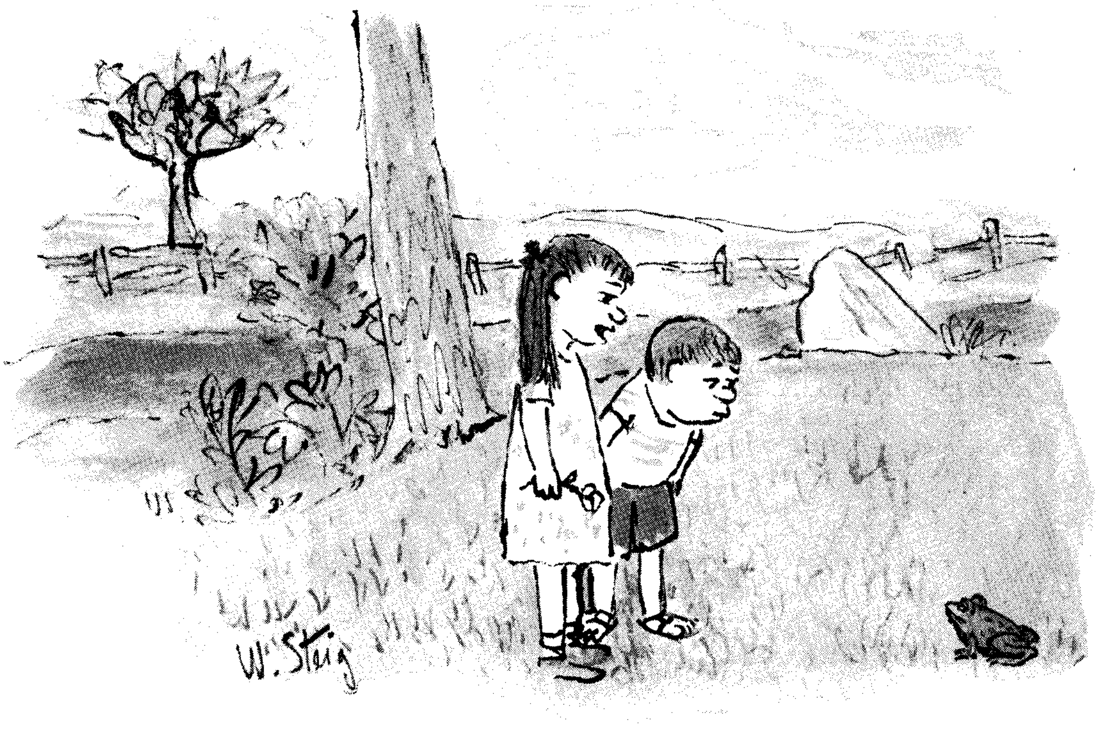
BOOKS

The Good Life

THE best way to describe the delights of "Letters of Aldous Huxley" (edited by Grover Smith, published by Harper & Row) is to recall the apocryphal actress who, reading the telephone book aloud, turned everyday material into a thrilling event. The letters are the spontaneous, unguarded communications of a remarkably gifted man traversing the alphabet of human existence from boyhood—five or six—to the eve of his death, at sixty-nine. The ABC is all there: going to school and looking for work, and transformations, such as the moment when—or so it appears—all at once everybody gets married, and the moment when sons become fathers and fathers become grandfathers, and the inescapable bereavements, the trials of mourning, the tasks of consoling.

Aldous Huxley had a great capacity for love, but he had to learn to love widely, to love people outside his circle of distinguished relatives and family friends. The letters from Eton and Oxford are self-assured, provincial, intolerant—bumptious, in a word. The language is the affectations—school slang, archaisms, pedantic references, puns—that make little matters long. His first judgments of people, and peoples, are almost always harsh; one way or another, in these early pages, Huxley manages to deride almost every variety of foreigner he meets. But his mother, who died in 1908, when he was fourteen and at Eton, had written him, "Don't be too critical of other people and 'love much,' " and he was able to take and apply that advice. His language grows more direct, gaining verve as it gains simplicity; so, too, his tolerance and warmth increase. The brilliant, smart-aleck kid becomes a brilliant, famous writer, and an exceptionally kind, generous man. Huxley's growth in goodness was not the effect of easy circumstances; his health was never robust, and his financial security came from unceasing work. He wrote a friend, in 1954, of "wishing . . . that I could hit some dramatic or cinematographic jackpot," but no letter expresses regret for the money, time, and thought he gave away. Nor was Huxley's goodness the outcome of a confident, cheerful disposition. He assessed his own artistic achievement modestly (too modestly), and he maintained that art—both its creation and its enjoyment—was less important than religion or philosophy. He was apprehensive about the world, and had the kind of mind that refuses to let any calamity be sufficient unto itself; every disaster had to be the thin end of a still more disastrous wedge. He expected the First World War to bring about "the collapse of English civilisation . . . under the sinister influence of Prussianism," and the reëlection of Lloyd George to entail "the consequent abolition of any serious kind of parliamentary government." Throughout the nineteen-twenties and thirties, he awaited the destruction of European civilization by Americans, Russians, Asians, and—in one improbable letter—Tunisian Arabs. During the Second World War, he lived in California and expected the war to bring plagues and famine. As for England, he understood, as of 1944, that "government tyranny is complete," which did not prevent him from looking for "steadily increasing tyranny" after the election of the Labour Government in 1945. As early as 1948, he started to worry about overpopulation and the exhaustion of the soil, which would turn "most of the planet" into "a dustbowl . . . ruled by tyrants." Yet in another frame of mind Huxley could answer Huxley and recognize that the present cannot judge itself, let alone foretell the future; in a letter to his brother Julian he remarked, "The thirteenth century . . . was one of the great flowering times of history. But . . . those who, in that century, wrote about their own period were uniformly of opinion that it was an age of decadence." Huxley's habitual pessimism helps one realize that "Brave New World," like other anti-Utopian works, is no didactic caricature or editorial statement, although that is how most people read it; instead, like any other work of art, it is an expression of its author's personality.

There are marvellous things in these letters besides Aldous Huxley's moral qualities. When he wants to tell someone about somebody else—about John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield, or Frieda Lawrence—his character sketches are unmatchable. The people are not figures in a novel but real, described by a master. Nevertheless, Huxley's own goodness seems to be the most striking quality in these letters, for the most difficult hu-



"It might be a prince under a witch's spell."

Against the Evidence

The Becker-Rosenthal Affair
by ANDY LOGAN

■ No other murder ever had such fantastic front-page coverage (here and abroad for three sensational years). Or such a cast. It surpasses any whodunit. "A brilliant piece of research and writing."—Gus Tyler, in his review of New York Magazine's Book of the Week
Photos/Map/$8.95
Soon to be a major motion picture produced by Harry Saltzman
The McCall Publishing Company

Country Inns and Back Roads

"THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND" 2.95 ppd.

Plan a day, weekend or a vacation with this lively narrative. Personal lodging and food recommendations of 65 "true" inns from New England to California. Shunpikes, history, nature, 110 original sketches and charming old prints. Includes detachable Directory with rates; reservation information. Also Winter Supplement mailed December 1st at no additional cost.

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 167

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR
24th ANNUAL COLLECTION
EDITED BY ALLEN J. HUBIN
$5.95
dutton

man problem is how, being one's own individual self, with one's own abilities and inadequacies, one can be good. Huxley solved the problem as well as anybody can—and far better than most people do—and yet he could never see that he had. He never thought of himself as good, and never made sufficient allowance for the frailty of his constitution or the exceptional sensitivity of his nature. His diligence is awesome, his eyesight is terrible, he reads and writes to the point of exhaustion and then apologizes for not having speedily answered a not very urgent letter. There is a distinction—which, as far as he was concerned, Huxley did not make—between a critical disposition that is merely hateful and one that derives from sensitivity; after all, if your ear is keen you will be disturbed by somebody who is singing flat. Huxley's sensitivity made him critical of other people, but by the time he became a man he had learned not to say or write the wounding word. Whether he was secretly getting up money to help a down-and-out writer or putting together the first collection of D. H. Lawrence's letters, his main concern, after the job itself, was not to hurt anybody's feelings. And, of course, his sensitivity made him—among other things—a wonderfully sharp spotter of new work: of first appearances by Lawrence, Eliot, Moravia, Greene, Kafka.

In his introduction, Mr. Smith says that "Huxley was fundamentally a skeptic." In fact, Huxley was more than skeptical—he totally rejected the assistance of Christianity or psychoanalysis in his quest for goodness. Instead, he investigated mystical Oriental disciplines and parapsychology and psychedelic drugs, and forms of healing, such as hypnosis, that are, for the time being, anyhow, outside the mainstream of medical practice. His skepticism kept him from becoming a cranky zealot, although a few of his correspondents sound like cranks. Many of his letters elucidate what he and others have sought (and sometimes found) in mystical experience: a rapturous state of self-forgetfulness or self-transcendence, in which he, at least, felt absolutely certain of a "One" who is "Love." (He refers to "the intensity of my experience of the state of love.") Though he does not often use the word "sin" as Christians use it, he writes of "grace" as they do. I have the impression that Huxley took it for granted (as when he writes that human beings must "transcend their miserable little egos") that everybody's ego, including his own, is naturally miserable or sinful—as Pascal, whom he greatly admired, says, "*Le 'moi' est haïssable.*"

88
A. Davidson

Possibly because he did not lose intellectual energy as he grew older, Huxley did not turn to autobiography or reminiscence. However, in 1949 he agreed to read from his work for a record, and, as if Huxley reading Huxley were not a sufficient attraction, he wrote that the record might interest students of language, because when he heard himself, he realized that his pronunciation duplicated his mother's and reproduced the speech of Oxford in the eighteen-eighties—"the Oxford of Jowett and Lewis Carroll, the Oxford in which my mother was brought up." Perhaps that is a clue. Where did Aldous Huxley get his formidable drive toward achievement and toward virtue? Where did he get his need to toil on despite the conviction that he could never do enough or be good enough? His mother was an Arnold; her grandfather was Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and Matthew Arnold was her uncle. The gap between their generations was caused by the disappearance of solid Christian faith, but the religious doubt of the younger Victorians did not allow them any slackening of moral behavior. Aldous Huxley's late-Victorian forebears had renounced the hope of a crown of glory, but they insisted, nonetheless, on carrying the cross of duty. Huxley was not a Victorian novelist, but his dutifulness, his diligence, his self-forgetfulness, his humility, his self-dissatisfaction, and his ceaseless aspiration for betterment compose a Victorian personality. His correspondence is not only entertaining but edifying. Contemplating the author, I am discouraged by the widespread certainty that Victorianism and its ethic have been superseded by hedonism. I am tempted to remark that unless we remember—as the Victorian Huxley did—to try to be good though unhappy, civilization as we know it will, for all practical purposes, come to an end. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE VOYAGE OF THE FRANZ JOSEPH, by James Yaffe (Putnam). In the summer of 1939, Hitler gave special permission for a thousand Jews—men, women, and children—to sail from Germany to Cuba, where they had been promised asylum. In the course of the voyage across the Atlantic, permission to land in Cuba was withdrawn and the ship received orders to return to Germany—a return that meant the concentration camp and probably death for her passengers. The only hope was that another country would offer asylum to the refugees. Members of the American Jewish Defense Agency, in New York, followed the progress of the voyage with painful urgency while they tried frantically to find a country willing to accept at least a few of the doomed people. In his novel based on these events, Mr. Yaffe relies heavily on the reader's awareness of conditions inside Germany in 1939 for his atmosphere in general, and especially for his suspense; there is hardly a shred of feeling in his narration, which is in any case much too long.

GENERAL

OPERATION OVERFLIGHT: THE U-2 SPY PILOT TELLS HIS STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME, by Francis Gary Powers, with Curt Gentry (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The decision to send a U-2 over Russia just before a summit conference was, the author believes, a bungle by American intelligence for which he was made, to a limited extent, a scapegoat. Previous overflights, he tells us, had revealed the striking growth of Russian missile capabilities. This discovery alone, Powers thinks, justified surveillance flights, since the United States had no other way of finding out whether the Russian arms effort was going into missiles or into manned bombers. But the U-2 was never conceived of as more than an interim device that would have to be abandoned when Russian missiles improved, and by the time Powers was shot down it was—or he thinks it should have been—evident that what happened to him was about ready to happen. And, he believes, President Eisenhower was never fully informed of the increasing risks of the U-2 flights he authorized. Neither Powers nor any other pilot had been given any instructions about what to do in case he was captured, so, Powers says, he evolved his own way of dealing with his predicament: he pretended to be an ignorant mercenary pilot, unable to give the Russians much information, though willing to do so to save his neck. This assumed character was accepted by the Russians and—this pains Powers terribly—by most Americans, some of whom thought he was being paid so much that he should have committed suicide. Powers describes himself as no mercenary but as a patriotic young man who loved flying; though no intellectual, he was no dope, either. The Russians never mistreated him, but he found his interrogations, trial, and imprisonment a severe ordeal. He was sustained by, among other things, a rosy view of his employer, the C.I.A., which turned to disenchantment after his exchange. His professional criticisms of the agency's professional performance are specific—he cannot understand, for example, the agency's lack of interest in what he had learned about Russian interrogators and their intelligence-gathering techniques. His book is interesting all by itself, and it joins the roster of works that have been raising an exasperating problem: How can an open society cope with secret agencies, its own or anybody else's?

THE LOVE THAT DARED NOT SPEAK ITS NAME, by H. Montgomery Hyde (Little, Brown). Subtitled "A Candid History of Homosexuality in Britain," this book is exactly that. Mr. Hyde—who, as a Member of Parliament during the nineteen-fifties, was active in the reform that legalized homosexual relations between consenting adults—is extremely knowledgeable, even learned, on the subject, and the only limit he sets to his candor is that he will apparently not name living homosexuals who have not publicly identified themselves. The freedom from prurience and the compassion mixed in with Mr. Hyde's candor make this study a model, and the author's concluding plea for an equalitarian acceptance that goes far beyond "tolerance" carries great conviction.

FIVE PATIENTS, by Michael Crichton (Knopf). An admirable anecdotal

Curaçao
The purest example of a European city this side of the Atlantic. With shoulder-to-shoulder Dutch houses painted in rainbow colors. With over 50 nationalities. Casinos. A crazy dish called Keshi Yena. A crazy bridge called Queen Emma. A wild coral grotto called Boca Tabla. And a very interesting neighbor like Aruba.

The 8th Continent of the World®
The Caribbean

Q
Caribbean Travel Association
20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017

Please send me your sensational free guidebook that really covers Curacao and all the French, Dutch, Spanish and English islands in the Eighth Continent.

Name__________
Address__________
City______ State______ Zip______

give...so more will live
HEART FUND

MORAVIAN SEMINARY FOR GIRLS
Founded 1742
4313 Green Pond Road
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania 18017

The oldest Protestant boarding school for girls in America, yet forward looking in housing, facilities, curriculum, student life and educational philosophy. Exclusively college preparatory, IX-XII. Emphasis on concern for the individual and on developing personal strength for living in a world of changing values. Opportunities for community involvement and cultural programs at five neighboring colleges. Write or phone Van S. Merle-Smith, Jr., Dean. (Phone 215-691-1600)

◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St. 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St. 751-1960

◆

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-70B.
BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

illumination of Massachusetts General Hospital, where the author (a recent graduate of Harvard Medical School) was trained, and, by extension, an illumination of every other metropolitan teaching hospital. It is also, since the hospital is increasingly the center (as the only repository of a highly complex diagnostic and therapeutic machinery) of modern American medicine, an illumination of the scientific face of modern medicine itself. The anecdotes take the form of illustrative case histories—a problem of infection, a delicate surgery, a difficult diagnosis. Dr. Crichton is one of the new breed of physicians who believe that "only the most insecure and unintelligent physicians wish to keep patients from becoming more knowledgeable" in medicine, and he discusses with frankness and clarity the nature of current medical education (which tends to train teachers rather than practitioners) and the inevitable evolution of the hospital into a place of treatment solely for the acutely ill. Along the way, he drops a variety of useful orientations, such as the fact that the now commonplace blood transfusion was the pioneer attempt at organ transplantation. A selection of the Literary Guild.

THE JOB, interviews with William Burroughs by Daniel Odier (Grove). A revised and enlarged edition of a work published in France last year. Some books seem more suitable for study by clinicians than by literary critics, and this is one of them. Here is a typical Burroughs remark: "A man with photos of the Bay of Pigs was on the way to a newspaper office when the agent who was tailing him called a 'special number' in Washington. 'On the way to the newspaper office he was run down by a laundry truck.' Not so easy to be sure of nailing someone on a walk across town after all people do look before crossing a street. I would venture the guess that he was pushed in front of the laundry truck by a laser. Lasers can move satellites in and out of orbit. They could push someone in front of a truck. Is this knowledge in the best hands?"

√ THE ART AND TIMES OF THE GUITAR, by Frederic V. Grunfeld (Macmillan). As the author points out, the guitar is now the most universal of musical instruments. ("At last guess there were fifteen or twenty million guitars in circulation in the United States. . . . The musical world is now in the grip of a great resurgence of pure twang.") He goes on to trace the history—social and political as well as musical—of the instrument, which in one form or another has been known by the names of cithara, cythara, kithara, citra, gittern, guittarra latina, guitarre, guiterne, and vihuela (which was once the Spanish name). More or less consistently since the sixteenth century, the Spanish, of course, have been the greatest guitar players, but the instrument was very fashionable all through Europe until around 1800, when (except in Spain) it lost its supremacy to the piano. Now it is on the way back via the country-and-Western and rock music of the United States. (It has, of course, always been an indispensable instrument in the music of Latin America.) Great composers of guitar music and great guitarists of the past are discussed in detail, and influences of the guitar on symphonic composers are noted, including the peculiar style of Berlioz (who, unlike most symphonists, was not a pianist but a guitarist and flutist) and the work of Spanish composers like Granados and Albéniz, who wrote for the piano as if it were a guitar. Mr. Grunfeld has a lively and charming way of writing, and he has illustrated his book with many reproductions of paintings and drawings—many of them by great masters—of people playing guitars.

•

The Pittsburgh Steelers have hired a champion weightlifter to be their "strength coach." He is 43-year-old Lou Reicke, an Olympian in 1956. . . .

"Of course, pro football players are much stranger than the average person," Reicke says.—*Green Bay Press-Gazette.*

That's open to question.

•

DETROIT (AP)—Ralph Nader has charged the U.S. medical profession with electrocuting 5,000 patients yearly and then covering up their deaths. . . .

He said such deaths are usually attributed to "cardiac arrest," by physicians and administrators who wear malpractice suits.—*Atlanta Journal.*

And a twisted smile.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED EATING

ORIENT ROOM
200 EAST END AVENUE
NEW YORK 28, N.Y.

DEAR NEIGHBOR:

Enclosed please find one of our famous fried noodles.